THE

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## A ROMAN SINGER.

### XXIII.

"A TALL gentleman came here late last night, Signor Professore," said Mariuccia, as I sat down in the old green armchair. "He seemed very angry about something, and said he must positively see you." The idea of Benoni flashed uneasily across my brain.

"Was he the grave signore who came a few days before I left?" I asked.

"Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated Mariuccia. "This one was much older, and seemed to be lame; for when he tried to shake his stick at me, he could not stand without it. He looked like one of the old Swiss guards at Palazzo." By which she meant the Vatican, as you know.

"It must have been the count," I said, thinking aloud.

"A count! A pretty sort of count, indeed, to come waking people from their beds in the night! He had not even a high hat, like the one you wear when you go to the university. A count, indeed!"

"Go and make me some good coffee, Mariuccia," I said, eying her severely to show I suspected her of having used mine; "and be careful to make it of my best Porto Rico, if you have any left, without any chicory."

"A count, indeed!" she muttered angrily as she hobbled away, not in the least heeding my last remark, which I believed to be withering.

I had not much time for reflection that morning. My old clothes were in tatters, and the others looked very fine by contrast, so that when I had made my toilet I felt better able to show myself to the distinguished company I expected. I had seen so much extraordinary endurance in Nino and Hedwig during the last two or three days that I was prepared to see them appear at any moment, brushed and curled and ready for anything. The visit of the count, however, had seriously disturbed me, and I hardly knew what to look for from him. As it turned out, I had not long to wait.

I was resting myself in the armchair, and smoking one of those infamous cigars that nearly suffocate me, just for company, and I was composing in my mind a letter to the authorities of the university, requesting that I might begin to lecture again. I did not find out until later that I need not have written to them at all when I went away, as ten days are always allowed at Easter, in any case. It is just like my forgetfulness, to have made such a mistake. I really only missed four lectures. But my composition was interrupted by the door-bell, and my heart sank in my breast. Mariuccia opened, and I knew by the sound of the stick on the bricks

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that the lame count had come to wreak his vengeance.

Being much frightened, I was very polite, and bowed a great many times as he came toward me. It was he, looking much the same as ever, wooden and grizzly.

"I am much honored, sir," I began, "by seeing you here."

"You are Signor Grandi?" he inquired, with a stiff bow.

"The same, Signor Conte, and very much at your service," I answered, rubbing my hands together to give myself an air of satisfaction.

"Let us not waste time," he said severely, but not roughly. "I have come to you on business. My daughter has disappeared with your son, or whatever relation the Signor Giovanni Cardegna is to you."

"He is no relation, Signor Conte. He was an orphan, and I" —

"It is the same," he interrupted. "You are responsible for his doings."

I responsible! Good heavens, had I not done all in my power to prevent the rashness of that hot-headed boy?

"Will you not sit down, sir?" I said, moving a chair for him. He took the seat rather reluctantly.

"You do not seem much astonished at what I tell you," he remarked. "It is evident that you are in the plot."

"Unless you will inform me of what you know, Signor Conte," I replied with urbanity, "I cannot see how I can be of service to you."

"On the contrary," said he, "I am the person to ask questions. I wake up in the morning and find my daughter gone. I naturally inquire where she is."

"Most naturally, as you say, sir. I would do the same."

"And you, also very naturally, answer my questions," he continued severely.

"In that case, sir," I replied, "I would call to your attention the fact that you have asked but one question, — whether I were Signor Grandi. I answered that in the affirmative." You see I was apprehensive of what he might do, and desired to gain time. But he began to lose his temper.

"I have no patience with you Italians," he said, gruffly. "You bandy words and play with them as if you enjoyed it."

Diavolo! thought I; he is angry at my silence. What will he be if I speak?

"What do you wish to know, Signor Conte?" I inquired in suave tones.

"I wish to know where my daughter is. Where is she? Do you understand? I am asking a question now, and you cannot deny it."

I was sitting in front of him, but I rose and pretended to shut the door, thus putting the table and the end of the piano between us, before I answered.

"She is in Rome, Signor Conte," I said.

"With Cardegna?" he asked, not betraying any emotion.

"Yes."

"Very well. I will have them arrested at once. That is all I wanted." He put his crutch stick to the floor as though about to rise. Seeing that his anger was not turned against me, I grew bold.

"You had better not do that," I mildly observed, across the table.

"And why not, sir?" he asked quickly, hesitating whether to get upon his feet or to remain seated.

"Because they are married already," I answered, retreating toward the door. But there was no need for flight. He sank back in the chair, and the stick fell from his hands upon the bricks with a loud rattle. Poor old man! I thought he was quite overcome by the news I had communicated. He sat staring at the window, his hands lying idly on his knees. I moved to come toward him, but he raised one hand and began to twirl his great gray mustache fiercely;

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whereat I resumed my former position of safety.

"How do you know this?" he demanded on a sudden.

"I was present at the civil marriage yesterday," I answered, feeling very much scared. He began to notice my manœuvre.

"You need not be so frightened," he said coldly. "It would be of no use to kill any of you now, though I would like to."

"I assure you that no one ever frightened me in my own house, sir," I answered. I think my voice must have sounded very bold, for he did not laugh at me.

"I suppose it is irrevocable," he said, as if to himself.

"Oh, yes, — perfectly irrevocable," I answered promptly. "They are married, and have come back to Rome. They are at the Hotel Costanzi. I am sure that Nino would give you every explanation."

"Who is Nino?" he asked.

"Nino Cardegna, of course" —

"And do you foolishly imagine that I am going to ask him to explain why he took upon himself to carry away my daughter?" The question was scornful enough.

"Signor Conte," I protested, "you would do well to see them, for she is your daughter, after all."

"She is not my daughter any longer," growled the count. "She is married to a singer, a tenor, an Italian with curls and lies and grins, as you all have. Fie!" And he pulled his mustache again.

"A singer," said I, "if you like, but a great singer, and an honest man."

"Oh, I did not come here to listen to your praises of that scoundrel!" he exclaimed hotly. "I have seen enough of him to be sick of him."

"I wish he were in this room to hear you call him by such names," I said; for I began to grow angry, as I sometimes do, and then my fear grows small and my heart grows big.

"Ah?" said he ironically. "And pray, what would he do to me?"

"He would probably ask you again for that pistol you refused to lend him the other day." I thought I might as well show that I knew all about the meeting in the road. But Lira laughed grimly, and the idea of a fight seemed to please him.

"I would not refuse it this time. In fact, since you mention it, I think I will go and offer it to him now. Do you think I should be justified, Master Censor?"

"No," said I, coming forward and facing him. "But if you like you can fight me. I am your own age, and a better match." I would have fought him then and there, with the chairs, if he had liked.

"Why should I fight you?" he inquired, in some astonishment. "You strike me as a very peaceable person indeed."

"Diavolo! do you expect me to stand quietly and hear you call my boy a scoundrel? What do you take me for, signore? Do you know that I am the last of the Conti Grandi, and as noble as any of you, and as fit to fight, though my hair is gray?"

"I knew, indeed, that one member of that illustrious family survived in Rome," he answered gravely, "but I was not aware that you were he. I am glad to make your acquaintance, and I sincerely wish that you were the father of the young man who has married my daughter. If you were, I should be ready to arrange matters." He looked at me searchingly.

"Unfortunately, I am not any relation of his," I answered. "His father and mother were peasants on my estate of Serveti, when it still was mine. They died when he was a baby, and I took care of him and educated him."

"Yes, he is well educated," reflected

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the count, "for I examined him myself. Let us talk no more about fighting. You are quite sure that the marriage is legal?"

"Quite certain. You can do nothing, and any attempt would be a useless scandal. Besides, they are so happy, you do not know."

"So happy, are they? Do you think I am happy, too?"

"A man has every reason to be so, when his daughter marries an honest man. It is a piece of good luck that does not happen often."

"Probably from the scarcity of daughters who are willing to drive their fathers to distraction by their disobedience and contempt of authority," he said savagely.

"No, — from the scarcity of honest men," I said. "Nino is a very honest man. You may go from one end of Italy to the other, and not meet one like him."

"I sincerely hope so," growled Lira. "Otherwise Italy would be as wholly unredeemed and unredeemable as you pretend that some parts of it are now. But I will tell you, Conte Grandi, you cannot walk across the street, in my country, without meeting a dozen men who would tremble at the idea of such depravity as an elopement."

"Our ideas of honesty differ, sir," I replied. "When a man loves a woman, I consider it honest in him to act as though he did, and not to go and marry another for consolation, beating her with a thick stick whenever he chances to think of the first. That seems to be the northern idea of domestic felicity." Lira laughed gruffly, supposing that my picture was meant for a jest. "I am glad you are amused," I added.

"Upon my honor, sir," he replied, "you are so vastly amusing that I am half inclined to forgive my daughter's rashness, for the sake of enjoying your company. First you intrench yourself behind your furniture; then you propose to fight me; and now you give me the most original views upon love and marriage that I ever heard. Indeed, I have cause to be amused."

"I am happy to oblige you," I said tartly, for I did not like his laughter. "So long as you confine your amusement to me, I am satisfied; but pray avoid using any objectionable language about Nino."

"Then my only course is to avoid the subject?"

"Precisely," I replied with a good deal of dignity.

"In that case I will go," he said. I was immensely relieved, for his presence was most unpleasant, as you may readily guess. He got upon his feet, and I showed him to the door, with all courtesy. I expected that he would say something about the future before leaving me, but I was mistaken. He bowed in silence, and stumped down the steps with his stick.

I sank into my armchair with a great sigh of relief, for I felt that, for me at least, the worst was over. I had faced the infuriated father, and I might now face anybody with the consciousness of power. I always feel conscious of great power when the danger is past. Once more I lit my cigar, and stretched myself out to take some rest. The constant strain on the nerves was becoming very wearing, and I knew well that on the morrow I should need bleeding and mallows tea. Hardly was I settled and comfortable, when I heard that dreadful bell again.

"This is the day of the resurrection indeed," exclaimed Mariuccia frantically from the kitchen. And she hurried to the door. But I cannot describe to you the screams of joy and the strange sounds, between laughing and crying, that her leathern throat produced when she found Nino and Hedwig on the landing, waiting for admission. And when Nino explained that he had been married, and that this beautiful lady

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with the bright eyes and the golden hair was his wife, the old woman fairly gave way, and sat upon a chair in an agony of amazement and admiration. But the pair came toward me, and I met them with a light heart.

"Nino," said Hedwig, "we have not been nearly grateful enough to Signor Grandi for all he has done. I have been very selfish," she said penitently, turning to me.

"Ah no, signora," I replied, — for she was married now, and no longer "signorina," — "it is never selfish of such as you to let an old man do you service. You have made me very happy." And then I embraced Nino, and Hedwig gave me her hand, which I kissed in the old fashion.

"And so this is your old home, Nino," said Hedwig presently, looking about her, and touching the things in the room, as a woman will when she makes acquaintance with a place she has often heard of. "What a dear room it is! I wish we could live here!" How very soon a woman learns that "we," that means so much! It is never forgotten, even when the love that bred it is dead and cold.

"Yes," I said, for Nino seemed so enraptured, as he watched her, that he could not speak. "And there is the old piano, with the end on the boxes, because it has no leg, as I dare say Nino has often told you."

"Nino said it was a very good piano," she rejoined.

"And indeed it is," he cried, with enthusiasm. "It is out of tune now, perhaps; but it is the source of all my fortune." He leaned over the crazy instrument and seemed to caress it.

"Poor old thing!" said Hedwig compassionately. "I am sure there is music in it still, — the sweet music of the past."

"Yes," said he, laughing, "it must be the music of the past, for it would not stand the 'music of the future,' as they call it, for five minutes. All the strings would break." Hedwig sat down on the chair that was in front of it, and her fingers went involuntarily to the keys, though she is no great musician.

"I can play a little, you know, Nino," she said shyly, and looked up to his face for a response, not venturing to strike the chords. And it would have done you good to see how brightly Nino smiled and encouraged her little offer of music, — he, the great artist, in whose life music was both sword and sceptre. But he knew that she had greatness also of a different kind, and he loved the small jewels in his crown as well as the glorious treasures of its larger wealth.

"Play to me, my love," he said, not caring now whether I heard the sweet words or not. She blushed a little, nevertheless, and glanced at me; then her fingers strayed over the keys, and drew out music that was very soft and yet very gay. Suddenly she ceased, and leaned forward on the desk of the piano, looking at him.

"Do you know, Nino, it was once my dream to be a great musician. If I had not been so rich I should have taken the profession in earnest. But now, you see it is different, is it not?"

"Yes, it is all different now," he answered, not knowing precisely what she meant, but radiantly happy, all the same.

"I mean," she said, hesitating — "I mean that now that we are to be always together, what you do I do, and what I do you do. Do you understand?"

"Yes, perfectly," replied Nino, rather puzzled, but quite satisfied.

"Ah no, dear," said she, forgetting my presence, and letting her hand steal into his as he stood, "you do not understand — quite. I mean that so long as one of us can be a great musician it is enough, and I am just as great as though I did it all myself."

Thereupon Nino forgot himself alto-

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gether, and kissed her golden hair. But then he saw me looking, for it was so pretty a sight that I could not help it, and he remembered.

"Oh!" he said, in a tone of embarrassment, that I had never heard before. Then Hedwig blushed very much, too, and looked away, and Nino put himself between her and me, so that I might not see her.

"Could you play something for me to sing, Hedwig?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, yes! I can play 'Spirto gentil,' by heart," she cried, hailing the idea with delight.

In a moment they were both lost, and indeed so was I, in the dignity and beauty of the simple melody. As he began to sing, Nino bent down to her, and almost whispered the first words into her ear. But soon he stood erect, and let the music flow from his lips, just as God made it. His voice was tired with the long watching and the dust and cold and heat of the journey; but, as De Pretis said when he began, he has an iron throat, and the weariness only made the tones soft and tender and thrilling, that would perhaps have been too strong for my little room.

Suddenly he stopped short in the middle of a note, and gazed open-mouthed at the door. And I looked, too, and was horrified; and Hedwig, looking also, screamed and sprang back to the window, overturning the chair she had sat on.

In the doorway stood Ahasuerus Benoni, the Jew.

Mariuccia had imprudently forgotten to shut the door when Hedwig and Nino came, and the baron had walked in unannounced. You may imagine the fright I was in. But, after all, it was natural enough that, after what had occurred, he as well as the count should seek an interview with me, to obtain what information I was willing to give.

There he stood in his gay clothes, tall and thin and smiling as of yore.

## XXIV.

Nino is a man for great emergencies, as I have had occasion to say, and when he realized who the unwelcome visitor was, he acted as promptly as usual. With a face like marble he walked straight across the room to Benoni and faced him.

"Baron Benoni," he said in a low voice, "I warn you that you are most unwelcome here. If you attempt to say any word to my wife, or to force an entrance, I will make short work of you." Benoni eyed him with a sort of pitying curiosity as he made this speech.

"Do not fear, Signor Cardegna. I came to see Signor Grandi, and to ascertain from him precisely what you have volunteered to tell me. You cannot suppose that I have any object in interrupting the leisure of a great artist, or the privacy of his very felicitous domestic relations. I have not a great deal to say. That is, I have always a great deal to say about everything, but I shall at present confine myself to a very little."

"You will be wise," said Nino scornfully, "and you would be wiser if you confined yourself to nothing at all."

"Patience, Signor Cardegna," protested Benoni. "You will readily conceive that I am a little out of breath with the stairs, for I am a very old man."

"In that case," I said, from the other side of the room, "I may as well occupy your breathing time by telling you that any remarks you are likely to make to me have been forestalled by the Graf von Lira, who has been with me this morning." Benoni smiled, but both Hedwig and Nino looked at me in surprise.

"I only wished to say," returned Benoni, "that I consider you in the light of an interesting phenomenon. Nay, Signor Cardegna, do not look so fierce. I am an old man" —

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"An old devil!" said Nino, hotly.

"An old fool!" said I.

"An old reprobate!" said Hedwig, from her corner, in deepest indignation.

"Precisely," returned Benoni, smilingly. "Many people have been good enough to tell me so before. Thanks, kind friends; I believe you with all my heart. Meanwhile, man, devil, fool, or reprobate, I am very old. I am about to leave Rome for St. Petersburg, and I will take this last opportunity of informing you that in a very singularly long life I have met with only two or three such remarkable instances as this of yours."

"Say what you wish to say, and go," said Nino roughly.

"Certainly. And whenever I have met with such an instance I have done my very utmost to reduce it to the common level, and to prove to myself that no such thing really exists. I find it a dangerous thing, however; for an old man in love is likely to exhibit precisely the agreeable and striking peculiarities you have so aptly designated." There was something so odd about his manner and about the things he said that Nino was silent, and allowed him to proceed.

"The fact is," he continued, "that love is a very rare thing, nowadays, and is so very generally an abominable sham that I have often amused myself by diabolically devising plans for its destruction. On this occasion I very nearly came to grief myself. The same thing happened to me some time ago, — about forty years, I should say, — and I perceive that it has not been forgotten. It may amuse you to look at this paper, which I chance to have with me. Good-morning. I leave for St. Petersburg at once."

"I believe you are really the Wandering Jew!" cried Nino, as Benoni left the room.

"His name was certainly Ahasuerus," Benoni replied from the outer door. "But it may be a coincidence, after all. Good-by." He was gone.

I was the first to take up the paper he had thrown upon a chair. There was a passage marked with a red pencil. I read it aloud: —

". . . Baron Benoni, the wealthy banker of St. Petersburg, who was many years ago an inmate of a private lunatic asylum in Paris, is reported to be dangerously insane in Rome." That was all. The paper was the Paris Figaro.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Hedwig, "and I was shut up with that madman in Fillettino!" Nino was already by her side, and in his strong arms she forgot Benoni, and Fillettino, and all her troubles. We were all silent for some time. At last Nino spoke.

"Is it true that the count was here this morning?" he asked, in a subdued voice, for the extraordinary visit and its sequel had made him grave.

"Quite true," I said. "He was here a long time. I would not spoil your pleasure by telling you of it, when you first came."

"What did he — what did my father say?" asked Hedwig presently.

"My dear children," I answered, thinking I might well call them so, "he said a great many unpleasant things, so that I offered to fight him if he said any more." At this they both laid hold of me and began to caress me; and one smoothed my hair, and the other embraced me, so that I was half smothered.

"Dear Signor Grandi," cried Hedwig, anxiously, "how good and brave you are!" She does not know what a coward I am, you see, and I hope she will never find out, for nothing was ever said to me that gave me half so much pleasure as to be called brave by her, the dear child; and if she never finds out, she may say it again, some day. Besides, I really did offer to fight Lira, as I have told you.

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"And what is he going to do?" asked Nino, in some anxiety.

"I do not know. I told him it was all legal, and that he could not touch you at all. I also said you were staying at the Hotel Costanzi, where he might find you, if he wished."

"Oh! Did you tell him that?" asked Hedwig.

"It was quite right," said Nino. "He ought to know, of course. And what else did you tell him?"

"Nothing especial, Nino mio. He went away in a sort of ill temper because I would not let him abuse you as much as he pleased."

"He may abuse me and be welcome," said Nino. "He has some right to be angry with me. But he will think differently some day." So we chatted away for an hour, enjoying the rest and the peace and the sweet sunshine of the Easter afternoon. But this was the day of interruptions. There was one more visitor to come, — one more scene for me to tell you, and then I have done.

A carriage drove down the street and seemed to stop at the door of my house. Nino looked idly out of the window. Suddenly he started.

"Hedwig, Hedwig!" he cried, "here is your father coming back!" She would not look out, but stood back from the window, turning pale. If there were one thing she dreaded, it was a meeting with her father. All the old doubt as to whether she had done right seemed to come back to her face in a moment. But Nino turned and looked at her, and his face was so triumphant that she got back her courage, and clasping his hand bravely awaited what was to come.

I myself went to the door, and heard Lira's slow tread on the stairs. Before long he appeared, and glanced up at me from the steps, which he climbed, one at a time, with his stick.

"Is my daughter here?" he asked as soon as he reached me; and his voice sounded subdued, just as Nino's did when Benoni had gone. I conducted him into the room. It was the strangest meeting. The proud old man bowed stiffly to Hedwig, as though he had never before seen her. Nino and Hedwig also bent their heads, and there was a silence as of death in the sunny room.

"My daughter," said Von Lira at last, and with evident effort, "I wish to have a word with you. These two gentlemen — the younger of whom is now, as I understand it, your husband — may well hear what I wish to say."

I moved a chair so that he might sit down, but he stood up to his full height, as though not deigning to be older than the rest. I watched Hedwig, and saw how with both hands she clung to Nino's arm, and her lip trembled, and her face wore the look it had when I saw her in Fillettino.

As for Nino, his stern, square jaw was set, and his brows bent, but he showed no emotion, unless the darkness in his face and the heavy shadows beneath his eyes foretold ready anger.

"I am no trained reasoner, like Signor Grandi," said Lira, looking straight at Hedwig, "but I can say plainly what I mean, for all that. There was a good old law in Sparta, whereby disobedient children were put to death without mercy. Sparta was a good country, — very like Prussia, but less great. You know what I mean. You have cruelly disobeyed me, — cruelly, I say, because you have shown me that all my pains and kindness and discipline have been in vain. There is nothing so sorrowful for a good parent as to discover that he has made a mistake."

(The canting old proser, I thought, will he never finish!)

"The mistake I refer to is not in the way I have dealt with you," he went on, "for on that score I have nothing to reproach myself. But I was mistaken in supposing you loved me. You have despised all I have done for you."

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"Oh, father! How can you say that?" cried poor Hedwig, clinging closer to Nino.

"At all events, you have acted as though you did. On the very day when I promised you to take signal action upon Baron Benoni, you left me by stealth, saying in your miserable letter that you had gone to a man who could both love and protect you."

"You did neither the one nor the other, sir," said Nino boldly, "when you required of your daughter to marry such a man as Benoni."

"I have just seen Benoni; I saw him also on the night you left me, madam," — he looked severely at Hedwig, — "and I am reluctantly forced to confess that he is not sane, according to the ordinary standard of the mind."

We had all known from the paper of the suspicion that rested on Benoni's sanity, yet somehow there was a little murmur in the room when the old count so clearly stated his opinion.

"That does not, however, alter the position in the least," continued Lira, "for you knew nothing of this at the time I desired you to marry him, and I should have found it out soon enough to prevent mischief. Instead of trusting to my judgment, you took the law into your own hands, like a most unnatural daughter, as you are, and disappeared in the night with a man whom I consider totally unfit for you, however superior," he added, glancing at Nino, "he may have proved himself in his own rank of life."

Nino could not hold his tongue any longer. It seemed absurd that there should be a battle of words when all the realities of the affair were accomplished facts; but for his life he could not help speaking.

"Sir," he said, addressing Lira, "I rejoice that this opportunity is given me of once more speaking clearly to you. Months ago, when I was betrayed into a piece of rash violence, for which I at once apologized to you, I told you under somewhat peculiar circumstances that I would yet marry your daughter, if she would have me. I stand here to-day with her by my side, my wedded wife, to tell you that I have kept my word, and that she is mine by her own free consent. Have you any cause to show why she is not my wedded wife? If so, show it. But I will not allow you to stand there and say bitter and undeserved things to this same wife of mine, abusing the name of father and the terms 'authority' and 'love,' forsooth! And if you wish to take vengeance on me personally, do so if you can. I will not fight duels with you now, as I was ready to do the day before yesterday. For then — so short a time ago — I had but offered her my life, and so that I gave it for her I cared not how nor when. But now she has taken me for hers, and I have no more right to let you kill me than I have to kill myself, seeing that she and I are one. Therefore, good sir, if you have words of conciliation to speak, speak them; but if you would only tell her harsh and cruel things, I say you shall not!"

As Nino uttered these hot words in good, plain Italian, they had a bold and honest sound of strength that was glorious to hear. A weaker man than the old count would have fallen into a fury of rage, and perhaps would have done some foolish violence. But he stood silent, eying his antagonist coolly, and when the words were spoken he answered.

"Signor Cardegna," he said, "the fact that I am here ought to be to you the fullest demonstration that I acknowledge your marriage with my daughter. I have certainly no intention of prolonging a painful interview. When I have said that my child has disobeyed me, I have said all that the question holds. As for the future of you two, I have naturally nothing more to say about it. I cannot love a disobedient child, nor

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ever shall again. For the present, we will part; and if at the end of a year my daughter is happy with you, and desires to see me, I shall make no objection to such a meeting. I need not say that if she is unhappy with you, my house will always be open to her if she chooses to return to it."

"No, sir, most emphatically you need not say it!" cried Nino, with blazing eyes. Lira took no notice of him, but turned to go.

Hedwig would try once more to soften him, though she knew it was useless.

"Father," she said, in tones of passionate entreaty, "will you not say you wish me well? Will you not forgive me?" She sprang to him, and would have held him back.

"I wish you no ill," he answered, shortly, pushing her aside, and he marched to the door, where he paused, bowed as stiffly as ever, and disappeared.

It was very rude of us, perhaps, but no one accompanied him to the stairs. As for me, I would not have believed it possible that any human being could be so hard and relentlessly virtuous; and if I had wondered at first that Hedwig should have so easily made up her mind to flight, I was no longer surprised when I saw with my own eyes how he could treat her.

I cannot, indeed, conceive how she could have borne it so long, for the whole character of the man came out, hard, cold, and narrow, — such a character as must be more hideous than any description can paint it, when seen in the closeness of daily conversation. But when he was gone the sun appeared to shine again, as he had shone all day, though it had sometimes seemed so dark. The storms were in that little room.

As Lira went out, Nino, who had followed Hedwig closely, caught her in his arms, and once more her face rested on his broad breast. I sat down and pretended to be busy with a pile of old papers that lay near by on the table, but I could hear what they said. The dear children, they forgot all about me.

"I am so sorry, dear one," said Nino, soothingly.

"I know you are, Nino. But it cannot be helped."

"But are you sorry, too, Hedwig?" he asked, stroking her hair.

"That my father is angry? Yes. I wish he were not," said she, looking wistfully toward the door.

"No, not that," said Nino. "Sorry that you left him, I mean."

"Ah, no, I am not sorry for that. Oh, Nino, dear Nino, your love is best." And again she hid her face.

"We will go away at once, darling," he said, after a minute, during which I did not see what was going on. "Would you like to go away?"

Hedwig moved her head to say "Yes."

"We will go, then, sweetheart. Where shall it be?" asked Nino, trying to distract her thoughts from what had just occurred. "London? Paris? Vienna? I can sing anywhere now, but you must always choose, love."

"Anywhere, anywhere; only always with you, Nino, till we die together."

"Always, till we die, my beloved," he repeated. The small white hands stole up and clasped about his broad throat, tenderly drawing his face to hers, and hers to his. And it will be "always," till they die together, I think.

This is the story of that Roman singer whose great genius is making such a stir in the world. I have told it to you, because he is my own dear boy, as I have often said in these pages; and because people must not think that he did wrong to carry Hedwig von Lira away from her father, nor that Hedwig was so very unfilial and heartless. I know that they were both right, and the day will come when old Lira will acknowledge it. He is a hard old man, but he must have some affection for her; and if not, he will

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surely have the vanity to own so famous an artist as Nino for his son-in-law.

I do not know how it was managed, for Hedwig was certainly a heretic when she left her father, though she was an angel, as Nino said. But before they left Rome for Vienna there was a little wedding, early in the morning, in our parish church, for I was there; and De Pretis, who was really responsible for the whole thing, got some of his best singers from St. Peter and St. John on the Lateran to come and sing a mass over the two. I think that our good Mother Church found room for the dear child very quickly, and that is how it happened.

They are happy and glad together, those two hearts that never knew love save for each other, and they will be happy always. For it was nothing but love with them from the very first, and so it must be to the very last. Perhaps you will say that there is nothing in this story, either, but love. And if so, it is well; for where there is naught else there can surely be no sinning, or wrongdoing, or weakness, or meanness; nor yet anything that is not quite pure and undefiled.

Just as I finish this writing, there comes a letter from Nino to say that he has taken steps about buying Serveti, and that I must go there in the spring with Mariuccia and make it ready for him. Dear Serveti, of course I will go.

*F. Marion Crawford.*

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## PARIS CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE opera in Paris is in its decline. The once famous Italiens, where Tamburini, Rubini, Mario, Pasta, Grisi, and so many other voices of enchantment gave life to the compositions of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, was burned to the ground ten years ago, and the tradition of its composers, singers, and audience has perished with it. At the Grand Opéra, that funeral monument of the brilliant, music-fancying Second Empire, neither the best artists nor the great works of the present day are to be heard; the orchestra and chorus are less than second rate; even the scenery is shabby. The Opéra Comique has an able manager, a good company, an excellent chorus, and a small but admirable orchestra; there new operas are brought out, old ones are revived, and the gems of the national school are given regularly. Two or three times a week, Auber, Boïeldieu, Méhul, Grétry, and other French composers are to be heard. But the Opéra Comique is limited by its very calling to operas of the lighter sort, and it has no first-rate singers of either sex. The tenors and baritones are unequal to giving even a work like Carmen its due effect. The *prime donne* last winter were Mademoiselle Van Zandt and Mademoiselle Nevada, young girls with charming voices and more or less talent; not artists in any sense of the term, although with study and experience they might become so. They are treated as stars, too; the curiosity felt by idlers of pleasure and seekers for novelty about a new vocalist and a new, or newly revived, opera being turned to account by the manager to draw large houses on the nights when she sings, while the threadbare stock voices are left for Les Diamans de la Couronne, Le Pré aux Clercs, and other native productions, to which the middle-class Parisian public is fondly constant. Whether at the Grand Opéra or the Comique, anybody who remembers what they both were fifteen years ago will be struck

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with the present dearth of fine singers and actors, of talent and training, on the French lyric stage.

To compensate for this grievous loss, a system of concerts has gradually come into existence, which, by their excellence and steadily increasing popularity, are working a revolution in musical taste. They cannot take the place of the opera as a resort for amusement, or as a form of social intercourse, but they open a far wider field of enjoyment, and one more fruitful of true delight, to the serious amateur. The mundane element is entirely absent; there is nothing in those silent assemblages of men and women in street clothes, packed into a dirty, stuffy theatre of a winter afternoon, to recall or replace the aspect of the auditorium of the Italiens or Grand Opéra in former days. The boxes, occupied by languid ladies in full dress, with bouquets, fans, and opera-glasses, and gentlemen in evening toilet, with a cape-jasmine at the button-hole; the visits from box to box; the general conversation between the acts; the subdued chit-chat during the music, except when a favorite singer or famous air held the lively tongues in suspense; the notorious interest of some well-known spectator — sometimes a great personage, sometimes a fair lady — in certain persons on the boards, which lent excitement to their exits and entrances; the presence of the court; the arrivals and departures of birds of fashion, alighting between a dinner party and a ball to hear those other birds warble a *cavatina* or a *finale;* the curiosity and partisanship at the first performance of a new work, or the appearance of a new artist; the indefinable emotions which a combination of lyric and dramatic art only can produce; above all, the sense that the hearers belonged to the same world, that the opera house was in fact a vast drawing-room, creating a tacit accord and understanding throughout the audience, — these things are wanting at the weekly concerts of to-day. I will try and describe what there is to be had instead.

The concert is nearly as old a form of musical entertainment in Paris as the opera, and the two have grown up there side by side. The progress of their development belongs to the history of music, and would be out of place in an article which deals exclusively with the concert societies of the present period. The first of these organizations, both as regards age and excellence, is the Société des Concerts, which gives the concerts commonly known as those of the Conservatoire. It has been in existence for upwards of fifty years, and reckons among its members, living and dead, many celebrated musicians. It rose from the grave of the sacred concerts, which were created in the reign of Louis XVI., and expired under the Restoration, — a resurrection which took place on St. Cecilia's day, November, 1826, under interesting circumstances. Habeneck, the leader of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, or government school of music and declamation, asked his friends to breakfast with him on the festival of the patron saint of harmony, and to bring their instruments. He set them down first to play Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. Hours went by, and everybody forgot about breakfast until late in the short autumn afternoon, when Madame Habeneck entered, and adjured them, in the name of Beethoven, to come to *dinner*. This meeting gave rise to others, for the sake of practicing; but there was no regular place of assemblage until Habeneck persuaded Cherubini, the composer, then director of the Conservatoire, to obtain leave from the ministry for a few concerts to be given in the music hall of the Conservatoire. The leader and his associates agreed to supply from their scanty purses the means of advertising, heating, and lighting the hall. M. de la Rochefoucauld, the proper authority, not only gave the desired permission, but passed a decree

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that the graduates of the Conservatoire should give six concerts annually, and appropriated two thousand francs from the budget to defray the original outlay. The first concert was given on the 9th of March, 1828. The programme consisted of the Heroic Symphony; a duet for soprano and contralto from Rossini's opera of Sémiramide; a solo for the cornet-à-piston, then a new instrument, composed and executed by Meifred; an air for soprano, by Rossini; a concerto for the violin, by Rode, a prolific composer; a chorus from the opera of Blanche de Provence, by Cherubini; the overture to his opera of the Abencerrages; and the Kyrie and Gloria from his Coronation Mass. The auditorium was crowded, and so it has been from that day forth at every concert of the society.

If Cherubini had more than his share of the first programme, the second was composed entirely of Beethoven's music, the concert being to his memory; the fourth was dedicated to Mozart, and the first of the second season to Haydn. A review of the programmes of those earliest years of the society's existence, as well as of its concerts last winter, shows extraordinary impartiality within certain limits. Beethoven always has the first place, other classical composers receive the second honors; modern standard musicians are more sparingly admitted, and I believe that it is a fixed practice, if not rule, of the society to perform no work which has not received the stamp of public approbation. The decision as to the acceptance of a new composition rests with a jury of twelve, chosen by lot from and by the members of the society, who have already heard it in private. There are a good many formalities prescribed by the regulations of the association, but the main difficulty lies in obtaining a first hearing. The society, to which none but a French citizen and a pupil of the Conservatoire can belong, is no doubt the highest tribunal of musical criticism extant; and it is due to its severe requirements that its concerts have been maintained at the height of perfection for which they have long been proverbial.

This wholesome conservatism, however, bore hard upon youthful composers. A young man, who had suffered from it himself, and been forced into other occupations for want of an opening in the direction of his tastes and desires, on finding himself, later, in a position to follow his natural bent, devoted the remainder of his life to founding an association for giving concerts at which the music of unknown authors should be performed as well as that of acknowledged masters. This was M. Jules Pasdeloup, the father of the select popular concert. The orchestra which seconded him in his courageous and generous enterprise was formed by him of undergraduates of the Conservatoire, but not to the exclusion of others. The programmes at first consisted chiefly of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn; Weber and Mendelssohn were heard oftener than at the Conservatoire, and the names of rising young composers, like Gounod, Lefébure-Wély (so well known to American young ladies a quarter of a century ago by his Cloches du Monastère, and long organist at the church of the Madeleine in Paris), and St. Saëns, found a place beside those of the great dead. M. Pasdeloup's energy and enthusiasm stimulated him to the most ambitious undertakings: he introduced Mozart's Escape from the Seraglio to the Parisians, and, also, if I am not mistaken, Meyerbeer's Struensee, besides many of Schumann's compositions. His concerts met with instantaneous favor, and the halls where they were given were crowded by eager listeners, but for ten years after their foundation they did little more than pay their expenses. At length M. Pasdeloup, moved by the twofold and almost incompatible desire to bring the best music within the reach of poorer

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hearers and to increase the receipts of his faithful orchestra and chorus, took the bold step of hiring an immense building with five thousand seats, and putting down the prices to the lowest possible rates: the charge for the best places was about a dollar and a quarter; the next, which are really full as good, rather less than a dollar; and so on through several grades to the third gallery at twenty cents! Here weekly, during six months, the masterpieces of the old and new schools of music have been given for the last twenty years; the disinterested man who directs the concerts finding his reward in sharing his pleasure with thousands of listeners, in educating and raising the taste of his countrymen, and in directing their attention and applause to the achievements of foreign genius. M. Pasdeloup is a composer himself, and he has sacrificed his personal aspirations to this higher purpose. It has given him some fame, but as to fortune, the concerts are not absolutely self-supporting. The French government, always liberal to deserving efforts for the improvement and pleasure of the public, allows twenty thousand francs a year to keep up the Concerts Populaires, as they are called, and to supplement the small gains of the musicians who take part in them.

The success of M. Pasdeloup's enterprise does not stop with his own concerts. Within the last decade two brilliant musical associations have sprung up in emulation of his: the Association Artistique at the Théâtre du Châtelet, directed by M. Colonne, and the Société des Nouveaux Concerts at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau, by M. Lamoureux, formerly leader of the Grand Opéra. At both these places there are weekly concerts from the middle of the autumn until Easter; so that for nearly half the year ten or twelve thousand people, of all classes of society, can forget the cares of common life for one afternoon in the seven, to be transported into the higher regions of thought, feeling, and enjoyment. This is a priceless gift to have bestowed upon one's fellow-citizens.

There is a marked difference between these various performances, not in quality alone, but in character, those at the Conservatoire holding the first rank. It is difficult to obtain tickets for them, there being but nine hundred seats, every one of which belongs to members or to regular subscribers. The same people retain them for a lifetime, and at their death the privilege passes to their heirs. The same faces may be seen in the same places year after year, until the eager young listeners have become attentive aged ones; enjoying the music less, understanding it better; taking it patiently for rest and recreation, perhaps for oblivion, instead of passionately forcing it into relation with their own personal hopes, fears, hate, love, or anguish. When the old, regular occupant of a seat disappears, and a new one sits in his stead, he is generally a son, nephew, or grandson of the former possessor. The owners of seats cannot always attend the performances, and then they offer their tickets to friends, or send them to the office of the society, for the benefit of melomaniacs who are willing to take the various steps necessary for securing them. These consist in sending your name to the secretary of the society on the Thursday before the concert which you wish to attend, — Sunday being the day of the performance, — and in going to the office on Saturday, when you take your place in a file and wait until your name is called, which is done in the order of your application, when you receive one of the returned tickets, if any remain. If there have been too many before you there is still the chance of going on Sunday at the hour of the concert, tickets often being sent in at the last moment; then, by scuffling with others in like plight with yourself, you may obtain a first-class seat for twelve francs, or an inferior

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one for eight, — there is nothing to be had, I believe, at less than five. The great objection to waiting until Sunday is that all the public concerts are given on the same day at the same hour, and at points very remote from each other; so that if you fail of getting in at the Conservatoire you must miss the first piece on the programme anywhere else and run the risk of losing the concert altogether. After the music begins there is seldom room left except for standing.

There are few good places at the Conservatoire: one does not hear very well in the boxes; in the parquet, all the seats not too near the orchestra are good; but the centre of the hall is chilly at the opening of the concert and stifling at the end, while in the amphitheatre, which is under the skylight close to the roof, and opposite the chandelier, the temperature must be upwards of ninety degrees Fahrenheit from the first, and the seats have no back. Yet in listening to the concert every discomfort is forgotten. It is nearly impossible to describe playing the characteristic of which is its perfection. The sovereign charm of the orchestra of the Conservatoire is its finish, and this is produced by a combination of all the qualities which give us pleasure in music, each in a high degree, none falling short of the rest. First comes the primary one of strict precision in time and tune and observance of rhythm and accent; then follow sonority, brilliancy, delicacy, fineness of modulation, power, perception, expression, — above all, the unanimity which in certain passages sounds like the even respiration of one great being, the breathing of some gigantic incorporation of harmony, in a happy dream. Again and again I have roused myself from the unreflecting enjoyment of merely *hearing* the music, in order to *listen* for flaws in the execution, but I never detected a single want or weak point. I am unable to explain the superiority of Richter's Viennese orchestra, which lifts one higher in the spheres of pure, lyrical pleasure, and brings one into the actual embrace of music as an ambient element, like air or water; I can only say that it is more glorious than the Conservatoire, — that it has more inspiration.

The vocal portions of the concerts of the Conservatoire are not up to the instrumental. The solo singers do not always meet the highest standard; the chorus is not in as perfect drill as the orchestra, and there are sometimes uncertainty and feebleness in the opening bars. They give the music with great expression and effect, however, and the collective result of each individual's being a trained singer cannot be imagined by people who have heard only choruses composed of men and women singing by ear for the most part, or with a knowledge of music, but not of vocalization.

The auditorium of the Conservatoire is unlike that of any other place of musical entertainment in Paris. There is something official and respectable about its dingy, old-fashioned decorations, its Pompeian red walls inscribed with famous names, the aspect and demeanor of the audience. The last is unique. There are a few women of fashion in the boxes, but the majority of the hearers are men, — men not of elegance, but of distinction. As a rule they are decorated; the little red ribbon is to be seen on the lapel of almost every coat. They are the leaders of the press and of the literary and artist world, musicians, politicians, physicians, but, except the last, not men of science. It would be easier to count the unknown than the well-known hearers. Their heads and faces are marked by talent. There is great diversity among them: from specimens of the *Gallia comata* tribe, which still affects shagginess, to close-trimmed, smooth-chinned members of the ministry, or men of letters, who in the fullness of years and honors have put away childish things in the form

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of long beards and frowzy hair. They are an audience of connoisseurs: faint, scarcely audible murmurs, a slight catching of the breath, and other sounds of disapprobation, more felt than heard, instantly follow a false note or faltering bar; their applause is moderate, but prompt and exquisitely discriminating; they seldom ask for the repetition of a piece of music, and when they do they obtain it more by persistency than by vehemence in clapping and crying "Bis." The unwritten criticism of these concerts is no unimportant part of the training at the Conservatoire.

Next in order of excellence comes the Société des Nouveaux Concerts, founded and directed by M. Lamoureux, which gives its concerts at the theatre of the Château d'Eau, named from a large fountain falling over steps, — a style of ornamental water-works called *château d'eau* by the French. The theatre has two thousand seats, and although these concerts are but in their third year now (1883–84), there is not room enough for those who wish to attend them. The difficulty has been met by giving two series, of ten each, A and B, or *Pairs and Impairs* (odd and even), numbered one, three, five, etc., and two, four, six, etc., with the same programme twice in succession; A No. 1 being the same as B 2, A 3 as B 4, and so on. It is supposed that the same people will not subscribe to both series. The repetition of the programme was common to all the concert societies a year ago, and the great success of certain compositions occasionally induced the leader to give them three weeks running; but M. Lamoureux announced at the opening of the present season that no programme would be repeated more than once.

The same qualities which distinguish the concerts of the Conservatoire are to be found in a less degree in those of the Nouveaux Concerts. The simultaneousness with which the violinists draw the bow is beautiful to see; it looks as if all the instruments moved together by machinery. The result is a smoothness hardly surpassed at the Conservatoire itself: the *crescendo* and *decrescendo* passages, how rapid so ever the *tempo*, swell and sink with an imperceptible gradation, like the rising and falling of the wind; in the majestic ebb and flow of Beethoven's symphonies the effect resembles the sublime harmonies of Nature obeying her eternal laws. The delicacy of the players is not less marvelous; under their bows the violin passages at the opening of the overture and finale to the Midsummer Night's Dream sound like the singing of midges, so fine and thin and clear, and the flutes in the scherzo seem sustained by one long breath throughout the entire movement. The flute-playing in this orchestra is so exquisite that it accounts for the favor which that now neglected instrument once enjoyed.

Richter of Vienna, M. Deldevez of the Conservatoire at Paris, and M. Lamoureux belong to the same school of conductors. It is most interesting to watch their mode of leading. They seem to do scarcely more than beat time quietly; a slight inclination of the bow, now in one direction, now in another, the raising of a forefinger for a second, are their only gestures. They stand at the desk as tranquil and impassive as diplomatists, yet every musician on the platform is completely under their influence. M. Lamoureux exceeds every one in Paris in his ascendency over his orchestra; it is so absolute that it gives the spectator a sense of despotism in the man, that supreme autocracy which controls the very personality of others. He never appears to look after his musicians; they look after him. I became convinced, by long observation and comparison, that the mode of playing of an orchestra expresses the temperament of the leader. Its physiognomy is another curious peculiarity. Every player has his own individual expression of

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face, and it is amusing to mark the intentness, fervor, security, carelessness, or indifference with which each performs his part; the anxious glances which some constantly dart at the leader, while others seldom or never turn their eyes towards him. But besides this, they have a collective countenance, the concrete of their predominating state of mind. At the Conservatoire it is that of a body of men who know their work so well that they do it serenely, without reference to any one else, although there is a perfect mutual understanding between them and their leader; their gaze is fixed on their music, while he on his side rarely looks away from his score. Lamoureux's orchestra has less tranquillity; they work steadily, but anxiously, under the eye of their master. The contrast of M. Colonne's with both the preceding is very striking: eyes, heads, chins, are incessantly turning towards the leader; there is an active communication between him and his players, as rapid and spasmodic as the working of an electric telegraph. M. Colonne always reminded me of a charioteer, whip aloft in one hand, with the other checking and guiding a hundred horses, in full career and on the point of breaking loose. He has a wonderful way of holding them in, urging them on, soothing and stimulating them by motions of his head, hand, or foot, by the sound of his voice and the mobility of his features. He leads with every nerve and muscle, and he seems to throw himself into every one of his players. I have seen him rousing his chorus by singing with them, while conducting them and the orchestra through one of Berlioz's intricate counter-movements.

The concerts of the Société Artistique, directed by M. Edouard Colonne at the Théâtre du Châtelet, rank third. They are inferior to M. Lamoureux's in many respects: the orchestra does not always play in exact time, some of the instruments are occasionally out of tune, the brass cannot be counted upon at critical moments, there is a little irregularity and roughness in the general effect. Having admitted these shortcomings, I hasten to add that nowhere in Paris, the Conservatoire not excepted, can such performances be heard as at the Châtelet. M. Colonne possesses in the highest degree the gift which the French call *le diable au corps*, that union of fire and energy which dashes at difficulties, carrying everything before it, and this he infuses into his musicians. Their mode of playing is more spirited than that of any other orchestra in Paris; they have an impetuosity which is allied to the genius of certain great works. The way in which they give the Rakoczy March, from the Damnation de Faust, illustrates the term of *furia francese*, which the Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries gave to the onslaught of the French troops in the days of their great captains. The squadrons of Magyars charge by with irresistible rush, their barbaric strains mingling with the echoes of clashing arms and wild cries. I received the most tremendous musical impression of my life at M. Colonne's first Wagner memorial concert, given on the 25th of February, 1883. The selections began with the overture to the Tannhaüser, followed by the prelude to the third act, and Wolfram's recitative as the pilgrim train advances through the valley on the way back from Rome, singing its sweet and solemn chorus. The fervent, heart-broken prayer of Elisabeth came in order, and the tender apostrophe to the evening star by her faithful, hopeless lover, closing with the minstrels' festal march and chorus. The constant progression through so many different emotions of an intense and absorbing nature, the increasing sonorousness and scope of the harmony, gradually released the musical sensibilities from the trammels of personality and the musical intelligence from the limits of attention,



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until the being was merged in tides of sound which seemed to beat against the bounds of space. The sense of might in the music was overwhelming. The excitement was indescribable, and pervaded the atmosphere; leader, orchestra, audience acting and reacting upon each other with an electrical interchange of feeling. The impression cannot be conveyed in words, which sound exaggerated while falling infinitely short of the truth. As the climax slowly subsided, old Joseph Dessauer's criticism on Wagner in Vienna ten years before came back to me: "He is a cataclysm." In fact, the music had swallowed us alive, like a gulf. The excitable audience was wrought into a frenzy, in which other passions than melomania had a share. There was in some hearers real antipathy to the composer, in others animosity to him as a German, and these prejudices struggled fiercely against the dominating power of the music and the rapturous enthusiasm of the majority. The grandeur of the Tannhaüser, the charm of the spinning chorus from the Flying Dutchman, the gravity and interest of the prelude to Parsifal, kept the dissidents in check until the wild gallop of the Valkyrie began. The stern daughters of Odin rode on the whirlwind above the din of the battle-field, sweeping mortals with them on their breathless course; and then the storm burst in hisses, hooting, stamping, shrill whistles, calls, cries, and counter-cries: "That's not music!" "Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!" "If the Germans want to hear it, let them go hear it at home!" "Bis! bis!" (Again, again.) "You sha'n't have it!" "Superb! Magnificent!" "Stop it!" "Turn out the blackbirds!" (the men with the whistles.) "Down with the circus-riders!" This last bit of wit at the expense of the Valkyrie raised a laugh which almost turned the scale; but the applause was redoubled to counterbalance the joke, and in the end, after a tumult which was nearly a riot, the ayes had it. The Chevauchée was repeated amid deafening shouts, and again the terrible riders thundered through the air, while the battle raged below. When it was over, and M. Colonne came forward in response to the acclamations of the panting orchestra and breathless audience, every hair of his well-brushed brown curls stood on end.

Whatever these men play has the same *brio;* no Parisian orchestra approaches them in rendering Wagner, Berlioz, and contemporary composers of their school. Although power and passion are their characteristics, it must not be supposed that they are lacking in sweetness and tenderness. They struck me as excelling in the latter, especially in accompanying the voice, whether in solo or chorus; the softest human notes are not softer than their *pianissimo* playing. But their strong point is their ability to sway an assemblage, and make it thrill and vibrate like a crowd under the influence of a strong popular sentiment; and their impulse undoubtedly comes from the stimulating quality of their leader.

Twelve years ago I went for the first time to one of the Concerts Populaires, led by M. Pasdeloup. They were then the only musical recreation of a high order in Paris, except the concerts of the Conservatoire. I remember the mixture of amusement and annoyance with which I perceived the strong stable smells (the building being the winter circus), the shabbiness of the audience, the discomfort of the seats. As soon as the music began I forgot every drawback to enjoyment. There was a symphony of Beethoven's performed by over ninety instruments; I had never heard anything like it before, and I was transported with delight. M. Pasdeloup was then valiantly combating his countrymen's prejudice against Wagner, amounting in many of them to positive hatred, and exasperated by the anti-German rage left by the recent Franco-Prussian war. The first attempt to perform

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his music at the Cirque d'Hiver was met by such obstreperous opposition that it had to be given up. This was in the autumn of 1872. It was the autumn of 1882 before I attended another Concert Populaire. Beethoven's Second Symphony was given, among other things, and for the first time in Paris the prelude to the Parsifal, with the hymn of the knights of the San Graal. Every seat was occupied, and before the latter production began, the house filled until there was no standing room. The audience listened to it in perfect silence, and it was repeated without objection.

To my disappointment, I found that the orchestra was not so good as formerly, or that the other concerts of which I have spoken had raised my standard very much. The time and tune were occasionally faulty; there was an absence both of delicacy and of volume, of fine shading, and above all of unanimity, of common impulse. M. Pasdeloup did not seem to have his players thoroughly in hand; he did not hold them together, like the other leaders; he lacked vigor, and at the same time repose. I heard his orchestra several times during the season of 1882–83, and was forced regretfully to acknowledge that it is but third-rate. Yet some great American cities might be thankful if they could have such concerts every week, or even every month, for half the year. No lover of music can cease to feel the utmost gratitude to M. Pasdeloup for the noble work he has done. There is something, too, most amiable and expansive in his presence and individuality; there is a genuine, genial enjoyment of music for itself alone; when a composition is well played he looks as happy as a child. "There is not one of the leaders who loves music so heartily and with so much disinterestedness as he," said a distinguished composer to me of M. Pasdeloup. It must have been a real satisfaction, therefore, to many people that the first Concert Populaire of the present season, 1883–84, was a great improvement on those of last year. Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony was beautifully given, with great spirit and expression, and the accompaniment to Mozart's Piano Concerto in E flat was not less well performed. The latter is a very fine thing, one of twenty-seven similar compositions by the same master, of which but two or three are known even in Europe. M. Pasdeloup announced in his prospectus, last September, that he should give the greater number of them in the course of the winter, M. Theodore Ritter taking the piano part. This gentleman once had a great reputation as a player of Beethoven, but sank into obscurity from too great partiality to his own compositions. His touch is a trifle heavy and hammer-like on the accented notes, but otherwise his playing is the very model of classic style; it has largeness, solidity, sobriety, a crystalline, clean-fingered precision, and in the *forte* passages real majesty. The Concerto is a very fine production, with a breadth and massiveness which recall Beethoven and Gluck rather than Mozart, yet with the distinctive tenderness and grace of the last. The programme was made up by St. Saëns's Jeunesse d'Hercule, an air for violoncello and harp from Beethoven's ballet of Prometheus, and the overture to Weber's Oberon. It was a truly delightful concert.

It is usual at all these performances to have concertos and vocal and instrumental solos of a very high order. Most of the foreign musical celebrities who come to Paris in winter appear at one or more of the popular classical concerts during their stay, and there are distinguished French artists who are seldom heard elsewhere. Their names have not reached this country, yet they are greatly superior to many favorites of our public. The concert associations, true to one of the principles of their institution, also admit youthful performers

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as well as composers: young men and women, destined to become famous, make their first trembling appearance at the Cirque d'Hiver, the Châtelet, and the Château d'Eau. Great good-nature is shown, by both the audience and the musicians, to beginners. They seldom need indulgence, however, for any shortcomings, except those of timidity and inexperience; they have the careful training and hard study of long years to sustain them before they venture to present themselves even to such lenient hearers. Their talent may develop, and their power and facility increase, but the technical part of their art must be mastered before they take the first step in public. For others very little allowance is made; hisses and exclamations of displeasure are heard almost simultaneously with a false note or slovenly passage. The audiences are all keenly critical; in other respects there is a marked difference between them: that of the Conservatoire is decorous and fastidious, that of the Cirque d'Hiver easy-going and plebeian; the Château d'Eau is harder to please, and rowdy, and although violent scenes are less frequent there than at the Châtelet, which is extremely Bohemian, I heard an attempt to give Berlioz's Carnival Romain an encore put down, in spite of M. Lamoureux, by hooting and braying, in imitation of the too asinine blasts of the horns. The large proportion of poor people in them all is a very interesting and touching element: hundreds of men who cannot afford to pay for a seat come in before the great work of the programme, — most often one of Beethoven's symphonies, — and stand through it, many of them through the entire performance. A very pathetic group is the common one of a shabbily dressed young couple, with a baby. The babies, as a general rule, are good; but the funniest row I witnessed at the Château d'Eau was caused by one who whimpered during the adagio of Beethoven's Third Symphony. After the poor mortified mother had withdrawn with the offending infant, — no easy matter through the closely packed crowd, — uncomplimentary remarks and epithets continued to fly about, which provoked the father to reply angrily; upon which arose cries of "Turn him out!" A grave-looking, middle-aged man suddenly said, from the other side of the theatre, "It was enough to make the child ill to bring it into such an atmosphere: that is why it cried." The sententiousness with which this opinion was delivered caused general laughter, in the midst of which somebody cried out, "Now, then, steam up!" to the orchestra, which had stopped playing, and the concert went on. But there are always many very little children present, who are evidently brought for their own enjoyment, and they do enjoy wonderfully, some sitting like statues, others nodding their heads and beating time with their tiny hands, smiling gleefully at each other.

As American concert-goers may be curious to know what sort of music draws thousands of hearers weekly, who cannot pay above a quarter of a dollar for their pleasure, I will give a few of last season's programmes, fair samples of the rest. At M. Pasdeloup's Concert Populaire on October 22, 1882, was given, Beethoven's Second Symphony; dance music by Rameau (an old-fashioned composer of Louis XV.'s time); a piano-forte Concerto by Litolff; the overture to Weber's Oberon; the prelude to Wagner's Parsifal. On February 25, 1883, selections from Velléda, a new opera by M. Charles Lenepveu, one of the "*jeunes*," as the rising composers are called; Schumann's Symphony in B flat; fragments from the opera of Dardanus, by Rameau; a piano-forte Concerto by Henselt, *opus* 16; and the Wedding March from Lohengrin. At the Château d'Eau, M. Lamoureux's orchestra gave on January 28, 1883, the Michel Angelo overture, by Niels W.

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Gade; fragments from Gluck's Armida; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with chorus; an Aria by Lotti (an Italian composer of the early eighteenth century); and the overture to Oberon. On March 11, 1883, a memorial concert to Wagner, selections from the Flying Dutchman; the prelude to Parsifal; selections from the Meistersänger; selections from Lohengrin; and Liszt's Fantaisie Hongroise, played by Madame Essipoff. At the first concert of this season, November 4, 1883, the overture to Jessonda, by Spohr; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; España, a fantasy by M. Chabrier, one of the *jeunes;* Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music; Berlioz's overture to the Carnival Romain. At the Châtelet, March 4, 1883, the first part of the programme consisted of Mozart's overture to the Marriage of Figaro, and selections from Melka, an operetta or cantata by M. Charles Lefebvre, a *jeune,* — lovely music, of a pure, plaintive character, excellently written, and full of sweet, sustained melody, very different from that of the younger contemporary French composers as far as I know them; the second part was devoted to Wagner, and contained selections from Tannhaüser, the Flying Dutchman, the Walküre, Parsifal, and Lohengrin. In the course of the past season I heard M. Colonne give Berlioz's Damnation de Faust repeatedly, Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music, selections from L'Arlésienne by Bizet, the composer of Carmen, Berlioz's Funeral March for Hamlet, and fragments from his Romeo and Juliet. The concerts of the Châtelet opened this season with the Damnation de Faust, and the orchestra struck me as having gained in smoothness and self-possession during the holidays, without having lost a spark of their wonderful fire. I regret very much not having more of their last year's programmes, but it will be seen by the above list that the Association Artistique, while not neglecting the classic and standard composers, gives more time to modern and contemporary ones. The choice of music at the concerts of all the societies is very judicious. The admission of youthful talent and the revival of the charming and sentimental old-fashioned Italian and French masters keep the public from becoming too conservative in these matters.

It may interest some of my readers to know the statistics of one of the popular classical concert associations. M. Colonne was kind enough to give me the following facts with regard to the Association Artistique, and although each society has its particular rules and conditions they are alike in general plan.

The Concerts du Châtelet have entered upon their tenth year. When M. Colonne made the venture there was no capital to start with. Subscribers were obtained at the rate of five, four, two and a half, and two francs, and even at a franc and a half and a franc, a concert, according to the place; the weekly sale of seats at those prices had to provide the rest. The performers are members of the society; M. Colonne is the president. The proceeds of the concerts are divided among them respectively at the end of the year in ratio of their individual importance. They were obliged to divide twice during the first season, in order to keep their organization together; that year they made but ten thousand francs. The hire of the theatre and incidental expenses come to about one thousand francs a concert. The house holds two thousand people, and is almost always literally full, but there are nearly two hundred complimentary tickets. The subscribers represent about a tenth of the receipts. There is also a long list of honorary members, whose annual subscription is fixed at twenty-five francs, which admits them to the general rehearsal previous to each concert, although not to the concert itself.

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Some of these members generously contribute larger sums for the encouragement of the concerts, and from these sources the receipts last year were eighteen thousand francs. The first year, as has been said, the clear gains were only ten thousand francs; last year they were sixty-nine thousand. The government has granted the association a yearly subsidy of ten thousand francs.

The orchestra consists of one hundred and four instruments, — eighteen first and sixteen second violins, fourteen violas, twelve bass, and twelve double-bass viols, thirteen wooden wind instruments and twelve brass, with half a dozen more, too diverse for classification. The chorus comprises about a hundred and fifty men and women, who are not members of the society, however. The performers are allowed to belong to other musical associations, to play elsewhere, to have other occupations, provided that these do not interfere with their presence at the concerts of the Châtelet and the three weekly rehearsals for each, which M. Colonne requires; nothing else is exacted. When the season is over they are entirely at liberty. M. Colonne himself goes to some bathing station, or as we say springs, taking part of his orchestra with him, and making it up from chance material. He and his assistants are forced to do this, or something else, to eke out their annual gains.

Besides these regular weekly orchestral performances, no month goes by in Paris, from November until May, without bearing its crop of musical entertainment in the shape of chamber concerts, piano-forte recitals, *matinées* and *soirées*, by French and foreign musicians. Each of the great piano factories has a pretty hall in its back buildings, where small audiences listen to their favorite artists. I never passed through the warerooms, on my way to the Salle Herz, Salle Pleyel, or Salle Erard, without admiring the instruments, which stand in rows, of every size and shape that pianos may be, and regretting that with us they are such hopelessly ugly pieces of furniture. The great secret of their good looks in France is their extreme simplicity. They have none of the scroll-work and jigsawing which disfigure those in this country; they are for the most part perfectly plain, of every sort of wood, light and dark, dead, oiled and varnished; the shapes of the bodies and legs are good; in short, they are designed with so much good sense and good taste that an upright piano is positively an ornamental object, while one may have even a concert-grand without introducing a hideous monster into one's drawing-room.

It was in a brilliant assemblage at the Salle Erard that I heard M. de Beriot, the son of the great Maria Malibran and of her small husband, Charles de Beriot. The young man is a pianist and composer, and has a high standing with the *dilettanti* in Paris. Perhaps the proverb concerning gift horses seals most people's lips as to his performances, for he only *invites* his acquaintance to his concerts, which are private, and my cards of admission were sent me by a French friend. The programme was made up chiefly of M. de Beriot's productions, which are as commonplace and uninteresting as his father's. His playing is admirable as far as regards mere touch and execution, and has the agreeable and indefinable quality of taste; but it is perfectly cold, and without feeling of any sort. In the concerted pieces he was assisted by a portion of Lamoureux's orchestra, but they were so subordinated to the piano that they could not rise above its mediocrity. Madame Sophie Menter, the court pianist of Vienna, gave a series of concerts at the Salle Herz, if I remember rightly. She is a very pretty young woman, with a childlike roundness and softness of appearance, and plays with extraordinary power and execution, but in a hard and heartless manner; never-

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theless, she spun Mendelssohn's Fileuse off her fingers with bewildering rapidity and deftness, and an enchanting effect of playing with the keys rather than upon them, which won an encore from the well-pleased audience. Madame Essipoff was in Paris at the same time, delighting her select world of diplomatists and women of fashion. She has a more perfect command of the piano and its resources than Madame Menter, or indeed any other woman I have ever heard; her force and fire are prodigious, especially considering her delicacy of execution; she wants tenderness and subtlety of expression, but her playing is splendid. She was sometimes assisted by a compatriot, M. Brandoukoff, on the violoncello, who supplied the expression, the depth, the soul, which she does not convey, while he made his instrument perform feats which seemed possible to the violin alone. There are elements of enthusiasm and rapture in M. Brandoukoff's playing which affect the hearer as one is seldom affected except by the voice, and more potently in that his music is without words. He impressed me as a man of real genius and as having a musical organization of the highest order.

But to enumerate the occasional concerts of this sort which are to be heard in Paris during the winter would make too long a list. The musical season closes in the spring, when the races begin, and the delightful days come, when everybody wishes to be out-of-doors. The performances at the Conservatoire, Château d'Eau, Châtelet, and Cirque d'Hiver end at Easter. Their orchestras, or portions of them, continue to be heard at the Trocadéro, where there are concerts at all times of year, with Maurin, the foremost Parisian violinist, and other celebrated names on the programmes; but notwithstanding a good selection of music and musicians, the *matinées* which I attended in that huge hall were dull and uninteresting. At the close of the regular season, however, there are apt to be a few benefits, or charity concerts, at which the great virtuosos of Europe are gathered, like the sun's rays in a burning-glass. Two of these took place late in the spring of 1883, at the Cirque d'Eté, on the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées. At both I was fortunate enough to hear M. Planté, the most accomplished and finished pianist alive. This gentleman, being rich, allows himself to live as he likes, and to play when and where he likes, or not at all. His home is in the Landes, the region of great pine woods and sea-breezes, where the shepherds go about upon stilts. There he lives in retirement most of the year, making an annual visit to Paris, and occasionally traveling to other countries. In the former he usually gives one concert, seldom more, — an event to which the musical world looks forward with great eagerness and excitement. Last spring, after M. Planté was known to be in town, weeks went by; his adorers were on the tip-toe of expectation; it was bruited about that he had been playing at private houses in strict secrecy, but no concert was announced. At length, losing patience, people went to inquire at the principal music shops, where advertisements appear and tickets are sold; the answer was, M. Planté did not intend to give a concert that season. The disappointment was great, and great was the joy when an entertainment was proclaimed under the auspices of certain charitable and patronizing ladies in aid of their blind asylums, at which M. Planté would play. The programmes promised a great deal of other talent, and the first-class seats sold at twenty francs; the second, which were the dozen upper rows of benches, without backs, at ten. The circus was crowded, nevertheless; the body of the house filled with persons who meet only on rare and special occasions of this sort. There were women of high rank and piety from the seclusion of the Faubourg St.

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Germain, who never deigned to appear at the courts of Louis Philippe or Napoleon the Third any more than at M. Grévy's receptions; relics and representatives of each of those dynasties; ladies who sail with the wind, and whose colors are neither Bourbon, Orleanist, nor Republican, but those of the season; and the men who are at the beck and call of the different patronesses. The very variety made the social aspect of the affair one of extreme exclusiveness, and it recalled descriptions from Feuillet's and Cherbuliez's novels. There is always some curiosity felt about the personal appearance of celebrities of any kind. M. Planté is slight, pale, and gentleman-like, looking on the whole not unlike a certain good type of American, and with nothing of the lion about him except the superfine manner in which he poised his fingers upon the keyboard. He was supported by M. Faure, the first baritone in Europe, the most perfect and delicious singer of our day. He has not been heard at the opera in Paris for some years, to which its deterioration is partly due, as the presence of so gifted and conscientious an artist must necessarily keep up the standard of an entire company. M. Faure gives as much attention to the acting as to the singing of his parts. It is said, as an instance of his painstaking, that previous to appearing in Les Huguenots he practiced playing at cup and ball for six weeks, in order never to miss the catch once, as he wished to introduce it in a scene at the court of Charles IX., the game having been in fashion at that time. He bestows the same scrupulous study upon his music, to which he adds a rich and mellow voice, a faultless method, and great general intelligence. M. Faure is a dark, handsome, thoughtful-looking man, who appears taller than he is from a Spanish gravity and dignity of bearing. The music was beautiful, but the bills of fare of benevolence are always too full. Besides Planté and Faure there was Carlotta Patti, who sang with a science and style to throw her more famous little sister into the shade; and there was the fiery M. Colonne, with a portion of his orchestra, and M. Delsart, a distinguished violoncellist. Actors and actresses from the Théâtre Français were advertised, but they were unexpectedly prevented from coming, and were replaced by others of less renown, who recited humorous and sentimental poems. There was too much of it, but the audience agreed that it was a great success, and the lady managers were complimented and congratulated with much effusion by their acquaintance.

The second and last appearance of M. Planté was on June 1, again at the Cirque d'Eté, at the Festival Pasdeloup. The founder of the Concerts Populaires was present with the flower of his orchestra, M. Faure, Madame Gerster, and other musicians of note. The programme was as follows: Overture to Ruy Blas, Mendelssohn; Arioso from Hérodiade, Massenet, sung by Faure; Romance from Mozart's 8th Concerto and an andante and polonaise of Chopin's, played by Planté; "Ah non giunge" from La Somnambula, by Madame Gerster; Air from Beethoven's ballet of Prometheus, with harp and violoncello solos by MM. Hasselmans and Vandergucht; Romance from Un Ballo in Maschera, by Faure; Andante and Scherzo, Weber, Gavotte from Iphigenia, Gluck, Romance, Schumann, Danse Hongroise, Brahms, by M. Planté; Theme and variations, Mozart, by M. Grisez, an eminent clarionet player, and all the stringed instruments; "Je crois," a composition of M. Faure's, sung by himself, and Gounod's Au Printemps, also sung by him, and accompanied by Planté and the orchestra; Chopin's Etude in A flat, a melody by Rubinstein, a waltz by Raff, and tarantelle by Gottschalk, forming one clause, played by Planté; Arditi's Fior di Margherita,

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by Madame Gerster; and the overture to Oberon.

It was a real festival. It was one of those chosen hours when a happy magnetism pervades an assembly, and a subtle sympathy envelops them in one sensation. M. Pasdeloup led, his orchestra performed, the other artists played and sang, as if it were a royal wedding "once upon a time," and the fairies were showering gifts on the whole company. Planté's style is the most consummate art; smoothness, facility, refinement, can go no further on the piano. Grace and elegance are the characteristics of his playing, but he puts forth surprising power without the slightest effort. It is only when he plays Chopin that one is conscious that he has his limits; he does not possess the intensity, the lyrical passion, to interpret that suffering soul. But M. Planté is peerless among contemporary pianists. Liszt I never heard, but Thalberg could not be compared with him. Bülow is cold and mechanical, and Rubinstein crude beside him. He played that day with an expression and a touch of ardor which had not made themselves felt at the previous concert. Faure sang divinely. Madame Gerster had twice her wonted brilliancy and charm, and her pleasing personality enhanced the effect. The audience was in raptures, in ecstasies. But the artists were singing and playing for themselves and each other, mutually inspired and delighted. The climax was reached when the two idols of Parisians, Faure and Planté, gave Gounod's lovely spring song with orchestral accompaniment. It was a magical achievement of delicacy and lightness. M. Faure's faintest tones and M. Planté's ethereal fingering were audible through the whispered harmonies of the orchestra, modulated to the last degree of pianissimo. The ravishing sweetness and sentiment with which Faure gave the melody can hardly be forgotten by any one who heard it on that day. As he sang and Planté played and the orchestra murmured of spring, nature and the human heart seemed reviving and awakening to youth, hope, romance, love, and the poetry of existence. The audience sat entranced until the last chord died away, and then broke into transports. As the concert ended, they poured into the warm, bright air of the summer afternoon, with eyes shining and cheeks flushed or pale with exquisite emotion, and seemed to diffuse a higher enjoyment among the pleasure-seekers under the flowering chestnut avenues of the Champs Elysée. Planté and Faure lingered and talked beside the fountain near the door until everybody else had gone, as if loath to break from the spell which had held them and their hearers. This memorable day closed the musical season of 1882–83.

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## THE BIRD OF SOLITUDE.

When from some deep, secluded wood you hear the rich, flute-like notes of a "bird in the solitude singing," turn instantly from the path, follow in silence that enticing voice, and you may at last come near the mysterious songster. If, happily, you are able to locate sound, you may be further charmed by sight of him, glowing with musical ardor; but if not, you may search the woods in vain, so motionless is he, and so completely do the soft tints of his plumage harmonize in coloring with the branch upon which he stands. He is worthy this careful following: he is the most beautiful, the finest in song, and the noblest in char-

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acter of the winged order in America. He is the wood thrush.

Sometimes, when you thus come upon him, you will find madam his spouse upon a lower branch of the same tree. She will not fly; wild panic is not in the thrush. She will stand and look at you, expressing her disapproval by a lively "quit! quit!" at the same time raising the feathers of head, neck, and shoulders, till she appears to be adorned with a high ruff and shoulder cape. If you refuse to take the hint and move away, she will finally drop her voice into a low "tut, tut," showing her excitement by quick, nervous jerks of both wings and tail. After a little, her demonstrations will bring to her side the beautiful singer himself. Like a feather he alights on the branch, the perfect copy of his mate. A few low remarks, evidently derogatory to you, are exchanged, and away they fly together.

Should you come too near the singer, when alone, or should something in your manner arouse his suspicions, he will slip down behind the tree or shrub he is on, and depart so silently and so near the ground that you neither see nor hear him. The first intimation of his flight will be his song afar off, when it will seem to you that he is a phantom, a mere wandering voice.

The song of this bird defies description, though it has inspired both extravagant and poetical attempts in the most prosaic of writers. When heard from a distance, it sounds very deliberate: a succession of detached passages, with frequent pauses, ending in a trill, sometimes easily distinguished as such, but often so rapidly delivered that it resembles the syllable "che-e-e" with a peculiar and indescribable thrill in it. If you are near, however, you will find the pauses filled with low notes, having, apparently, no connection with the song. One cannot but fancy them to be irrepressible words of endearment, ineffably sweet and tender, and wonderfully enhancing the charm of the performance.

He is not chary of his gift. He sings at all hours of the day, excepting in the heat of noon; but he seems most keenly to enjoy the fading light of afternoon and the evening, till long after dark. Not a little of the mystery and melancholy that poetical minds find in his music is due to the thoughtful twilight hours in which it is heard. It is in itself far from sadness. Indeed, there can be no more perfect picture of deep joy than this beautiful bird, standing tranquilly on his branch, while giving slow utterance to notes that thrill your soul.

The weather is a matter of no moment to the wood thrush; he has a soul above externals. Other birds may be full of song, or moping on their perches; be it wet or dry, sunshine or shade, he sings, and sings, and sings.

> "Howsoe'er the world goes ill,
> The thrushes still sing in it."

The strongest attraction of a certain summer home in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains is the song of this bird. Around the house feathered visitors are always numerous, but no wood thrush is ever seen. Late in the afternoon, however, when other songsters are settling themselves for the night, and, save the robin chatter, no sound of bird is heard, out of the deep woods which surround the small clearing comes the stirring evening hymn of the thrush. It begins with a clear, far-off prelude of three notes on an ascending scale; then a deliberate rest, followed by three other and different notes, and ending in a rapturous trill. After a decorous pause another takes up the strain. There is no haste, no interruption, never a clamor of song. Each one enjoys his full length of time, and though there may be a dozen singers within hearing, there is no confusion. Each rich solo is a complete whole, perfect as a pearl. To sit on a balcony of that house through the long, tranquil hours of approaching

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night, listening to the grand and lofty symphony, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience; lifting the soul above the earth, into regions of poetry and dreams.

The wood thrush is said to be so enamored of solitude and deep woods that he may be often heard, but seldom seen. This is simply because few know how to look for him. He does love the woods, but, being a remarkably intelligent bird, he is not shy, and unreasoning fright is unknown to him. He will let you approach quite near, fixing his soft, bright eyes upon you without agitation, to learn whether your object be peace or war. If you pause at a respectful distance and remain quiet, he will resume his song, undisturbed.

Then the position he selects is favorable to concealment. The robin and oriole pour out their melodies from the topmost twig of the tallest tree, in plain sight of all the world, and the cat-bird, while choosing the deepest seclusion of a shrub, keeps so constantly in motion that he cannot escape discovery. The thrush does neither. He perches upon a branch, rarely a twig. It is often the lowest branch of a tree, and quite near to the trunk. In several years of close study of the thrush, following the song and watching many singers, I have but once seen one sing at the top of a tree, though it is true that my observations were usually in the broad daylight; for the evening song it is possible that he may select a higher position.

The secret of hiding, which his inconspicuous coloring as well as his position aid, is his habit of repose. He has no frivolous flirt of the tail, like the cat-bird; no jerking body, like the robin; no incessant twitter, like the hosts of smaller birds. It is his instinct, in moments of excitement, to remain motionless and perfectly silent. If you do not look exactly at him, you may almost put your hand upon him before he stirs; and even then he will glide away almost as noiselessly as a snake.

The easiest way to discover the bird in his open hiding-place is to take an opera-glass, and, having placed him as nearly as possible by ear, look carefully over every branch of the tree, till you come upon him, often so near and so plainly in sight that you are amazed at your own blindness. Nevertheless, if you remove the glass from your eye without having minutely noted his surroundings, you will not easily find him again.

If then, keeping him in full view, you remain quiet, he will accept your attitude as one of peace, and pay no more attention to you, and you may watch him as long as you choose; listening to the little ripples of talk, the low, sighing "wee-o," not unlike the cat-bird's "mew," the rich "tut-tut," and the soft responses of his mate, perhaps brooding over the lovely treasure of the home in the dogberry-tree, perhaps standing as motionless and hard to see as her spouse on a neighboring branch.

You may chance thus to observe him after the morning bath, in which he delights; performing his toilet, smoothing every perfect plume, or sunning himself, puffed out like a ball, with every feather on end. You may see him, too, when suddenly his attention is arrested by some movement or sound at the foot of the tree, imperceptible to your coarser senses; and he dives off the branch, returning instantly with a worm or grub, which he will hold in his bill a long time, entirely undisturbed by its wriggles or struggles, till he makes up his mind whether you mean mischief, or have changed your position while he was engaged.

Then, too, you may sometimes chance upon a scene of agitation even in the serene life of a thrush. Following an unfamiliar call far away from the path, in a lonely spot, I came once upon a singular sight: six or eight thrushes hopping about in the lower branches of a small tree, in a way very unusual with

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them, giving unceasing utterance to the sound I had heard, a low, shuddering cry, and all with eyes fixed upon the ground. Every moment or two one would fly away, but its place was instantly filled by another, so that the number in the tree remained the same, and the strange cry was never still. Nestlings were all out, so I knew that it could be no accident to a little one that thus aroused them, and I stole quietly nearer through the tall weeds, where I found crouching in this ample shelter, the cause of the excitement, — a cat, doubtless on breakfast intent. On seeing me she ran, and every bird followed, hovering over her wherever she placed herself; and as long as I stayed, that day, I could tell the whereabouts of poor puss by the tumult above her.

Because of its quiet tints, the beauty of plumage of the wood thrush is often underrated. Nothing can be more attractive than the soft cinnamon browns of his back and wings, and the satiny white of breast and under parts, tinged in places with buff, and decorated profusely with lance-shaped spots of brown.

Lovers of birds alive and free have reason to rejoice that our most interesting birds are not gaudy in coloring. The indiscriminate and terrible slaughter of these beautiful creatures, to appear in some horrible, unnatural position on ladies' hats, is surely enough to make the most long-suffering lover of nature cry out in grief and pain. To me — let me say it frankly — they look not like an adornment of feathers, but like the dead bodies of birds, foully murdered to minister to a passing fashion.

There is one interesting peculiarity of coloring in the breast feathers of this bird. Snowy white as they appear on the outside, they are for three quarters of their length a dark slate color, so that where the plumage is parted in performing the toilet, it looks like black plush. Closely examined, too, with a common magnifying-glass, every tiniest barb of the feather is found to be ringed, dark slate and white, an exquisitely beautiful object.

I know of no bird with more strongly marked character than the wood thrush. First to be noticed is his love of quiet. Not only does he prefer the solitary parts of the woods, but he especially avoids the neighborhood of his social cousin, the robin. The chattering, the constant noise, the curiosity, the general fussiness, of that garrulous bird are intolerable to his more reposeful relative. He may be found living harmoniously among many varieties of smaller birds, and he even shows no dislike of the cat-bird; but come into a robin haunt, and you may look in vain for a wood thrush.

Then his gravity. When a thrush has nothing to do, he does nothing. He scorns to amuse himself with senseless chatter, or aimless flitting from twig to twig. When he wants a worm, he seeks a worm, and eats it leisurely; and then he stands quietly till he wants another, or something else. Even in the nest the baby thrush is dignified. No clamor comes from this youngster when his parent approaches with food. On such occasions the young robin calls vociferously, jerks himself about, flutters his wings, and in every way shows the impatience of his disposition. The young thrush sits silent, quivering with expectation, while the parent, slightly lifting the wings, pops the sweet morsel into the waiting mouth, but no impatience and no cries.

There is, however, a time when the thrush is somewhat noisy, — when the young are in danger. One day, while slowly walking through a secluded path, in a piece of woods beloved of thrushes, I came suddenly upon a young thrush, almost under my hand. It was sitting in the forks of a branch, three feet from the ground, perfectly motionless, but watching me intently. I brought my hand down carefully, and just as it was clos-

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ing — softly, for fear of injury — the little creature slipped out from under, and disappeared in the bushes. The parents, as soon as it escaped, began loud though not harsh cries; perhaps to distract my attention, perhaps to direct or cheer the little one. I have no doubt that the youngster was crouched in plain sight not three feet from where I stood; but although I searched every inch of ground, not a glimpse did I get of it, in spite of my assurance that it was near all the time.

The wood thrush is very decided in his taste about his surroundings. He prefers woods where no grass grows, since he never seeks his worms in the sod, as does the robin. No lawn, however tempting, is the scene of his labors. In a certain park where I have frequently watched him, he is bold in looking for food; coming within three feet of a person while gathering the crumbs he has learned to expect on the walks, and though keeping a watchful eye upon one, not disturbed so long as the observer is still. But when this variation upon his usual fare is secured, he retires to a spot more remote from park frequenters, to sing, and in due time to establish his home.

He is one of the most intelligent of our birds, and absolutely seems to reason. He plainly does not take your motives for granted, but reserves his decision till he has studied you or has seen some indication of your intentions. He looks you squarely in the face, with perfect calmness; not turning his head on one side, and never becoming uneasy under your most steady gaze. He is graceful and elegant in movement and refined in his manners, and every one who has attentively observed birds will know that these are genuine distinctions.

Then he is a paragon of good temper. One cannot conceive of a thrush as ruffled with passion, quarreling with his neighbor, or driving a strange bird away. One cannot imagine a harsh sound out of that "most musical" throat. And aside from fancy, as a simple matter of fact, I have never noticed the smallest sign of temper or harshness. Even the cries of distress have peculiar richness of tone.

Having for some years lovingly studied the ways of this little creature, and wishing to observe him more closely, I desired to add a wood thrush to the birds which fly about my house. To this end I made a tour of the bird stores of New York, and thus I learned, from disgusted dealers, another interesting characteristic of the high-spirited fellow. So fond is he of liberty that he will not sing in confinement. His European cousin, the song thrush (or throstle of England), unfortunately for his freedom, reconciles himself more easily to captivity, and is to be found in all shops. My answers were a disappointing monotony: "The American thrush is no good; he will not sing. We can give you a European thrush," — an opinion, by the way, in which these practical gentry differ from Audubon, who is quoted as saying that they sing nearly as well in confinement as when free. This is hard to believe. The thrush's song seems more than that of any other bird to embody the spirit of freedom, and to come from an untroubled soul.

In my search, however, I chanced upon another American thrush, the hermit thrush. He also is not a regular bird-store product, being neither gay-colored nor noisy. This individual was caught with an injured wing, and was so little regarded in that motley collection of screaming parrots and shrieking canaries that the price put upon him was insultingly low. To soften my disappointment, I brought him home, and a more interesting fellow I never saw.

Upon opening the box in which he had made the journey, he showed not the least alarm. He sat calmly on the bottom and looked at me. In a moment or two he hopped on to the edge of the

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box, and then, seeing a perch conveniently near, he stepped upon that, and began to straighten his feathers and put himself in order.

He had been in captivity but two or three days, yet he was never for an instant wild, and was the most quiet bird in the house. He seldom made a sound. Occasionally he uttered a high, sharp "s-e-e-p," like an insect sound, without opening the bill; and that was all, until he encountered the looking-glass.

Having kept him in a cage a few days, to teach him that that was his home, I opened the door, as I do with all my cages. He came out at once, which birds rarely do, investigated my room without fear, alighting on my chair, taking worms from the hand, trying to make friends with an English song thrush, twice his size, — meeting by the way with no response, — and finding his way back to his cage without trouble, which again is unusual.

As with all birds, the pincushion was a source of interest to him, and I was interested to see how differently from any other he treated the obnoxious pin heads. He did not pounce upon them, driving them farther in, as did the catbird, but he seized each head in his bill, and tried to jerk it out. This would have been somewhat too successful, only that his efforts were in a sidewise direction, and of course the pins would not come. In a few days, however, he learned how to manage them, when his great pleasure was to pull them all out and throw them on the floor, leaning over the edge of the bureau to hear each one fall on the matting, and then to go down himself, and pass each one through his bill from head to point, exactly as he did a meal-worm before swallowing it. The stiffness of the pins discouraged him; he never tried to make a meal of them.

His experience with the looking-glass was most melancholy, till I covered it up, in pity.

The instant he caught sight of himself, — or his own reflection, rather, — he would drop his wings, raise head and tail, and in that curious position strut around before the glass; calling softly, with the sweetest and most tender twittering, though so low it could scarcely be heard. After some time of this coaxing, he would become disheartened, and then he would stand motionless, with feathers puffed out, staring at the bird in the glass, and looking so grieved and unhappy that I could not endure it, but drew a shield before that misleading piece of furniture.

He never showed the least fear of me, and grew more familiar every day. But I had him only a month. One evening he was well and lively as usual; the next morning I found him dead on the floor, to my great surprise and grief.

*Olive Thorne Miller.*

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## THE BEACH-PLUM.

Like childhood's smile, half trusting, half afraid,
A thought of spring steals o'er the landscape's face:
Told in the slender wind-flower's lissome grace;
Breathed from the Mayflower, hiding in the shade;
Writ in the deep'ning blue of sea and sky.
And look where, whipt by winds from east and north,
The sturdy beach-plum puts her blossoms forth, —

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A wonder of white beauty to the eye,
A sphinx half buried in the shifting sand.
I would thy pretty riddle I could guess,
Of prudent thrift that looks like lavishness,
Of autumn fruitage in chill springtime planned;
Or learn by what rare craft, what hidden hands,
Thou hoardest ruby wine from these salt sands.

*E. S. F.*

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## IN WAR TIME.

### XI.

Mrs. Westerley had less difficulty with Ann Wendell than she had expected. She set forth, quietly and distinctly, the need for an orphan, a dependent orphan, to have some such education as would fit her to sustain herself when the time came. Then she sympathized with Ann as to the religious aspect of the case, and at last won her somewhat reluctant consent to Mrs. Morton's plan of sending Hester to school. Hester was to go to Miss Pearson's, and she, Mrs. Westerley, would write at once to that lady; and here was a check, which Colonel Morton wished to be used for the child's clothes. Ann took it, but did not like to do so. Somehow, it seemed to her like a charity to her brother and herself, and she had the admirable dislike of the hardy New England mind to being assisted by money. Moreover, — and this Alice Westerley of course failed to comprehend, — Ann had a decided indisposition to receive for Hester any favors from Colonel Morton. In fact, she kept saying to herself, "How will this child feel if she ever comes to know that, however innocently, the man to whom she owes so much was at least suspected of having killed her father? I ought to think for her now." But her brother had laughed at Ann about this, and it was a matter already ignored or forgotten by everybody but herself; besides, Ezra, who was indifferent as to money, had already told her that the Mortons expected to assist them, and so what could she do but accept for Hester this further kindness? Nevertheless, Ann did not use the check until more than once reminded of it by Wendell.

Mrs. Morton felt easier after this settlement of Hester's affairs, and in a couple of weeks sailed for Liverpool with her husband and Arthur, while Edward came to stay at the doctor's, where a room had been made comfortable for him by his mother's lavish care; and so a new chapter in life began for those concerned in this tale.

"I shall be at home again in six months," Arthur said. "Hester, you will write to me. If you don't, I shall come back in three months."

"Then perhaps I won't write, Arty," replied the young lady.

"She won't have time to write to all of us," said Edward, smiling; "and I promise you that I mean to have my share."

Arthur looked up, and remarked, testily, "She must write to me, anyhow. You are so near her, it can't make any matter."

"Halloa, old fellow," returned Edward, "I was jesting! What makes you so savage? We don't say 'must' to young ladies."

"I was n't savage," said Arthur.

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"Were n't you? Well, I beg pardon. We can't have a row now."

"No, brother."

"And I will write a little to both," promised Hester, — "if I may, you know."

Then Edward said good-by, and Arthur followed Hester alone to the door. "Good-by," he said. "Don't forget me," and he kissed the hand he yet detained in his own. The girl reddened. She was a little startled by his passionate manner.

"I won't forget you, Arty;" and she went away with a strong feeling of sorrow at parting, and with an odd and novel sense of a secret between Arty and herself, — some half-felt idea that he had been pleasant to her, and that he had kissed her hand like a knight, and that it was n't a thing she would tell.

The short time which elapsed between the sailing of the Mortons and Hester's departure for school was very delightful to Edward. He moved about with difficulty, but nevertheless it was a new pleasure to drive Hester across the park, or up through the lanes to Chestnut Hill. It was also something to escape from the trying atmosphere of home, and, though he did not realize it in thought, from his mother's too remindful care and his father's constant discontent with life. He found the Wendells very pleasant. Men who are abruptly shut off from active life turn instinctively for aid to women, and in Miss Wendell Edward discovered a kind of helpfulness different from that which Mrs. Westerley gave, and yet as valuable. Ann liked the manly, enduring young fellow, with his broad, gaunt form and the soft voice which was always coming at right moments to soothe or sustain, or decoy her into a smile. The broken life of this young athlete moved her strangely, perhaps because she was, and felt herself in a woman's sense, competent for anything in the work of life, and was now awed to see in a man a like competence suddenly destroyed. Yet it is doubtful if she would have felt thus for a young woman. Certainly, not so deeply; and indeed, as a rule, she somewhat despised sick women.

She found errands for Edward to do, and knew with feminine clearness when he wanted a wood fire and loneliness. She soon said, "I just do like to have that boy around." A servant came daily, and did what Edward desired; but Ann had declined to have another man to stay in the house. "Three?" she declared. "I could n't stand that!"

Wendell, too, the young man found pleasant. The deficiencies of the doctor's nature were seen but by few, and rarely in the visible life of society or of his profession. If certain people did not quite like him, they had often to confess that they hardly knew why, and he was commonly described as a bright and intelligent companion, and wonderfully learned in many ways. This was all true. Some people make admirable, indeed delightful acquaintances, and are gifted with the *camaraderie* of the minute, but have no capacity for friendship. And there are good friends who make poor acquaintances. As to Wendell, he liked many people easily, but not deeply, and at present was entertained with the young man, who promised to relieve what he sometimes felt was a growing narrowness in his life with Ann. He craved sympathy in his pursuits, and desired, as some men do, that they should interest every one. Ann had discovered this, but perhaps her interest was a little formal in its outward expression; at all events, Edward seemed to be a much more promising auditor, and a fresh one.

Out of it all came a wholesomer existence for Edward Morton. His young life at school, where he learned nothing and would learn nothing, was broken, when he was fifteen, by his father, who in a rage sent him to expend his wild en-

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ergies on a cattle ranche in Texas, with Mrs. Morton's brother. There he rode and hunted, and was shot at by Indians, until some time after the death of the uncle, whose heir he became, when the outbreak of treason in Texas sent him home in haste. His escape had been perilous, and in the long exposures which accompanied it he probably acquired the malady which had left him but a sad on-looker in a world where nature had meant him to play a prominent part. But now he was left without resources. To shoot, to ride, to fish, to swim, were not for him.

"Why, doctor, I can't even stand long enough to play out a game of billiards. I think I see myself reduced to whist, or to the condition in which my father used to be when he got shaved twice a day, because he had nothing else as interesting to do."

"You might make me some jackstraws, Mr. Edward," observed Hester, who was coiled up on a cushion at his feet, while Wendell gazed into his microscope, or looked through a book for some figure to match the awful beasts who wandered about under his lens, and Ann sat busily knitting, near by.

Ann looked up. "That 's a good idea, child. When my father had been very ill, and was getting well, he used to whittle. It was wonderful how quiet it kept him. He used to whittle almost all day."

"Were you ever at Bangor?" inquired Wendell. "Down East we call it Bangore; why, I don't know. What my sister says made me think of it. It is all chips and sawmills, and the rivers are thick with shavings and choked with sawdust. I think whittling must have been invented there."

"We will go there next summer, Hester, all of us, and see it," returned Edward.

"But you can learn to whittle now," persisted Hester. "I know how. I can show you. Have you a sharp knife?"

"What a child!" exclaimed Edward, delighted. "A knife? Six of them."

"And you will want some soft, dry white pine," said Ann. "I will see about it to-morrow."

"Thank you. You are very good to me; and really, it is a first-rate notion for a small monkey."

"I am not very small, and I am not a monkey, Mr. Edward," rejoined the young lady.

"Well, a nice monkey."

"No, not even a nice monkey! I am just Miss Hester Gray."

"And not Hester?"

"Yes, when you are nice, I am Hester; and when you are not, I am Miss Gray. That 's my real name," she added, nodding her head.

Edward was amused at the half earnestness of the growing girl.

"But," said Ann, "you should n't speak just in that way to older people."

Had Hester been her own child, the reproof would have been more decisive.

"I did n't mean anything, Miss Ann."

"Then you should not speak unless you do mean something."

"It 's our way," interrupted Edward. "We have it out, now and then; but this engagement was very mild. When we do clear the decks for action, you may take care!"

"I shall leave then," said Ann, smiling.

"And I," added Wendell. "But just come here, Edward. Don't shake the table! There, move this screw. It is the fine adjustment."

Edward looked and wondered. Here was a wild world of strange creatures; possibly, as to numbers, a goodly town full of marvelous beasts, attacking, defending, eating, or being eaten: some, mere tiny dots, oscillating to and fro; some, vibratile rods; and among them, an amazing menagerie of larger creatures, whirled hither and thither by



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active cilia too swift in their motions to be seen.

"Let me sit down and look at them, doctor. What a sight! It makes my head swim. Have you seen them, Hester?"

"Oh, yes," Hester answered; "I am quite fond of some of them. Do show him the rhizopod with the pebble house shaped like Mrs. Morton's Greek vase, uncle."

"Hester, I told you yesterday that you must not call Dr. Wendell 'uncle,'" Ann broke in. "It is not truthful; that is why I don't like it."

"But I do," said Wendell, laughing, "and I can't have her calling me 'doctor.' I think, Ann, you are quite too particular."

"Have your way. It is n't any very great matter."

"No, it is n't any very great matter," returned Wendell.

"And if there are titles around loose," said Edward, "I mean to be grandpapa. It is a very privileged position."

"I wish to choose grandpapas for myself, Mr. Edward."

"Edward, please."

"No, — 'Mr.' Edward."

"Well, it is like a Greek vase," cried Morton, again looking down into the microscope; "and how beautiful it is!"

"It was found between two wet bricks in a sidewalk, by a great naturalist," remarked Wendell.

Edward still peered musingly through the glass. "There seem," he thought, "to be a great many things I have never seen or heard of." Then he asked, "What do you call this fellow?"

"It is a fresh-water sponge."

"Goodness!" returned Edward, "are sponges alive? Do I mop myself with a beast?"

"I don't care about their names," said Hester, laughing, — "they won't come when they are called; but I like to know their looks, and see which must be cousins and which must be brothers and sisters."

"Yes," replied Morton, "I should fancy that might be good fun."

"And then," cried Hester, "it 's very nice to get a lot of stuff from the ponds near Fisher's Mills, — just all along the edges, you know, — and to come home and see with the microscope what you have got."

"Hum," returned Edward, "it might have the charm of gambling without the cost. That 's what makes all gambling so amusing. It 's a kind of gambling. And how many things, Miss Gray, are there in life that interest you?"

"Mr. Morton," she said, making him a coquettish courtesy, "I could n't tell you in an hour."

"Then don't begin," laughed Edward.

"The child does like a good many things," observed Wendell. "But our menagerie is small, now; only a remnant of our beasts are left in these saucers. When June comes we will go a-hunting."

"It seems a droll idea to get a great bag of this small game," said Edward, "and not know what you have till you get home! Comical; kind of lottery, is n't it?"

"Rather; but you get to like it."

"Hester," said Ann, glancing at the clock, "bedtime, — bedtime, and past. 'Early to bed and early to rise' — and you know the rest."

"But, Miss Ann, would n't I go to bed a little wiser if I might wait till you read? I know you will read when I am gone."

"I was thinking of that myself," said Wendell; for he had now got his young patient into the habit of reading aloud with him, and was wise enough to lure him on with such prose or verse as he thought would be the most pleasant bait. Some echo of the wild life he had left, or some ringing lyric which recalled the strife into which he would have wished

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to plunge, was delightful to Edward. The little lady, too, was herself cunning in her choice.

"Just a half hour, Miss Ann," pleaded Edward; "and then I will go to bed, too. See how good I am!"

"You all spoil her," said Ann; but the permission had already been taken for granted.

"I like this," said Hester, decisively, putting an open book in Edward's hand.

"Why, it's that idiot Wordsworth!"

"Well, but read," said Hester.

"Oh," exclaimed he, "what's this, then? 'Bear me to the heart of France is the longing of the shield.' Halloa, Hester, that *is* poetry! I'll try it;" and with a voice of many tones he read aloud that great lyric to the tender lines at its close, when, as after a flare of warlike bugles, the large silence is filled with a song of peace, of the sweetness of tender giving, and of kindness treasured in remembrance in peasant homes through centuries after. "By George!" he cried, "that's great verse! No more to-night. To bed, Miss Gray, to bed! Please to carry my candle up. 'Quell the Scot, exclaims the lance.' I must learn it! I shall read it better next time."

"Did you really never see it before?" asked Wendell.

"See it!" repeated Morton. "How should a Texas cowboy have seen anything? This leaving me, Hester, just as my education begins is rather rough, I think. But women are all heartless. Good-night. Ah, that 'longing of the shield!' I think I understand."

This sort of intellectual contact was unknown to Edward Morton's previous existence. Even had he been at home he would have seen none of it. The Mortons read books, and were reasonably up to the day, and could smile at Mr. Wilmington's mislaid Addisonian quotations; but the true book life they knew not. Books were in, but not of, their lives, whereas Wendell was an absorber of books, and honestly loved the old literature, while Hester was quickly showing, in this genial air, that curious, keen zest for all printed matter which her friend Arthur also had, and which sets a boy or a girl to browsing along book-shelves, as deep to-day in an almanac as to-morrow in Grote or Gibbon. Even Ann, who read least, had her literary likings and fought for them, and they talked about books with unaffected interest, fictitious characters affording them such cheerful gossip as Morton heard elsewhere about servants and children.

Little by little, as has chanced before to many an invalid, there opened thus to the stranded man a new and strange world. In health he could never have known it. Now, by degrees, its men and women were forced upon his acquaintance, and, like some obligatory acquaintanceships, grew pleasant as he became accustomed to them. But it seemed very odd to him to be, as he felt it, leaving one world and pleasantly entering another. As time moved on, however, he learned how wholesome for his troubled being were these novel interests, to which, after Hester left, he began to turn still more eagerly. It was clear to Alice Westerley that new and grateful occupations were finding a place in the young man's life, and to talk of them began to make a part of the frequent chats with the widow, which were a portion of the limited happiness of his present very quiet days.

And so the winter sped away, and there were genial letters from Arthur, who was in France, and busy endeavoring to determine the whereabouts of the field of Roncesvalles. The colonel was mending, as Dr. Lagrange had predicted; but despite this Mrs. Morton's letters were not very happy. At that time Confederate heroes were rather the rage in Europe among the mongrel English who lived on the Continent, but nevertheless the colonel was a social success. He

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always had been and always would be, and as a rich American was agreeably received everywhere, especially by the Italian princes and French counts, for whom there were and are but two classes of Americans, — the poor and the rich. Besides, Morton was calmly indifferent, and neither wanted nor sought any one; and this, to the better class of English, is always more or less a social shibboleth. The colonel was thus in a measure courted, and on the whole liked the idle life about him.

His wife did not. She was a very considerable personage at home, and abroad she was "that large woman," "very nice, you know," "the wife of that distinguished-looking American." Nor was Arthur any better pleased. Being tall and sturdy, he had been asked by a Frenchman how it came that he was in Europe, when it was said that in his country even the boys were in the army; but that, perhaps, was in the South, where there was a sort of noblesse, and "that oblige, you know," at which Arthur was furious. Somewhat later, as the colonel got better, and the spring opened, they had tried England, where they had many acquaintances, the product of several visits abroad; but here even the colonel, with his easy indifference to political opinions, was uncomfortable, amidst the constant and outspoken hostility of the upper class to his country, while Arthur was in one long agony of ill-concealed wrath. At last, in early May, Mrs. Morton confided to Alice Westerley that England was unendurable.

"My dear Alice," she wrote, "to-morrow we leave for the north of Italy, and glad enough I am to go. You cannot conceive what it is to be in England at present. I do not see how Mr. Adams stands it at all. But I suppose his position protects him somewhat. To us, I can assure you, these people are anything but diplomatic. And as to Arthur, I shall be glad this month to let him go home. Yesterday he had what he calls a 'row' with some young Englishmen, and having used certain very strong language is in a rage to-day because they declined, one and all of them, to be shot in France, — all of which especially pleases his father, who says that the boy behaved very well.

"So to-morrow, to my great relief, as I said, we leave this land of fogs and plain speaking. Lady Jane asked for you yesterday, and Mr. Melville and the Veres have been very civil. I will get you your gloves in Paris; and do not forget that Hester Gray will need summer dresses.

"I understand that Edward has taken to books and a microscope! Really, if you had told me that you were editing a dictionary, I could not have been more amazed. However, it is, I dare say, a good thing. Poor fellow! My heart yearns for that boy, Alice! I think of him day and night. And how goes our Sanitary Commission work? I inclose a draft for it. Use it as you think best." And then followed endless requests as to the care of old servants, and what not.

"Helen Morton must be famishing for something to do," said Alice Westerley, as she came to quite a voluminous postscript.

"I reopen this letter to tell you of a curious thing which happened yesterday. Colonel Morton came in late last evening with a gentleman, who, it seems, has called here before, although the people at the Burlington somehow managed to mislay his card. Morton met him at the Reform Club, where he chanced to hear my husband's name mentioned. He is a cousin of our little Hester, and is called Henry Gray, — the relative she told us of. Although a Carolinian, he has lived in Texas, and he says that he knew my brother Edward very well. I should think he must make a sensation in English social life, for a more singular person I, at least,

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have never met. He is a perfectly rabid rebel: but you know Morton rather prides himself on a calm show of indifference about such matters, — and really, I suppose, as the child is concerned, he is right enough to pass over a good deal. But as to Arty, he left the room in five minutes, as red as a peony.

"What this gentleman said was that he had not heard a word directly about Hester; which is curious, as our letters — and I wrote three — were sent to his agent in Charleston. Still, nothing is sure in war-time. He had, however, learned that Captain Gray had died at the hospital, and he had written from here to the surgeon in charge, and had got an answer, — pretty accurate, you may be sure, — from Dr. Lagrange! And now by good luck he lit on Morton. I hear that he has made no end of money in running the blockade, and that he is in some way a financial agent of the rebels. 'A pretty acquaintance!' says Master Arthur, who absolutely declined to dine with him to-day."

("I should think so," commented Mrs. Westerley. "The idea of it!")

"The man, I ought to say, has very good manners, wears a broad felt hat, and has long hair, and the smallest, thinnest boots you ever saw. When our servant helped him to take his coat off, a revolver fell out of his pocket, and nearly scared poor Price out of his life. The colonel, who was in the entry, remarked that it was n't much needed in London; upon which Mr. Gray said calmly that he did n't know about that, and that 'it made a man feel easy like.' Can you conceive of it, my dear! And these are the people our English friends look upon as aristocrats, great land-owners, and so on! Don't you wish they could see some of the 'gentlemen's seats' in the South? But I must not talk about this any more.

"It is simply impossible to credit the state of feeling here. John thinks we shall certainly have a war with England.

"However, I am delaying to tell you about what is personally very important. Mr. Henry Gray has now seen us several times. He is so well satisfied, owing to what we have said about the Wendells, that he intends to place ten thousand dollars in Dr. Wendell's hands, the income of which is to be used for Hester's education. He very wisely says that it will be better, in these times, to do this than to trust to his being able to send the interest in installments. I wanted to have the money put as a trust in Morton's hands, as I have no great opinion of our good friend the doctor's financial abilities; but to this John said no, and, as usual, that he had had bother enough about the matter, and that I was too suspicious, — which was dreadful, Alice, because there is no one in whom I have more confidence than the doctor. So of course I said no more, and the money goes at once to Dr. Wendell. And don't you think you might give him a hint as to getting Mr. Wilmington's advice in regard to an investment? Then you might ask Mr. Wilmington just to mention government bonds as desirable. Now is n't it all really very nice and generous?"

Then there was more about the Sanitary Commission, and exact directions as to how the draft in aid of it was to be spent; over which Alice Westerley smiled, recalling the phrase which left her free to use it as seemed best.

Last of all was a slip dated Paris, June 20th: —

"Oh, Alice, why am I not in that loathsome England to-day of all days! The Kearsarge has taken the Alabama, and I am wild with joy! Arty said such a clever thing about it this morning to old La Roque, the famous abbé who turns the heads and the religion of the English girls. He is an insane Southern sympathizer; and when he said to Arty, 'What drolls of names for

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the ships!' (he thinks he speaks English) my young gentleman says, 'Yes: one is a Yankee mountain, and the other is a slave State. How could there be any doubt about the result?' which pleased John immensely. This fight has made the lad crazy; he sails in three days; and the colonel has written to the governor. So I am to have once more, dear Alice, the terror of a personal stake in the war. I feel as if I were tied to it already, — there, that is worthy of you. Ask Arty about his last interview with Mr. Gray. Don't forget."

The same mail which carried this communication brought also to Wendell a brief letter from Mr. Gray, inclosing the promised draft and an explanatory note from Colonel Morton. The former gentleman desired to be recalled to his young cousin's memory, and hoped, when the war was over and the Confederacy firmly established, to take her home with him to Texas; and beside this there was little except a warmly expressed desire that she would always remember that she was a Carolinian.

Wendell was pleased, amused, and a little disturbed in mind. He said to his sister, —

"I think it will be best not to show her this letter at all. What does she care for the South? They have been long enough in finding out about her, I am sure." But he did not say that Mrs. Morton's last letter, which he had promised to confide to a friend who was on the staff of General Meade, and through whom Mrs. Morton desired to secure its transit across the lines, was lying in his table drawer. In fact, he had meant to send it; then he had forgotten it; and when it was brought anew to his attention, he had come to feel that this girl, who was now so interesting a part of his life, was in a measure his own. A deepening sense of unwillingness to be the instrument of separating her from her new life overcame for a time his resolves, which, at least where his own indulgence was concerned, were apt to be weak, and thus he had again delayed to act, until, finally, it was too late.

"I think I would let her see her cousin's letter," returned Ann, who was always just. "Don't you think it would be wrong not to do so? Try to put yourself in his place, Ezra."

"I will think about it," he answered.

Ann knew very well what that meant. Why think about it at all? It was clear enough.

"I would give it to her at once, Ezra. I believe myself you are rather sorry to have anybody claim her. She is certainly a very nice child, but I can't see why you and Edward Morton make such a fuss over her."

"Can't you, Ann?"

"No, I cannot; and now that she is taken charge of by her cousin, I, for one, shall feel it a great relief from a responsibility and an expense too."

"But she is n't taken out of our charge as yet; and as to the expense she has occasioned, I don't mind that in the least."

"But you should, Ezra. And I do wish you were more thoughtful about expenses! Even with your increase of practice we are always in debt. Now that new microscope: don't you think" —

"Yes, I know; but unless I had had it I should have been unable to go on with my work in that question of pyæmia; and you know what Lagrange said about that yesterday. It is really important." And indeed it must be added that he honestly thought so.

Ann sighed. "But you will try?" she said.

Yes, he would try. So he kissed her; for on these occasions he had come to regard a kiss as an effectual means of ending objectionable debate.

Nevertheless, Ann Wendell wrote very fully to Hester, and for all she left unsaid the letter from Mr. Gray might as well have gone.

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## XII.

It was now close to July, in the year 1864, and Mrs. Westerley was full of her summer plans, and in a state of agreeable excitement over the expected arrival of Arthur and the return to Germantown of Hester, whom she was pleased to regard as the heroine of a little romance, and whose social education, she had resolved, should do justice to the promise of her charming face and improving fortunes. She had arranged with Miss Ann — who, as she had said, did not see any reason for so much fuss — that her own maid should go to the school, and escort Hester to Dr. Wendell's; and she had also the intention of asking that young person to spend with her a part of the summer vacation. Then, also, Arty was to be with her for two or three days. While she was discussing these matters with her maid, John announced Colonel Fox and Mr. Wilmington. Already she had been up and down stairs several times to see women who called, and she was tired; but as she never objected to see the men whom she fancied, she rose pleasantly enough, and with a critical, if hasty, glance in her mirror went downstairs, looking at her watch on the way, as she almost momentarily expected Arthur Morton.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilmington," she said, "and Colonel Fox! What happy chance brought you here?"

"I am not sure," replied the soldier, "that it is a 'happy' chance, altogether. I got hit in the mine assault; not badly, but it has made my head uncomfortable. I always get hit somewhere!"

"Thee 's always getting into trouble," said Wilmington. "I heard thee volunteered to lead the advance. Why can't thee confine theeself to thy legitimate business? It 's just like speculating."

The widow laughed merrily, but the old gentleman was in grim earnest, and looked up at her not at all pleased.

"Oh, but Master Jack," said Fox, "that boy of yours, he was in a worse scrape. When the mine failed, he volunteered to crawl in and relight the fuse. He just got out in time, I can tell you! Do you call that legitimate business?"

"And you never told me, Mr. Wilmington!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerley. "What splendid courage!"

"And do you know, Mrs. Westerley, the boy laughed when the Herald's reporter asked him his name, next day. He told him it was John Smith!"

"Young idiot!" muttered the old gentleman; but his eyes filled. He found himself obliged to wipe his eye-glasses, and he cleared his throat of a sudden choking sensation.

"I hear that Sheridan offered him a staff appointment," said Fox, "but Jack preferred the regiment."

"I should have taken the least dangerous. These boys, these boys!"

"And do you know that I am to have Arty?" said the colonel. "He will be my youngest lieutenant."

"Oh, that is well!" exclaimed the widow. "And you will take care of him?"

"Of that breed?" cried Fox. "Not I!"

"Thee can't take care of theeself," remarked Wilmington, "it appears!"

"What is it, John?" said Mrs. Westerley to the servant who now entered.

"A telegram, ma'am."

"Oh, from Arty! Really, he has stopped to see Hester," and she read aloud: —

"'Having a letter from mother to Hester, stopped to deliver it.'"

Fox laughed. "I suppose he could n't trust the mails?"

"I think he needs looking after, Mrs. Westerley," observed Wilmington.

"I think so myself," she returned. "Indeed, I intimated as much to his

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mother. However, he will be here to-morrow."

"These Mortons!" exclaimed Wilmington. "A fight or a woman would stop them on the way to heaven!"

"Or to Mrs. Westerley's," suggested Fox.

"Who is a woman, please," rejoined the widow.

"A dozen of gloves," said Wilmington, "that he waits to come home with her, day after to-morrow. Will you bet?"

"Not I," replied the hostess. "I share your opinion of the Morton blood. Luckily, I sent my maid for the child. That excellent and most obdurate spinster, Ann Wendell, wondered why in the world she could n't come on in charge of the conductor. Imagine it. I never saw an American woman before who was as little plastic. I don't think she has learned anything since she came here."

"As to social wants or usages, you mean," remarked Fox. "Commonly the clever American man or maid changes easily enough as to the externals of social life."

"Ann Wendell," returned the widow, "changes neither within nor without. I should have to despise my poor self, or hate such unpliable people. I suppose she is sorry, or laughs; but really, if so, it must be all done inside. And her dress is just like her face; it is never rumpled, come what may! Now is n't that kind of person rather exasperating?"

"I presume she must be so to her brother," said Fox, watchfully regardant; "but then I fancy that, like every doctor, he has all the virtues, and is up to the moral level of standing any kind of sister."

"Now is n't that a little stupid of you?" asked Mrs. Westerley. "But, stupid or not, I never let my friends be abused — except by myself!"

"But did I abuse him?"

"I think you were going to; but come and dine here to-morrow, and I will forgive you."

"I will come. Seven, is n't it?"

"No, half past six."

"Well, I won't forget. And Miss Hester, — will she be here? Is she as handsome as she promised to be?"

"Come and see."

Then Mr. Wilmington talked about the Mortons, and a little war gossip with Fox, and at last went away.

"Dear old fellow," said Fox, "how he liked it about that boy!"

"Yes, he liked it well, and you were very nice to talk of it. But tell me, were you much hurt? I heard of it, but I did not suppose that you would have to come home."

"No, it was n't altogether the wound that brought me. I came partly to see about filling up my ranks. We lost awfully in front of Petersburg."

"Will you have any difficulty? How do you manage it, — your recruiting, I mean?"

The colonel, quite pleased, went on to tell her; and then she questioned him further about his officers and the discipline of his command. It was one of Alice Westerley's charms that she listened with natural eagerness, and that her intellectual sympathies were real and widespread. Men were taken captive, but did not know why, and wondered, as Fox did, how a woman so trained to the habits of a class could interest, as she did, men like Wendell, with his microscope, and his queer vermin, and his musty old books. In fact, she could listen all day to the doctor's talk about his profession and his scientific pursuits; while besides this she had a pleasing sense of having helped and aided him, and liked his way of coming to her for advice when he was in any social or other difficulty. She had learned, too, that she had a singular control over his moods, and the gentle power thus exercised flattered her. She had no full means of relatively gauging

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and contrasting the characters of these two men, but she liked both, and influenced both, and had greatly assisted one of them, which was, little as she knew it as yet, a somewhat dangerous protectorate. It was an unguessed secret to Dr. Wendell, yet it would have been clear to Helen Morton, had she been still at home, that the man who was most ignorant of his own good fortune was the one her friend would perhaps prefer, in time; and that the quiet, manly, unpretending soldier, with his strong, definitive character, would find no such open path to her heart.

Alice looked at him as he rose to say good-by to Mr. Wilmington, and took in with a woman's quick eye the good-humor of the sun-browned face and the little scar on the left temple, and saw that he still carried his arm thrust in his half-buttoned coat; disliking the sling, which would have marked him as a wounded man, and singled him out for remark and attention. She well knew that the man who now sat so quietly talking to her was renowned in war as a relentless disciplinarian, and as a soldier gallant beyond what was common even in those splendid and terrible years. She was also aware that at home he was trusted and honored, and that, with a woman's tact and diplomacy, she had been keeping him at a certain friendly distance; not able to love him, and yet unwilling quite to lose him from her life.

They chatted pleasantly of their absent friends and of the army, and then she read to him from Mrs. Morton's letter some of the amusing and interesting bits.

"And so Hester," he said, "has found a generous cousin. I am very glad for the child. I suppose now she will have plenty of friends. And after all, though the Wendells are very good people, I don't think Miss Wendell is quite the person to bring up a girl who so clearly belongs to the most refined class."

Mrs. Westerley agreed with the theory of the remark, but nevertheless, without precisely knowing why, did not like it.

"Miss Ann," she said, adroitly, "is so good that I don't always like to ask myself whether she is agreeable or not. Few people would have done what the Wendells did for such a little waif as Hester." Then she took a quite feminine vengeance: "I saw her last month, by the way, and you never could imagine the change six months have made. She seemed to me, at first, too childish for her years; but even before she went away she was what my nurse used to call 'eldering.' You know, colonel, how at sixteen girls make in six months that curious leap into womanhood that never ceases to surprise one."

"Yes," he returned; "they quickly go past the young fellows who are a year or two older, or even more."

"I think Master Arty will discover that, to his astonishment. I believe I shall keep her for you, colonel! When the war is over, you will have to settle down, and by that time Miss Gray will be a pearl of pearls. I shall set about educating her myself; and as I know your wants pretty well, only imagine what a success I shall make!"

The return shot was artful, and went home.

"But if the pupil is to become all this, what must the teacher be?"

"Oh, that was worthy of Colonel Morton in his most devoted moments. I must get my work. I don't see how you men can talk all day with your hands idle. That is the reason, I believe, you are always getting into mischief. 'For Satan,' you know."

Then she threw a tangled skein of silk over a chair-back, and began to wind it on a spool, upon which the colonel promptly transferred the skein to his own hands, remarking, "I shall do much better than a chair, and as I shall have my hands employed I shall be kept out of mischief."

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Mrs. Westerley was not quite so sure about this, but she said, —

"Very well; and keep your hands quiet, now, and don't try to help me. Men always do."

Fox wondered how many men had gone through this pleasant ordeal. He might have recalled the sad experience of Major Dobbin.

"I shall be angelic," he said.

"And does n't it hurt your arm?"

"No; my arm gives me no pain unless I let it hang down."

"Well, you can rest when you are tired;" and as she chatted, her quick white hands went to and fro, carefully avoiding his touch. She knew as well as he the peril of the situation, but like the larger number of pleasant women, good or bad, there was in Alice Westerley a coquetry, which, to tell the truth, she did not always care to repress; and she now comprehended clearly enough that she was tormenting the man before her, and was herself slyly half enjoying the danger of the situation. Still, he had brought it on himself. "Don't move so," she said. "Is n't it like cat's-cradle? Did you ever play cat's-cradle when you were little? Hester is an adept at it. I shall not have to include it in my scheme of education. Then it is like all other learning: there comes a point when you cannot go further. There should be a book about it."

"Confound Hester!" he muttered.

"I beg your pardon, I did not hear you. Perhaps you were thinking that General Lee — I beg Mr. Wilmington's pardon, 'Mr.' Lee — must understand cat's-cradle."

"No, indeed; nothing of the kind. Why do you torment me so?"

"I?" she said penitently, — "I?"

"Yes, you, Alice Westerley. You cannot really desire to give pain; it is not in your true nature. Or do you think that I am such a fool as to" —

"No," she replied, in confusion, interrupting him, "I don't. But why are you a fool?" Having said which she repented. "I mean — I beg pardon, I don't mean — I" —

"No matter," he returned. "I am a fool, because I love a woman who does not care for me."

"Then I would n't ask her to love me."

"And why not?" The man was strangely moved, and was in fact shaken by the effort to control himself. He was afraid, and his head, still troubled by his wound, swam dizzily. The breach and the fierce rush at the cannon mouth was a trifle to this. "Why not, Alice Westerley?"

"Because — because," she said, tangling the silk on her long fingers, "she might say No."

"But would she?"

"I think so," and she kept looking down at the silk. Had she glanced up at the pained white face, his fate might have been different; but she was embarrassed and troubled, and held her peace, still nervously fumbling with the snarled threads. A less tender man would have profited by her evident doubt.

"Would you ask for a glass of water?" he said. "My head is swimming — I — in fact, I" —

"I am sorry!" she exclaimed; but, happy at the release, and alarmed at his words, she hastily left the room, to seek herself what he wanted.

"My God," he muttered, "what is life worth now! How it takes it out of a fellow!"

Presently she came back. "Thank you," he said. "It was nothing. I am sorry to have troubled you. I am better now. Have you no more to say, Mrs. Westerley?"

"No, I don't think I have. I have hurt you. I did not want to hurt you. I wish you had not made me do it. When do you go back?"

"In a week."

"Then we shall see you to-morrow?" she asked.

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"No, I forgot. I shall be too busy. Oh, of course that is nonsense, but you understand. I could n't stand it. My regards to Arty. Good-by."

She put out her hand, but he had already turned away. "Good-by," she said. "I am sorry. . . . Won't you try to think how much — how sorry I am?"

"You can't be as sorry as I am. I wish you were. Good-by."

Alice Westerley went upstairs slowly and thoughtfully. "Tell John that I am at home to no one; remember, to no one," she said, as she passed her maid. Then she sat down at the window, rested her chin on her hands, and looking out across the shrubbery, saw Colonel Fox moving slowly down the lane. She noticed that he carried a cane, and was viciously switching off the tops of the wayside dandelions. Very soon he was lost to view.

"He is angry," she thought. "I wish he had been angry with me. I deserved it. Well, it 's no use to think about it. I can't do it, and there come the ponies, and I wish all the men were dead!" After which emphatic statement she drove to one or two shops, and then descended on several young women at the local Sanitary Commission, and as vice-president made things a little unpleasant; and coming out met her neighbor, Mrs. Grace, a calm and somewhat subdued lady, who browsed like a placid cow on the gossip of her little circle of a morning, and chewed at evening, in the solitary companionship of her knitting needles, the sweet or bitter cud of such mild stores of social news as she had not yet digested. She had not failed to see Colonel Fox as he walked away from the widow's gate, and she had seen him when he went in, and the visit had been long.

"I hear my cousin, Colonel Fox, has come home wounded. When does he go back? So dreadful, is n't it, all this fighting? I am glad my James did n't go, or Tom."

"I know nothing of Colonel Fox's movements," returned the widow, with unusual sharpness.

"I thought you might," replied Mrs. Grace. "I thought he was a friend of yours, and I had no intention of saying anything disagreeable."

"I suppose not. People do not always know; some people never know;" but then, feeling that she had been rude, and being really a kind-hearted woman, she turned back, and said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Grace. I did n't mean to be so short, but I have had some bad news today. You will pardon me, I am sure."

The widow might have spared herself this apology, as the only sensation her neighbor had was a sense of being well provisioned for the day in the knowledge that there was something between the two friends.

As for Mrs. Westerley, she smiled as she sped away with her ponies: "A vulgar woman, and hopelessly stout. She must have what Dr. Wendell calls fatty degeneration of the heart!"

*S. Weir Mitchell.*

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## PENURY NOT PAUPERISM.

Dr. Chalmers believed that modern society without pauperism, though not without penury, was attainable in any community. He conceived that this persuasion had been proved under adverse circumstances by his experience during his residence in Glasgow. What that was, and how he vindicated it, are therefore matters of living interest.

Chalmers's economy may fairly be

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traced to his observations among the peasantry of his first parish in Fifeshire. He passed the first twelve years of his pastoral life among the seven hundred and fifty souls of Kilmany, and the impressions there gathered, when collated from his writings, add new attractions to the picture of lowly Scottish life presented in Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night. In the "lonely cot," the sire sits by the "ingle, blinkin bonnily," holding in his lap "the big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride." Near him is "the thriftie wifie," quieting the "expectant wee-things." But in the circle there is, too, the honored grandfather, whose declining age it would be impious to remand to the almshouse. Perchance the barefoot stranger is present, also, having risen from the evening meal of porridge, perhaps "kitchened," to use a dialectic phrase, with a bit of cheese or coarse meat. While the bunk, prepared like Elijah's chamber for unexpected visitors, awaits him, he joins the "priest-like father" as he "wales a portion" of "plaintive Martyrs," or "Dundee's wild warbling measures." Jenny has been busy with the "providing" for her wedding-day, which anticipates all household wants, even to the shroud which is to envelop her at last. It may be that the clever boy who is sustained at St. Andrew's or Aberdeen by the contributions of father and sister, added to vacation earnings, joins the group, with the elder bairns home from "service out, amang the farmers roun'."

This household, whose bread-winner's labor is often recompensed with a peck of meal a day, whose children wear shoes only on the "Sabbath," not only maintains the aged grandsire and has a barrel of meal for the wants of the wayfarer, but keeps the "younkers" at the parish school, and reserves something for the kirk and ha'pence for the poor-collection. Said a woman from such a family, when offered aid in her distress from the parish funds, "I would not have the name of it for the worth of it." Here is penury, but not pauperism. Stern frugality is sentinel over such worthy independence.

Chalmers set himself to bring this "pure and patriarchal economy of the olden time forth again in the might of its wonted ascendency over all the habits of all the population." In these compendious terms he explains his aims. In his view, such life was threatened with extirpation by an artificial scheme. He regarded the English poor-law system as a direct cause of the ills it professed to alleviate. "It is indeed," he observes before the General Assembly, "a noble testimony to the ancients and councilors who have gone before us that in the practical wisdom of our Scottish Kirk there lies a secret which has baffled the whole political economy of our English Parliament; and that, while the legislature of our empire are now standing helpless and aghast at the sight of that sore leprosy which hath spread itself over their ten thousand parishes, the country in which we live, healthful and strong in the yet unbroken habits of her peasantry, might, by the pure force of her moral and religious institutions, have kept herself untainted altogether, and is still able to retrace her footsteps, and to shake the pestilence from all her borders."

On Dr. Chalmers's arrival in Glasgow he found the essential features of compulsory relief already rooted in the city proper, and rapidly encroaching on its populous suburbs. Hence, when he applied his theories of social economy to a district the management of which he had secured to himself, he called his experiment a "retracing process," or an effort to return from a highly artificial scheme to "the natural sufficiency" of society. And the practical significance of his ministry at St. John's lies in an exhibition of the steps whereby a community, disordered and polluted by the principles as well as by the expe-

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dients of compulsory relief, may recover the play of spontaneous sympathy between man and man, and replace official mechanisms with the offices of personal kindness.

The conditions under which this "retracing" experiment was undertaken were apparently highly unfavorable. The country was undergoing an industrial revolution, brought about by rapid inventions of labor-saving machinery,—a revolution not yet fairly estimated in social effects. In the anguish caused by unceasing dislocations of the people, and the consequent invasions of their habits, the artisan classes were easily persuaded, not only by political charlatans, but by the approbation of many thoughtful and influential persons, that their miseries were traceable to the unwise exercise of the powers of government. As a consequence, the land from the Thames to the Clyde was seething with tumult.

Glasgow, with Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester, was conspicuous for its restlessness and sedition. Night after night men in motley arms drilled in suburban fields. People assembled by the tens of thousands to discuss their wrongs; suspected leaders were tracked to taverns and lofts by detectives. One morning in April of 1820, the inhabitants of Lanarkshire, from Lanark to Sterling, from Glasgow to Paisley, read on the dead walls the summons of an anonymous government to close the factories, and to gather from the deserted forge and loom to establish by decree the reforms which Parliament denied. Strangely enough, this mandate was obeyed, and two hundred thousand persons, suddenly deprived of employment, thronged the streets, to discuss in sullenness or impatience the prospects of revolution. So grave was the situation that guards of yeomen, officered by the young gentry, rode into town and garrisoned the Town Hall, and loaded artillery rumbled down High Street and formed on the New Embankments and at the Royal Exchange, to command the city. Special officers of the government came down from London for the emergency.

The condition of the people was deplorable. Wages had receded to half rates, and at times thousands of looms were silent. The furniture of many a tenement was reduced to deal-boxes. The distress was aggravated by the rapidly advancing commercial supremacy of Glasgow over Scotland. The pulsations of the Royal Exchange throbbed to the Highlands, and the clans sent down their youth to give up their plaids for the blouse of the operative. The "elder bairns" forsook the service of the "farmers roun'" for the looms and forges of the distant city. The crofters melted away before gangs of men who issued from the cities to till the fields and lodge in bothies, and harvests were gathered by promiscuous companies of lads and maids who came from and returned to town each day. Methods of husbandry and manufacture were silently changing, and the transition was marked by engorged towns and depleted fields. The wretched population clamored for public assistance, persuaded that it was their right; and their half-communistic agitations were the logical precursors of the Chartism which within a generation convulsed the realm.

"The condition of Glasgow," Dr. Chalmers urged before a parliamentary commission, "was perhaps the worst that ever occurred. It was at the time that radicalism was at its height, and this radicalism had taken the unfortunate and alarming direction of insisting upon the English law of parochial aid being introduced and acted upon all over the city." It was a radicalism which penetrated to Kirk Sessions, to civic councils, and to the opinions of influential personages. It was aggressive, and, to use Chalmers's words, "a perpetual controversy was ever and anon springing up in some new quarter, so as to surround

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my enterprise with a menace and hostility from without that was at least very disquieting."

The especial terms of the problem confronting Dr. Chalmers may now be briefly reviewed. Two systems of poor-relief existed, side by side, in Glasgow, the voluntary and the compulsory. The voluntary system was that of the Kirk, which drew its resources from what was called the church-door collection, because it was taken up usually as the congregation left the edifice at close of service, though it was sometimes gathered before the benediction in a bag at the end of a stick, called a "ladle." These alms were distributed by the Kirk Session to its own enrolled poor.

The legal or compulsory system was confined, notwithstanding royal injunctions, to about one hundred and forty parishes, chiefly in the manufacturing districts and those contiguous to England. Under the old law of 1579, the provosts and bailies of each burgh or incorporated town were required to make inquest for the "aged, impotent, and pure people;" to register them in a "buike;" to raise by assessment and to disburse the necessary funds for their relief. In Glasgow this system had passed into the control of the Town Hospital, as it was called, which was quite as much a board of administration as an institution, and it had charge of out and in door relief.

The practice of the Kirk Sessions in the city had been to pour the church-door collections of all the eight parishes into a common treasury, and then to allot to each session a sum proportioned to the number of its enrolled poor. The object of this rather cumbrous plan was to make wealthy congregations bear the unequal burdens of the poorer ones, but it also engendered a feeling hostile to the independent action of any parish.

Whenever the sessions wished to relinquish the care of a pauper they had behind them the Town Hospital, the resources of which were limited only by the courage of the assessors, and which was under legal obligations to assume the relief of the destitute. A rejected applicant, if he had means to maintain a suit in court, might force the Town Hospital to answer for its denial of aid.

The relation of the two systems is thus described by Chalmers: "The sessions, in fact, were the feeders or conductors by which the Town Hospital received its pauperism, that, after lingering a while on this path of conveyance, was impelled onward to the farther extremity, and was at length thrust into the bosom of the wealthier institution by the pressure that constantly accumulated behind it."

Dr. Chalmers became acquainted with the customs of Glasgow when he went to his first charge in that city, known as the Tron Church. His excursions through the parish were beset with a sordid blandiloquence, no less easily penetrated than it was firmly believed by its practitioners to be a complete disguise of their character. "I remember," he wrote, "I could scarcely make my way to the bottom of a close in Salt Market, I was so exceedingly thronged with people. But I soon perceived that this was in consequence of my imagined influence in the distribution of charities."

Chagrined with this experience, he determined to end it. "I soon made the people understand," said he, "that I only dealt in one article, — that of Christian instruction, — and that if they chose to receive me on that footing I should be glad to receive them occasionally. I can vouch for it," he continues, "that the cordiality of the people was not only enhanced, but very much refined in principle, after this became the general understanding." For four years Chalmers held aloof from the management of the pauperism of Glasgow in all its phases. Then the new parish of St. John's was formed, in a rapidly growing eastern

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suburb, and he was presented to it. "My great inducement," he affirms, "to the acceptance of that parish was my hope thereby to obtain a separate and independent management of the poor." To carry out his purpose, he had to win over eight reluctant parishes, united by a common poor-treasury, to secure the consent of the magistrates, and to allay the opposition of the Town Hospital. These preliminaries over, his opponents cited him before the Presbytery, and thence before the General Assembly, to defend the innovation of restoring the ancient Kirk custom. But in 1819 Dr. Chalmers took charge of St. John's, with the unhampered management of its poor.

His aim was radical indeed. If he could realize his ideal, he would have no artificial organization for relief. His own testimony is, "I must not disguise my conviction that, apart from the support of education and of institutions for disease, public charity in any form is an evil, and that the Scottish method is only to be tolerated because of its insignificance and the rooted establishment which it hath gotten in all our parishes; but though I would tolerate it in practice, I cannot defend it in principle."

To accomplish his plans Chalmers adopted the following expedients: The morning collection was withdrawn from the general treasury of the churches. It amounted to about £400 a year, and of this £245 were already allotted to the sessional poor enrolled in St. John's parish. In consideration of the £155 surplus, he agreed to send no paupers whatever to the Town Hospital, although the legal assessment for the support of that institution was still enforced in his district. In a few months he even assumed the support of the town paupers who had been admitted at former times from St. John's territory. The morning collection was administered by the Kirk Session, as of old, save that no new admissions were to be made to its benefits. The calculation was that the old race of enrolled paupers would die off in a few years. The funds thus released were applied to the foundation of parochial schools, two of which in four years were endowed with a fund sufficient to pay from its income an ordinary salary to the teachers.

To deal with new applications for relief an apparatus was freshly provided. An evening service was begun in the parish church, especially for the "plebeian" parishioners. It is said that in order the more effectually to exclude the wealthy patrons, who thronged in the morning to hear the eloquent preacher, the sermon of the day was repeated in the evening. There was a church-door collection at the second service, and the halfpence thereof provided £80 a year for the succor of the needy. Should this prove adequate, the natural sufficiency of lowly society to provide for its own would be demonstrated. This fund was disbursed by voluntary officers of experience and discretion, who were called deacons. Each deacon had charge of a district, known as a "proportion," of which the population numbered from 350 to 400. He was usually a man of education and social position. If practicable, he resided in or near his proportion, in order to profit by daily observation of his neighbors; and he understood his function to be that of counseling and befriending in every way those who applied to him for aid.

In the beginning some of the deacons were confused and burdened by the frequency of applications made to them; but when they had become familiar with their proportion, and when it was understood that every claim would be sifted and its natural resources elicited, the pressure ceased. In a few months the office became almost a sinecure. Some of the deacons had not a single recipient of parochial aid on their lists; and during Chalmers's four years' pastorate but twenty were admitted to the fund, of which two were instances of disease,

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five grew out of desertion by the husband or father, or out of illegitimacy, and the rest were cases of penury. During the same time forty disappeared from the elders' lists.

After the church had assumed its Town Hospital paupers, the aggregate of old and new gradually sank, and in ten years amounted to ninety-nine, or four to each proportion; three years later it was only three to a deacon, or one less than the standard for a visitor adopted in the famous Elberfeld system.

The time consumed by their duties was reckoned by the deacons as insignificant. Said one, "A man in ordinary business would be put to no sensible inconvenience in attending to the pauperism of any of our districts;" another computed that a quarter of an hour a week was required of him; another's estimate was twenty hours in a year; and still another reported that his investigations consumed about an hour in five months, but that the collateral work raised this expenditure of time to an hour and a quarter each month.

The spirit in which these duties were performed may be gathered from the testimony of one of the deacons in regard to such an officer: —

"He may so manage as at length to have naught whatever to do with the distribution of public alms, but he may stimulate the cause of education; he may give direction to habits of economy; he may do a thousand nameless offices of kindness; he may evince good-will in a variety of ways; he may, even without any expenditure of money, diffuse a moral atmosphere that will soften and humanize even the most hard-favored of his people; and as the fruit of those light and simple attentions he will at length feel that he has chalked out for himself a village in the heart of the city wilderness, whose inhabitants compose a very grateful and manageable family." Under such an administration it is not surprising that only four fifths of the revenue from the evening collection was required to meet the new pauperism of ten thousand artisans and operatives, and that Dr. Chalmers had to exercise his ingenuity to find harmless enterprises to absorb his surplus poor-funds.

This experiment was tried in the poorest, and with one exception the most populous, parish in Glasgow. Its inhabitants were mostly workmen and small shopkeepers, a dozen households comprising its affluence. Every fifth person was Irish, and generally a Roman Catholic; only one in fifty-eight was either an errand boy or domestic servant; and eight hundred families were wont to abstain from attendance upon public worship.

Explanations were freely offered to account for the extraordinary result. It was urged, on the one hand, that measures so repressive as those of St. John's would diminish the parochial pauperism by driving the necessitous to more amiable districts. But it was shown, on the other hand, that in ten years fifty-four paupers had entered the parish as against thirty-six who had left it. Men said, again, that the destitute, under so inquisitorial a plan, would not make known their distress. To this objection Chalmers returned three answers: first, that much of the apparent misery of the poor was assumed because of the existence of a fund which morally belonged to the indigent, and which clamor could obtain; then, that self-respecting poverty was proud of its independence, and entertained the greatest aversion to the exposure of its trials; and lastly, that the suppression of public relief was more than compensated by the natural offices of neighborly kindness which immediately came into play where misfortune had no artificial aid.

In illustration of fancied or pretended misery excited by schemes of public benevolence, we may narrate Chalmers's intercourse with the agents of an emigration society. Trade was much de-

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pressed, and the popular mind conceived that the deportation of surplus labor would relieve the stagnation of the market. Measures were set on foot to transport the unemployed to the wilds of Canada. When Chalmers was invited to take part in the scheme, he declined, on the ground that he had from principle kept aloof from all general and concerted measures for managing the poor, but he said that he would provide means for the voyage of such parishioners of his as designed to exile themselves.

Nine candidates for expatriation were reported to him; but when these saw that effective arrangements were made to send them across seas, every one of them refused to sail.

Of nothing was Dr. Chalmers more confident than the liveliness and sufficiency of personal sympathy to arrest the descent into pauperism, when it was not overborne by professional or compulsory relief. He had read in a work of Buxton's an account of the Bristol prison, in which a meagre ration was allowed to convicts, but none to debtors, who must therefore depend on the bounty of relatives or friends for aliment. In that institution outside relief had failed again and again, but no instance was known where a debtor was allowed to endure the pangs of hunger. The criminal inmates were always ready to divide their scant supply with the deserted debtor. "Now carry this back from prisons to parishes," argues the doctor; "carry it back to a population who have not undergone the depraving process that conducts to a prison, and *a fortiori* we may be perfectly confident that there will be no such thing as starvation permitted in any neighborhood, provided that the circumstances of the suffering individual are known."

The general distress of 1816 was severe in the Spitalfield districts of London, and the government hastened to alleviate it. Among the public stores a quantity of children's shoes were found, and the almoners decided to give these to the most necessitous pupils in the local schools. An examination undertaken for this purpose disclosed the fact that more than seventy orphan children had been received into and supported by the families of poor neighbors.

If their reiteration could make a man's opinions clear, then we must allow Dr. Chalmers' belief that his system, so far from being repressive, substituted more copious as well as more wholesome springs of relief than the misleading and scant ones of Kirk Sessions and of law. He justified his persuasion by his own observation at St. John's.

A mother and daughter, living in a single room, were slowly dying of cancer. So pitiable a calamity provoked Chalmers's utmost solicitude. He stationed a lady to observe this afflicted couple, with instructions not to allow them to suffer from want. For a year and a half, when the grave ended their misery, the observer could find no occasion to ask anywhere for assistance. Chalmers thus describes the case: "The exuberant and untired kindness of those who were near, and whose willing contributions of food and of service and of cordials had lighted up a moral sunshine in this habitation of distress, had superseded the necessity of all other aid. Was it right that any legal charity should arrest a process so beautiful?"

In one of the most wretched quarters of Glasgow a widow lost two grown-up children within a day or two of each other. "I remember distinctly," said the doctor, "seeing both the corpses on the same table; it was in my own parish. I always liked to see what amount of kindness came forth spontaneously on such occasions, and I was very much gratified to learn, a few days after, that the immediate neighbors occupying that little alley, or court, had laid together their contributions, and got her completely over her Martinmas difficulties."



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Now for the sequel. Knowledge of the widow's trouble came to The Female Society of Glasgow, and it sent a visitor, who gave all that the rules of the organization permitted, which was a crown. The people, observing this movement, concluded that the woman was in competent hands, and abandoned her without further misgiving or concern.

When an outcry was raised against Chalmers's management in the case of a poor weaver, whose family had been attacked by typhus fever, he caused an investigation to be made, and found that the supplies rendered by the neighbors, which he had been afraid to intercept by parochial relief, exceeded in amount ten times all that would have been allowed out of the assessment fund of the city.

The doctor believed that there were innumerable fountains of affection and good-will, ready to burst into action as soon as they were released from the ice of professional or legal charity. Compared with their bounty, the most extortionate taxes and the most opulent societies were niggardly. But both sources of supply did not flow together; the mechanical stifled the spontaneous movement, and hence the overthrow of the former liberated ampler aid for the unfortunate.

If such were Chalmers's view, then it it is evident that he did not object to the most liberal charity, but to the method of its application. Its personal administration by the hands of kindred and neighbors was the safer and better way. In such a case there was no preëxisting fund to stimulate unjustifiable expectations of abundance in the minds of the poor; there was no splendid aggregation of funds to arouse their cupidity, or to tempt them to indolence. When the poor man could depend only upon the good-will of his friends for help in trouble, although it would not fail him, he could not feel that it released him from the necessity for thrift and prudence. Nor could the recipient of aid bicker with its donors or almoners. The giver did not arm himself with suspicion, nor the taker with clamor and craft. Alms from private hands were received with delicacy and gratitude such as no legal guardians of the poor could excite. They were bestowed upon a knowledge of the beneficiary's character and circumstances such as no professional person could obtain, and when concealment and disguise were not thought of nor practiced. They were in every way wholesome, abundant, and honorable, and to them Chalmers looked to render St. John's parish a demonstration that pauperism was the outcome of bad artifices, and that the lowliest and poorest society left to the promptings of natural instinct would be untainted by this sore evil.

As Chalmers went to St. John's for the sake of a social experiment, for the same reason in four years he left it. The success of his plan was credited to his popularity, or his rare gift of administration.

To show that the scheme was normal and independent of all personal elements, he resigned, and moved to Edinburgh. The parish endured two long vacancies in rapid succession, but the social experiment went on, unaffected by these trials, for fourteen years. Its termination in 1837 does not reflect upon its worth, although it does upon its timeliness.

Its greatest success was met by apathy in the public mind, where the feeling was not hostile. Its promoters could not secure imitators in other parishes, and when social reforms cease to be aggressive they decay. Moreover, the assessment was still imposed upon the inhabitants of St. John's parish, and wrought the impression that they could by no fidelity or achievement extricate themselves from the general system of legal relief or from responsibility for it. Then, further, the disruption of the Kirk, which ended ten years of conflict

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in 1843, was impending, and threatened that territorial division of sessional authority upon which Dr. Chalmers's scheme had depended for an unmolested field of operations. The tide of English invasion rose higher and higher, until, in 1845, the English method of poor-administration became the law of Scotland.

But the Chalmers plan fell as premature. Another generation has added its chapter of failure to the sad record of pauperism. Chartism came and passed away, convincing men that acts of Parliament were not a panacea for social wrongs. Men now survey the field with more experienced eyes, through a purer atmosphere and from better vantage-ground.

The essential features of Dr. Chalmers's plan are matched in the renowned system of Elberfeld and Barmen; they appear in the poor-administrations of Leipsic and Berlin. And when the lamented Edward Denison, with Sir Charles Trevelyan and other promoters of charity organization, called the humane spirits of England to wiser and more hopeful methods of encountering the destitute and depressed, they were not compelled to ask for patient faith in new experiments, but they pointed to Chalmers's ministry in St. John's Church, Glasgow, for a demonstration that society can deal effectually and beneficently with the souls and bodies of those whom misfortune and neglect have overcome.

As such a demonstration this history is vital still, and it will remain vital until his beautiful conception of lowly life dignified by independence and thrift, and sweetened by the free play of natural affection, shall be realized in many a district now the home of deceit, depravity, and disorder.

*D. O. Kellogg.*

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## THE CHRISTENING.

In vain we broider cap and cloak, and fold
The long robe, white and rare;
In vain we serve on dishes of red gold,
Perhaps, the rich man's fare;
In vain we bid the fabled folk who bring
All gifts the world holds sweet:
This one, forsooth, shall give the child to sing;
To move like music this shall charm its feet;
This help the cheek to blush, the heart to beat.

Unto the christening there shall surely come
The Uninvited Guest,
The evil mother, weird and wise, with some
Sad purpose in her breast.
Yea, and though every spinning-wheel be stilled
In all the country round,
Behold, her prophecy must be fulfilled;
The turret with the spindle will be found,
And the white hand will reach and take the wound.

*S. M. B. Piatt.*

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# AN OLD WAR HORSE TO A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April*, 1884.

MY DEAR NEPHEW, — Four years ago, shortly before the presidential conventions were held, I addressed you a letter containing a number of practical hints of a political nature.[1] They were drawn from the commodious and well-filled storehouse of my own experience, and if, like Dean Swift's servant, you are good at drawing inferences I may have given you all the advice you need on this head; and yet, such is my consuming desire to see your own public career prove a conspicuous success that I am constrained, on the inspiring eve of another of our great quadrennial campaigns, to place a few more suggestions at your service.

Some months ago I made the acquaintance of an intelligent foreigner, who manifested a great deal of curiosity in regard to the workings of party machinery in our republican system. He had traveled extensively in the United States, seen a good many nominations made, and spent a fortnight in Washington while Congress was in session. Finding that I was a veteran American statesman (I heard the landlord tell him I was, while we were cementing our friendship with something hot), he plied me with questions, a good many of which were decidedly leading. First premising that all I had to say was to be regarded as well under the rose, I answered him fully and freely, and the more salient portion of our conversation I now reproduce for your benefit. "I. F.", you will understand, is the short for Intelligent Foreigner, and "Y. U." for Your Uncle.

*I. F.* Are not the majority of your conventions called to disorder rather than to order? Is not discord the rule, and accord the exception?

*Y. U.* Decidedly not. An experience extending over well-nigh half a century enables me to assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that generally unanimity and what our newspapers neatly style the best of good feeling prevail at such gatherings of representative Americans. The opening exercises of a convention are commonly inclusive of a resolution referring memorials of the temperance and woman's rights people and cognate combustibles, along with everything else that cannot conveniently be cut and dried beforehand, "to the appropriate committee when appointed," — that 's the usual phrase. This expedient goes far to secure the best of good feeling. When the political waters are unusually troubled and troublesome, a brand of sweet parliamentary oil, known as "the previous question," is of great assistance in calming them. Do you follow me?

*I. F.* You interest and enlighten me exceedingly. Pray proceed.

*Y. U.* I recall just here a remark of my friend the late lamented Colonel Smith. The colonel is not, perhaps, as well known in foreign political circles as he deserves to be. He once said to me, when this topic was on the carpet, "I regard it of such vital importance that there should be naught but the best of good feeling at a convention that, by Gad, sir, I 'll have it, if I have to fetch it with a club." There you have the colonel, — a natural born political leader.

*I. F.* The colonel must have been a statesman who possessed in a marked degree the courage of his convictions.

*Y. U.* Yes, indeed. And if I say it, who should n't, I myself am of his sort.

[1] See Atlantic Monthly for June, 1880.

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I was chairman of our memorable state convention of 1869, and before we got down to business I was reluctantly compelled to make up my committee on contested seats in such a manner as to exclude no fewer than seven well-meaning but impracticable delegates, who — this in strictest confidence — had been fairly elected to sit in the convention. You see, I learned, on good authority, that the seven were not assimilative in their nature; that they might take a notion to move to amend the report of the platform committee, or to insist upon their own ideas of a ticket. So I had them thrown out, and seven gentlemen, hastily summoned, whose credentials I myself quietly manufactured while the convention was in recess, were substituted in their place. I may add that I have seldom been called upon to discharge a more painful public duty. But private feeling must be sacrificed to the common party weal.

*I. F.* Did the result meet your expectations?

*Y. U.* Well, there was some friction in the convention. Still, we managed to nominate by acclamation the ticket that had been made up in my office ten days before; the platform went through with scarcely a word of dissent; and just before we adjourned, by a vote of one hundred and ten to twenty-four, a resolution was adopted that "it is the unanimous opinion of this body — and we point to it with pride — that never did more of the best of good feeling characterize a political gathering of this great commonwealth."

*I. F.* Is n't that out of the ordinary, — passing a resolution committing a convention to unanimity by a majority vote?

*Y. U.* It is. I've never resorted to achieving unanimity in that way, except in cases of pressing necessity.

*I. F.* You were speaking about platforms. Does not an occasional plank that enters into such structures give the party considerable embarrassment, — the temperance or the woman's suffrage plank, for example?

*Y. U.* Not if you have the right sort of a platform committee. A genuine platform builder is born, not made. One of our American statesmen said of a poet on your side of the sea that "he had nothing to say, but he said it splendidly." A platform builder worthy the name must know how to earn pretty much the same encomium. To illustrate: Just after the war I was called upon, the night before our state convention, by an unusually energetic and accomplished woman. She was the principal of a large and flourishing seminary in one of our leading cities, and brought a good deal of patronage to a close ward which it was very desirable that our party should carry. I realized that it might be possible for her to control a good many votes, if she made up her mind to do so, and naturally was anxious not to offend her. Well, she said to me, "General, here is a resolution that I desire to have inserted in the platform of your convention. The Woman's Suffrage Association, of which I am president, prepared it as expressive of what the members unanimously demand, and I was authorized to present it. Will it go into your platform?" I took the paper she handed me, and found that it read about this way: —

*Resolved*, That this convention is heartily in favor of throwing open suffrage to women upon the same terms that male voters now exercise it.

I made haste to inform her that I would submit the resolution to the platform committee, and that I had no doubt they would give it due consideration. She bowed, and withdrew. Of course I knew that no such plain, direct resolution as that could get through. But I also knew that a delegate with a genius for the task was to be the chairman of the platform. I gave him the resolution, carefully explained the importance

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of not offending the lady who offered it, and besought him, as he loved his party, to do his best. His eyes kindled, — I have a suspicion that one of them winked, — and he promised to do his best. He was as good as his word. In the platform which he reported, and which was adopted without a dissenting voice, my lady's resolution read : —

*Resolved*, That the noble women of this State, by their multitudinous, well-directed, and most fruitful labors during the rebellion, revealed a patriotism so ardent as to demonstrate that they are the lineal descendants of the women of the Revolution in spirit as well as in blood; and that this convention, recognizing this great and gratifying fact, and the related fact that woman equally with man has a sphere, records itself as heartily in favor of whatever tends to make her sphere what it was designed by Heaven to be.

*I. F.* Admirable! Did you succeed in carrying the seminary ward on that plank?

*Y. U.* No, we did n't. But it was n't the plank's fault. I suspect that the other side became desperate, and used money. But I merely mention this resolution as an illustration of the style in which bothersome planks are turned out. Now and then the temperance people grow aggressive, and threaten that if the parties do not take a decided stand they will run an independent ticket.

*I. F.* That must put you to your trumps.

*Y. U.* Oh, we manage it. The platform says that "we are in favor of judicious legislation on the temperance question;" or that "we demand that all needed reforms that commend themselves to the majority as timely and practical should be vigorously prosecuted in the proper manner." You catch the idea, — something that sounds well, is non-committal and capable of two interpretations.

*I. F.* Your explanation is lucidity itself. Let us pass to another point. You were speaking just now of the other side using money. Are you opposed to obtaining votes in that way?

*Y. U.* I say that peace has her victories, no less renowned than war's. If it is all proper — and everybody admits it is — to pay bounties to help secure war's victories, it cannot be improper to help secure such an important peace victory as the triumph of the right in an election by paying men to vote the correct ticket who otherwise would either not vote at all or vote wrong. But just as no nation will pay bounties except in an emergency, so I am opposed to buying votes except in the close districts. Indeed, such is my repugnance to securing the triumph of the right by sordid means, and such my desire to cultivate in every one of my fellow citizens a love of the ballot for its own sake, that many a time I have — of course without ostentation — paid out counterfeit money at the polls to those desirous of selling their political birthright.

*I. F.* You regard such tactics, I take it, as an heroic method of educating these selfish persons in their political duties.

*Y. U.* Well, I don't know as I ever thought about it in precisely that way, but it comes to that.

*I. F.* Now if you will permit me a rather comprehensive question, let me inquire what you regard as the best preparation for public life in the States.

*Y. U.* That *is* rather comprehensive. I am afraid it would tax the wisdom of a Solomon to frame an answer that would exhaust it. But speaking of Solomon suggests a partial response. He has left on record the admonition, "Get wisdom, get understanding, and with all thy getting get understanding." Now were I to revise that piece of advice for the benefit of a young man bent upon a public career, it should read, Get wisdom, get understanding, and with all thy getting get the inspectors of election.

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*I. F.* The inspectors of election! Pray explain.

*Y. U.* I am aware that "independent" politicians, possessing consciences inclined to *embonpoint*, would hold up their hands in holy horror on hearing such a suggestion. All the same, I affirm that a young man who enters politics with the honorable ambition of spending as much of his life as possible in the public service cannot do better than to get the inspectors as often as he runs for office. I agree with the poet — "life *is* real." Let who will order their political conduct as if life were ideal. If our land were "the better land;" if my party were composed exclusively of cherubim, the opposition exclusively of seraphim, and the Independents were what they think themselves, — a little higher than the angels, — I might alter my advice. But taking things as they are, I don't. Somebody has said that Napoleon was "not so much a man as a system." There is equal reason for contending that an inspector of elections may properly be regarded not so much a mere man as an institution.

*I. F.* I fail to understand you. How, why, is your inspector of elections an institution rather than a man?

*Y. U.* I will explain. You see a man has but one vote. But an inspector has frequently been known to cast — of course without mentioning to his left hand what his right hand was doing — several handfuls of ballots in behalf of the men and the principles that have enlisted his patriotic sympathies. There was a time, I believe, in the history of our political system when the duties of an inspector were regarded as purely ministerial; when the product of his voting was not greater than that of any other of his fellow citizens. But instead of the conservative fathers have come up the more enterprising children, and now in some sections of our land the size and character of the majority at any given election depends upon the inspectors. Why, in 1874, when I ran for Congress the third time — But I will not trouble you with such details. I have sometimes conjectured that John Pierpont — one of our American poets, you know — must have had a prevision of the scope of the inspectors who were to come after him when, at a comparatively early day, he wrote of the ballot, —

> "It falls as silent and as still
> As snow upon the sod;
> Yet executes a people's will
> As lightning does the will of God."

I never happen upon these lines but I reflect that certain inspectors that have occasionally done me a good turn, if they ever read them, must emphasize "execute," and wink wickedly as they pronounce it.

*I. F.* You quite take my breath away! Do you mean to tell me it is possible that an inspector of one of your elections can magnify his office, as you express it, without invoking a tempest, a regular cyclone, of non-partisan popular indignation?

*Y. U.* The question goes to prove that you are unfamiliar with the practical workings of our distinctive governmental system. True, the Constitution of the United States nowhere, either in terms or by implication, provides that inspectors of elections may vote often or copiously, no matter how eager they may be for the success or failure of a particular ticket. True, also, there is a perfunctory prejudice in the American mind against such a magnifying of office, based upon the impression that it is calculated to interfere with the healthy action and development of the right of suffrage. But from the point of view of a man who has long been actively in public life with his eyes open, I cannot but smile at these considerations.

*I. F.* Smile at them! Why smile at them, pray? Are they not of determining influence?

*Y. U.* They are, in the unalloyed ab-

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stract. But as a practical politician I have respect only unto the concrete (I may say, right here, that I have made most of my money as the president of a concrete-pavement company), and experience has taught me, first, that the American people, as a rule, select inspectors with an eye single to obtaining precisely the sort of men who may be expected to magnify their office; and, second, that in thus paving the way for such magnifying they demonstrate that their much-trumpeted regard for the right of suffrage is largely a conceit, full of stars and stripes, signifying nothing. I purpose, in my public career, to reflect the public sentiment, not the public sentimentality.

*I. F.* May I inquire, then, in accordance with what theory your inspectors are selected?

*Y. U.* Well, I should say, speaking out of my ample experience, upon the theory of the survival of the unfittest. During my term of observation it has been the rare exception when a leading citizen has been chosen an inspector. We put our leading citizens forward as managers of charity balls; their names appear as directors of banks, insurance companies, railroads, and the like; they sign letters requesting the local soprano to mention the evening when she will ravish their ears; they recommend dentifrices, soaps, bitters, cements, and new maps of the Holy Land from original surveys. But when it comes to choosing an inspector of elections, an official whose duty it is to see that the right of suffrage is rightly exercised, — a right which is commonly spoken of by Americans as the corner-stone of the republic, — leading citizens remain in the background, and led citizens, of unknown or questionable antecedents, come to the front. Funny, is n't it?

*I. F.* I am positively dazed! My preconceptions, — how erroneous they were! Why, it was only last week that I heard one of your orators on the hustings applauded to the echo for the sentiment, "The American people can have no higher or dearer ambition than to preserve the ballot in all its sacred purity."

*Y. U.* Of course; we always talk like that at a political meeting. I myself have declaimed the same thing scores of times. But elocution is not always candor. Ambition is made of stern stuff, and never of stuff and nonsense. Don't be deceived by what is said. Look to what is done.

*I. F.* Yes; but have ethical considerations no determining influence in American politics?

*Y. U.* Well, the Independents are always prating of what they call "the higher politics," and our ministers preach an annual sermon, every Thanksgiving morning, on the public duties of the Christian patriot. I don't know when I've missed hearing one of these sermons, and for years I have signed a note addressed to the pastor of the church which I attend, requesting a copy of his eloquent and timely discourse for publication. But speaking to you from the point of view of a practical politician, I answer your question by asserting that ethical considerations have no more to do with politics, as I and those with whom I am affiliated apprehend them, than they have to do with — well, say faro. Do not misunderstand me, however; my school of statesmen regard politics not as a serious pursuit, involving moral forces, but as a game. As in any other game, we would scorn to take an unfair advantage. We believe that our opponents are always working to get the inspectors. Hence we are committed to the same task, in order that what may be called the balance of "wire-pulling" may not be unduly disturbed. So long as the devil endures we believe in fighting him with fire. *Similia similibus curantur.*

*I. F.* Speaking of the Independents, one of them emphatically remarked, in

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my hearing, the other day, that he was opposed on principle to the candidacy of any man who *sought* office. What have you to say to that?

*Y. U.* I say, Fudge. I have held a dozen important offices, and I am free to confess that not one of them ever sought me. Had I lived up to the absurd injunction, "Let the office seek the man, not the man the office," the chances are that I would never have figured in public life at all. "Seek, and ye shall find," is a good enough precept for me. To expect the office to seek the man is about as rational as to expect the mountain to seek Mohammed. The law of gravitation governs in politics as in physics. The office seek me? Why, I have personally controlled every one of the caucuses that led to my several nominations.

*I. F.* I am glad you have referred to the caucus, for I have become much interested in that particular piece of your party machinery.

*Y. U.* It pleases me to hear you say so, for I am free to admit that I am never so happy as when discoursing about the caucus. It is a source of supreme satisfaction for me to reflect that among my political associates I have long been regarded as the consummate flower of caucus managers. I've written in dozens of albums, "Let me run the caucuses of a nation, and I care not who make its laws." Now and then I am shocked to see slurs on the caucus in certain newspapers and magazines. But may the day be far distant, and may I not be spared to witness its unhappy dawn, when any one shall presume to lay sacrilegious hands upon it. It was the boast of an earlier republic, —

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world."

But with greater reason American statesmen may insist, —

While stands the Caucus, our Government shall stand;
When falls the Caucus, our Government shall fall;
And when our Government falls, the universe.

*I. F.* What you say whets my appetite for more. Pray explain the secret of your success as a caucus manager.

*Y. U.* I think my success has been largely due to the fact that I have not allowed those attending a caucus of my managing to interfere with its workings. I am told that a well-known statesman of an earlier age, who acquired an enviable reputation as a manager of the caucus and related machinery, was of the opinion that it was well to leave something for the caucus or convention to do. The objection to this policy is the objection which a famous spendthrift made to paying his creditors. "It only encourages them," said he, "leading them to form expectations that are never destined to be realized." Give those attending caucuses any liberties, and in all probability they will abuse them; give them an inch, and they will take an ell. The only wise course for a caucus manager is to insist upon having things all his own way.

*I. F.* Yes; but is n't there apt to be an element present at a caucus possessing a mind of its own, that is not conformable to the manager's mind?

*Y. U.* Of course a caucus manager is frequently confronted with an emergency that tests his capacity for leadership. But it is generally easy to dispose of the unpleasant persons to whom you allude, by holding them up to the indignation of the meeting as "sore-heads," "disorganizers," "malcontents," "foes of harmony," "sentimentalists," "impracticables," whose going over to the enemy is only a question of time. I myself have brought some of these troublesome folks to terms by simply rising in my place, at a caucus, and inquiring in an injured tone, "Is not ours a government by parties? Has not compromise well been called the essence of statesmanship? Shall we not, as brethren of the same

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political faith, endeavor to bear and forbear?"

*I. F.* I presume that your caucuses are held at the town halls.

*Y. U.* At the town halls? What makes you think so?

*I. F.* Because of their importance. As I understand it, the character of the conventions that nominate even the most important public officials depends in large measure upon the character of the caucuses.

*Y. U.* Ah! Well, you are mistaken: they are not held in the town halls. They doubtless would be, if caucus managers desired to have them largely attended. But as that is not wanted, it is customary to hold caucuses (with a view to the greatest inconvenience of the greatest number) in the anteroom of a liquor saloon, or the corner of a billiard hall, or the rear of a cigar shop. Such a place of meeting is well calculated to discourage the attendance of the class of voters that the managers are most desirous of having absent, — the class that declines to sneeze when the managers take snuff.

*I. F.* Suppose, however, these scrupulous gentlemen are present in large numbers, and resolutely decline to carry out the cut-and-dried programme, as you call it?

*Y. U.* Now and then a political revival sweeps over the land, and scrupulous voters come forward to the anxious-seat, and solemnly resolve that henceforth they will be faithful to their political duties. For a little while after each of such revivals we managers find it heavy weather. But our consolation, based on experience, is that it won't last long. The scrupulous voters soon subside, — perhaps I should say backslide. Sometimes, when I find that these gentlemen are liable to outvote me at a caucus, I bring their impudence to naught by simply winking in a peculiar manner at one of my lieutenants. He passes the wink to my other supporters, and they at once allow their animal spirits to overcome them. The result is that the furniture of the room is smashed and hurled about, the lights are extinguished, and a free fight is organized. Such a demonstration often induces a scrupulous voter to resolve that he never will attend another caucus. I dislike extremely to proceed to harsh measures; but if the recent course of events in this country has taught me anything, it is that if government of the politicians, for the politicians, by the politicians, is not speedily to perish from our country, the rank and file of parties have got to be taught to keep their place. Their place is not at the caucus; or if it is there, let them remember that it is becoming that they should be seen, and not heard. It is for the managers to make the ticket, and for them to vote it.

*I. F.* Allow me to tell you, in order to my further enlightenment, that I have met with a number of intelligent persons, since I arrived on your shores, who were bitterly opposed to the caucus, and favored its disestablishment.

*Y. U.* I am aware of the existence of such misguided, unpatriotic individuals, who distrust the efficacy of our American system. By way of dissuading them from their treasonable course I invite all such to fix their eyes upon Switzerland. In the cantons of Uri and Unterwalden *all the voting population* assembles at stated times and decides who shall be the *amtmann*. That is to say, there is no caucus. But does the omission make Switzerland any more prosperous than the United States, in which the caucus flourishes like a green bay tree? On the contrary, do not one hundred persons turn their backs upon Switzerland for the United States, where one person turns his back upon the United States for Switzerland? To answer these questions is to dispose of all this silly talk aimed at the caucus. When I was abroad, a few years ago, I

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could not bring myself to enter Switzerland. I said to my friends who urged me to include that country in my tour, "This war horse of American politics will never voluntarily set his foot upon the soil of a republic that is decaucusized." If I were a few years younger, I might feel tempted to go out as a missionary to Switzerland, for the purpose of commending the caucus to her practical statesmen.

Such, my dear nephew, was the substance of our conversation. I earnestly hope you will see the force of what I had to say to the Intelligent Foreigner. If you find yourself inclined to challenge any portion of it, take heed, realizing that you are being tempted by your own inexperience. You are a man. Put away childish things, and give over rallying around ideal standards in a real world. Keep your eyes on me. So shall you find some day that my congressional shoes fit you, and that the mantle of my statesmanship falls without crease or wrinkle upon your sufficient shoulders. Affectionately,

YOUR UNCLE.

To —— —— ESQ.

*William H. McElroy.*

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## WENTWORTH'S CRIME.

WILLIAM WENTWORTH, familiarly called Billy, was faithfully following the plow. He was not in any way a conventional plowman. Neither in the appearance of the field, nor of the plow, nor of the animals, nor of Billy himself, was there anything to recall Holbein's picture of the peasant and his misery, or that tended concretely to realize the usual vision brought up by the words "a man following the plow." In the first place, Billy was not exactly following the plow; to speak with scrupulous correctness, he was riding the plow. The animals that drew both him and the plow were neither slow, clumsy oxen, crowding each other beneath a heavy yoke, nor yet galled-shouldered, bony horses, but two strong, broad-breasted mules, with great ears and neat, slim legs. We hesitate to mention this fact, but realism and truth are the great things, after all, and sentiment and the traditional plowman must give way to them.

The plow itself would have puzzled any or all of the great farmers, from Cain to the author of The Hundred Points of Good Husbandry; and many an honest son of the soil since the days of Tusser would have considered it good for nothing but old iron and firewood. It was a complicated affair, on wheels, with a variety of contrivances for regulating the depth to which the ground should be stirred, for "hilling up," and for hoisting the shovels entirely out of the ground. In fact, it was not even called a plow; it was a cultivator, and Billy was not plowing preparatory to sowing the seed, but was cultivating Indian corn.

Still the scene was picturesque enough, for any one with an eye for color and an accommodating sense of the general fitness of things. The long rows of corn, stretching over the gentle rise of ground and confusedly mixing up their broad, waving blades at the summit, were a deep green, and the broad, rectangular field, separated from the open prairie surrounding it by no other boundaries than the sharply marked lines between the different shades of this sylvan color, seemed like a dark, square-cornered oasis in a desert of coarse grass and gaudy flowers.

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When Billy reached the top of the slight ridge, if he had looked about him over the thousand hills of waving corn, he would have seen, beyond an intervening stretch of prairie that lay dull and darkened by the shadow of a cloud, a distant field of yellow barley fast ripening for the harvest, and one of wheat just turning, that flashed brightly in the flooding light of the evening sun. The western sky was fringed with brilliant-colored clouds, decked out in borrowed finery to attend the glorious setting of their creditor, and Billy might have let his eyes wander from earth to sky and from sky to earth, in an uncertainty of æsthetic enjoyment; but he merely glanced at the sun behind the clouds, and calculated how many rounds the mules could make before quitting-time. For he was impatient to be at the end of his day's labor; not because he found it hard work to ride over the rough ground so many hours every day, nor because he was hungry, — though plowing corn is both a tiresome and hunger-giving occupation, — but Billy was in love!

It is quite natural and perfectly possible for a plowman to be in love. Did not Cuddie Headrigg love and woo and win pretty Jenny Dennison? Was not one of the most promiscuous, and yet most faithful, lovers we know of a plowman? And was not — But it is unnecessary to quote precedences; for if Billy had been the first plowman in the world who had ever loved and been impatient to fly to the presence of his charmer, the fact would not have cooled his ardor nor soothed his impatience; and when he had decided that he could complete that round and another before taking out the mules, Billy sent his long whip whistling about their great ears, and hurried them through the corn, as if the sun were in the eastern instead of in the western sky, and they were starting fresh in the morning instead of reaching the end of a long day's work.

The faithful mules, however, knew their driver's mood; the habit of weeks had taught them to know that the remainder of their task for the day was now a fixed amount, and that as soon as it was finished they would be led to the trough of cool water and the manger of bright oats and fragrant hay. So they responded willingly to Billy's urging, and soon came out at the edge of the field; and then, beginning on their last round, — the rows were half a mile long, — finished it in twenty minutes by Billy's heavy silver watch, a very reliable timepiece for any period of time less than an hour in duration.

When Billy had led the mules to the watering-trough, and brought the windmill round to the breeze to pump fresh water from the deep well, — "a hundred and thirteen feet, if it is an inch," Farmer Fuller would often declare, — he was somewhat disappointed and surprised that no one came to the door to tell him to hurry in, for supper was waiting; or else playfully to accuse him of laziness for "turning out" so early; or to ask him how many acres he had got over; or, under some pretext or other, to greet him and let him know his comings and goings were matters of interest to at least one person in the world.

"I wonder where she is," thought Billy; and imagining that she had perhaps not heard him talking to the eager brutes as they made impatiently for the water, though he had shouted "without any mitigation or remorse of voice," he began whistling loudly for the dog. Tige came running up readily enough, — in fact, he had been almost at Billy's heels for the last ten minutes, — but no one appeared at the open door; and Billy was finally obliged to lead the mules off to the stable, and give them their oats and hay, without getting a sight of Eva Fuller's pretty figure in the doorway, or hearing her innocent laugh at his dust-begrimed face; without an opportunity of showing how well he could

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take a harmless jest, when it came from her.

"If that young Phillips has been around here again, with his buggy and fancy harness," Billy muttered, as he thrust the pitchfork viciously in the manger and packed down the hay with a vehemence entirely needless, — "why, if he has, there 'll be trouble on the ranche, that 's all."

When he had washed the streaked layer of soil from his face, and tried in vain for some time to brush the kink out of the ends of his black hair, — it was always a trial to Billy that his hair would curl, — he entered the house, and ate his supper of baked potatoes and crisp bacon and fresh eggs alone with Farmer Fuller and his wife. Eva was not there to laugh and chatter, and Billy took his glass of milk from Mrs. Fuller's masculine hand instead of Eva's, which was not masculine by any means. When the fresh plate of snowy biscuit, demanded by the hearty appetites of Billy and Farmer Fuller, was brought in from the kitchen, it was that hard-working woman's tall frame and austere visage that Billy saw in the door, and not Eva's neatly aproned figure and laughing eyes, — the usual vision that greeted him at this point in the evening meal.

Billy helped himself to another biscuit. "Where is Eva?" he asked, at last, of the old farmer, his desire to know what had become of her mastering his determination to appear indifferent.

"Young Phillips took her out buggy-ridin', this afternoon," answered Fuller, sugaring his second cup of coffee.

"He seems to enjoy trottin' his bays over the prairie," observed Billy, by way of starting a discussion of Phillips. "I should think he would want to get over that eighty-acre corn-field again. It 's a mighty weedy piece, and this hot weather is liftin' it right out o' the ground a'most. It 'll soon be too high to plow."

"Corn is just climbin' right along, this weather, — that 's a fact," and the honest Fuller smiled in anticipation of full cribs; "but Phillips has hired another man, and has put him to work on the eighty-acre piece."

"Humph! he might as well let the weeds take it as to pay it out in wages. Why don't he have his son do it? He 's a big, strappin' fellow enough."

"You must remember," struck in Mrs. Fuller, "that Mr. Phillips is n't obliged to have his son work, unless he chooses; and if Robert would rather enjoy himself on a pleasant evening, and take Eva for a buggy-ride, it 's nobody's business."

"No, no, mother," and her husband shook his head; "a man that won't work ought n't to eat, I say. Not but what I 'm willin' for young fellers to have their pleasure, and all that; but if I had the fortune of Lazarus I should bring up my sons to work."

"Well, if other people think different, it 's nobody's business, as I said."

"Of course, so far as the work goes, I 'm not meddlin' with other people's business. If they want to let their children go to bed without bein' sleepy and sit down to the table without bein' hungry, that 's their lookout; and, as you say, if Bob Phillips wants to galivant all over the country just as corn weather is comin' on the strongest, and the barley 's ready to cut, and the oats pretty near ripe, and the wheat turnin', why, it 's none o' my business. But when — but when, I say," and Fuller laid down his knife and fork to give added emphasis to his words and mark the deliberation with which they were uttered, — "when you go further 'n that, and say it 's nobody's business when he takes Eva out buggy-ridin', you go too far."

"Well, it 's nobody's but hers," retorted Mrs. Fuller, decidedly; "and if she did n't choose to go she would n't. But she 's tickled enough to go, poor girl,

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after workin' in the kitchen all day;" and the gray eyes looked right through Billy at Tige, who was patiently waiting behind his master's chair for his supper-time to come. Mrs. Fuller was not sorry to get in a back-hander, as Billy mentally designated this speech, at her daughter's lover. He winced momentarily, but brightened up and nodded his approbation energetically when the old farmer continued his protest.

"Now you don't go far enough, mother, — that 's always the way with you: you either go too far, or you don't go far enough." In spite of his slow, measured way of speaking, there was a sound of impatience in his voice which his wife knew better than to provoke further. So she silently busied herself over her plate while he continued: "Here 's Billy, now, has been with us for two years and more. He quit the herder's business (not that I approve of the wild sort of life they carry on, but he was used to it and liked it), he quit it, I say, and came to work for me, — and a good hand he 's been, no one can deny, — because he happened to take a fancy to Eva's pretty face; and he was about right there, too; and he has stayed with us through two harvests, and been a faithful hand. He has saved his wages, and preëmpted as good a quarter-section of land as there is in the South Platte valley; he 's got Eva to likin' him, and we 've told 'em 'God bless 'em:' and for him to lose her now through your worldly and unconsiderate notions about this Phillips chap — just as if he was better than other people because he 's been away to school a few months, and his father's got three or four sections of land and a few more head o' stock than the balance of us! — why, I say it would be just like presentin' him with the cup o' Crœsus" —

"Cup of Tantalus, pa," interrupted a merry voice behind Billy's chair, that made his ears tingle with pleasure. He hoped that Eva had not caught the drift of the conversation, however, and was just going to turn round and feast his eyes with the sight of her, and let her see the joy in them, when he heard her ask some one to come in and have some supper; so he speared another potato and almost scalded himself with hot coffee instead.

"Billy, will you go out and drive Mr. Phillips's horses around to the stable?" asked the young lady carelessly, as she laid aside her smart bonnet with the bright pink ribbons.

Billy muttered something very low, but was pushing back his chair when the honest old farmer began: —

"You 'll do no such thing, Billy; you just sit where you are and eat your supper. Tell the fine young gentleman, Eva, that if his fiery steeds won't stand hitched to the hitchin'-post he can drive 'em round to the stable, and put 'em in the empty stall" —

"Why, Rufus!" exclaimed his wife.

— "and that he 'll have to excuse Billy and me," went on Rufus; "for we 're eatin' our suppers, and it 's ruinous to the digestion to be disturbed at meal-time."

Eva was somewhat surprised at this, for her father was usually very scrupulous on points of hospitality; but she delivered his message, choosing her own way of expressing the matter. Mr. Phillips, however, had already decided not to accept the hospitality of the Fullers, and after a brief conversation with Eva, of which the others could hear, now and then, a little silvery laugh accompanied by a great guffaw, he drove off.

Finally, when she came in and took her place at the table, Billy ventured to look at her. She did not deign to offer him a greeting, but broke into an enthusiastic description of her ride, addressing herself in a general way to her father and mother. Of course Billy could listen; he was sitting opposite her and could not well help hearing her

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lively chatter without leaving the table, and this he had no intention of doing until he had satisfied his appetite. He tried in vain to keep down his rising indignation and wrath at her and young Phillips, and the persistency with which she avoided meeting his eyes brought him several times to the verge of choking. He soon came to the conclusion that she had heard and was offended at the remark her father had been making when she came in. But when she had exhausted the topic of her drive, and had irretrievably plunged Billy into a fit of the sullens, she suddenly turned her blue eyes on her father, and throwing her head back until her yellow hair was lighted up by the last rays of the crimson sun through the open door, "What would be like giving some one the cup of Tantalus, and who was the some one?" she asked.

"Oh — yes," answered the old man slowly, without showing any of the nervousness he felt; for this fair-haired young girl was accustomed to having her own way, and had a pert, charming manner of making the rest of the household uncomfortable when she was crossed in it, which almost never happened, or when her right to do so was even remotely questioned, which did occasionally occur. "Yes," said her father; "I always get Tantalus and Crœsus and Lazarus and Dives all mixed up, when you 're not around to straighten me out, Eva."

"But what was it you were talking of?"

Billy felt relieved. She had not heard, and he knew that her father could be depended upon to keep her from finding out. His sweetheart's disposition was known to him well enough to make him wish not to excite her opposition, nor let her feel that she was in the least constrained.

"Oh, I was just making a general remark," said Mr. Fuller.

"Yes; but it was about some one in particular," persisted Eva. "You were talking about Mr. Phillips; I know you were. You would never have said he might put up his horses himself, if you had n't been running him down just before. You know you would n't say such a thing unless you had been working yourself up to it by talking unreasonably."

"Now, Eva, how you jump at conclusions! That 's the great trouble with you and your mother: you 're always jumping at conclusions. It 's the fault of your sex, too. Now I never knew a woman that did n't" —

"Oh, you can't deny it; can he, ma? I felt sure you had, at first, and now I know it. But I am glad of it."

"Why?" inquired her father, taken by surprise.

"So I can stand up for him. I think he is ever so nice," and the young lady dropped her eyes and went on with her supper. She stole a look at Billy, and for a moment was almost frightened into relenting by what she saw in his face.

"Your father thinks it wrong for you to go out ridin' with Mr. Phillips," said Mrs. Fuller, not sorry to renew the engagement, now that she was reinforced.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Eva, and her mild blue eyes flashed.

"Now, mother," deprecated the farmer, "you have misunderstood me altogether."

"What did they say?" asked Eva, turning to her mother with a sweeping glance that established both Billy and the old farmer as culprits at the bar of judgment.

"They said," answered Mrs. Fuller deliberately, and glancing at Billy as much as to say, "And you had better not contradict it, either;" but she refused to see the prohibition to speak in her husband's frowning countenance, — "they said you had no business to take a little rest and innocent pleasure, after workin' hard all mornin' cookin' *their* meals; that you had no right to go

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buggy-ridin' with Mr. Phillips, or any one else, for that matter, without hunt-in' all over the place to ask your father, and runnin' out to the field to see if Billy don't object."

"Now, mother, how you do pull a person's words all out of shape!" protested the old man, while Eva seemed to become several inches taller as she straightened up with wrath, and looked defiance at her father and contempt at poor Billy. "Did we say, or even hint at any such thing, Billy?"

Billy had not spoken since Eva's entrance; but now that he was directly appealed to he got up from the table with considerable native dignity, and returned Eva's glance bravely for a moment. "No, we did not," he answered, addressing Mr. Fuller; "and if your wife will take the trouble to make a little better round-up of her recollection, she will remember that what I said was about nobody and nothing but Mr. Phillips and his eighty-acre piece of corn; and she might know by this time that, whatever I felt, I would be the last person to say a word against Miss Eva's doing what she had a mind to; at least I would say it to nobody but Miss Eva herself," and the young fellow marched out of the room with an air of being justly and decently offended. Eva followed him with her eyes, not at all displeased to see how handsomely he bore himself.

"I tell you," declared Mr. Fuller, when Billy had gone, "William Wentworth is not a fellow to be made a fool of, either by himself or by others."

"Nobody ever said he was, that I know of," retorted his wife, who found it in her mind to make an answer, though the remark demanded none.

"There, now, mother," said the farmer, soothingly; and he straightway entered into an explanation of his position to his daughter, and showed how he had only been desirous of discussing the matters of wealth and worldly position in a general way, with perhaps a few illustrations from their acquaintances, but with no intention of making special applications, or calling in question the propriety of Eva's riding in Phillips' buggy; and when his wife had persisted in introducing this matter, all he had claimed was that what Eva should do was of consequence to others besides herself. "And I 'm sure, Eva," he appealed at the end, "you would n't want your old dad to say he did n't care a darn what you did or what became of you; now, would you?"

No indeed, Eva wanted him to say nothing like that; and she kissed the kind old man and brought his pipe, as if she had been the meekest and most obedient child the world had ever known. She was really very loving and tender-hearted, and when she saw how her father, through his weakness for words and evasive discussions and his aversion to displeasing herself, was determined to admit nothing, she forbore to plague him, and resolved to have satisfaction from Billy. He had carried himself with so much independence, and even something approaching disdain, during their pleasant family dispute, that she had no feelings of compunction on his account. She had felt sorry for him for a minute or two, but the feeling had disappeared as soon as her mother had spoken; and now she went out to where she knew he was smoking cigarettes, — for Billy had not been able to leave off this habit after turning from a herder into a plowman, — thinking that her only object was to torment him a little, and that they would then make it up and love each other more than ever.

She found him, as she had expected, at full length upon the grass, in his favorite position and occupying his favorite place near the hammock. The hammock had been procured only after a similar novelty had made its appearance for the benefit of the Misses Phillips, Robert's sisters, and had been swung between its posts but a few weeks; yet

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in that time Billy and Eva had become so accustomed to staying there, in the long summer twilight, that it would have been a surprise to either had the other failed to appear.

She gracefully took her place in the hammock, — for she was as lithe and full of grace as a leopard, — and waited a while in silence; not so much for her lover to begin — for she hardly thought he would of his own accord broach the subject she was anxious to discuss — as to enjoy the stillness, and the soft air slightly perfumed by Billy's cigarette, and the gentle twilight hour. The light had faded out of the west, yet the distant level horizon that separated the sombre earth from the descending sky was plainly marked. The moon, just past the meridian, had been growing brighter and brighter as the wealth of color had faded from the clouds, and the shadow of the house, as it crept towards Eva and her lover, became more and more distinct.

Eva gave a little sigh as she thought how pleasant their evenings here had always been, and that to-night she had made up her mind to torment Billy. He was, no doubt, comfortably miserable already; but she should take care, she told herself, that they did not part in anger, and that Billy should be made happy in proportion to his misery before they separated.

"Shall I swing you?" asked Billy at last. She threw him the end of a rope, which Billy had ingeniously woven from half-ripened barley straw, and without disturbing himself he gently swung the hammock and its fair burden back and forth.

"Did you want to talk with me?" she began, holding the other end of the rope. It was the next best thing to holding his hand, she thought, and had the advantage of affording him no assurance that she was going to make him miserable only from wantonness.

"Yes."

"What did you want to say?"

"It did n't make any difference."

"It *did n't* make any difference? Does it now?"

"No," answered Billy, lighting another cigarette, which he had taken the precaution to roll in advance, without stopping the swinging.

"Oh," she said, after watching him a minute, "you had something particular to say, but have concluded not to say it."

"No; I meant I only wanted to talk to you, and it did n't make any difference what we talked about."

"How nice!" she exclaimed, with a sneer so slight that it was entirely lost on Billy. "But then," she continued, "you said at supper that you had something to complain of to Miss Eva herself."

"I did n't mean that, and, if I remember, that was n't just what I said."

"Well, it sounded like that. What did you say, then?"

"That *if* I intended to complain of you I would do it to you, yourself."

"Well, you called me '*Miss* Eva,' and seemed very high and mighty, any way." The tormenting and complaining were going to be more difficult to bring about than she had thought for, — at least in the way she wished. It was easy enough for her to find fault and be bothered at his coolness; but the mischievous delight she had promised herself was not to be had in this manner.

"I always call you that to your father and mother."

Eva swung in silence a few minutes; then she said, as if taking up a new subject, "You don't seem to like Rob Phillips very well."

"No, damn him," Billy muttered, starting up. "Whatever we talked about, I did n't want to discuss *him* with you, Eva," he broke out.

"Well, you need n't tumble me out on the ground, and you will please not swear at my friends." Billy dropped



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the rope with which he had been swinging her. When the hammock had somewhat ceased its vibrations he began pacing up and down by her side.

"If he is one of your friends" — he said, at last, quite mildly. He was evidently going to humble himself; but to see him in this attitude was not so pleasant to Miss Eva as to see him haughty and defiant. Then she was not yet ready to make him happy, and had found the way in which she could torment him to her heart's content.

"Well, he is," she interrupted him, "one of my very best friends; and he is one who knows what is due to others, besides being a man who has ideas about something else than corn and cattle."

"And he 's got a new buggy and fine horses," went on Billy, taking up the note, and giving it a bitterly caustic tone, "and his father owns over two thousand acres of land, — it don't make any difference if he did jump a poor widow-woman's claim, just so he 's got the land, — and he 's been away to school, and he knows better than to waste his time plowin' corn and savin' up his money for the sake of any one he 's in love with. His father will give him a farm and plenty of stock, when he 's ready to get married, and he can afford to have ideas above doin' that. I know," he continued, disregarding Eva's efforts to interrupt him, and stopping his walk, — Eva, frightened at his vehemence, had raised herself in the hammock, and was holding on by the meshes, — "I know your mother wants you to throw me over for him; she never has liked me since — since you began to, and she thinks I 'm not good enough for you, which God knows I ain't; but I 'm better than he is, and I will swear at him, out of your hearin'; but I want you to know I will, even if he is one of your dearest friends. . . . I 've got ideas above bein' a clodhopper, too; and if bein' faithful, and steady, and hard workin', and lovin' won't win you, I 'll carry 'em out. Ranche life is glorious and free, and the best man wins. You can go and have your best friend, if you want him; but I 'll not go down on my knees to him, nor put up his horses for him, and I 'll swear at him all I please."

Just then some one rode up. "Oh, it 's Mr. Phillips!" exclaimed Eva, in a frightened whisper. "He said he did n't think he should come over to-night. What *shall* I do? Don't go away, Billy; you are all wrong," and she put out her hand with a detaining, almost an imploring gesture, as she turned to speak to Mr. Phillips, who had dismounted, and was approaching them, with the bridle-rein over his arm. But Billy had strode away without noticing her, muttering to himself, "I 'll swear at him, damn him; and if he says anything to me I 'll shoot him." He passed the house absently, and as he came opposite the open window he heard Mrs. Fuller's voice, saying to her husband, "Eva told me he was coming either to-night or to-morrow to ask her to marry him;" and Billy struck out over the prairie, not caring what direction he took.

His heart was full of rage and bitterness. He thought for a time that he would steal back after they had all gone to bed, put a few things together, and start for the grazing grounds; then he felt that he must see Eva once more; and when he had somewhat recovered his equanimity he decided to do nothing rash. He knew the old farmer was on his side, and he had Eva's promise; he remembered that harvest was coming on, and that it would be rather mean to leave the old man in the lurch, with no hands to be had in the county. He had never met this Phillips; had only heard of him through Mrs. Fuller and Eva, and had seen him once or twice at a distance. He would be sensible and strong; he would do his best; and if Eva married Phillips for his money, why, he would be fortunate in losing her.

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So he turned, and went back to the farm-house. But when he saw that there was still a light in the front room, all his wrath came back to him. He knew it must be late; for though, in his excitement, he had not noticed the lapse of time, yet he had watched the moon go down; and he reasoned that Phillips must have received encouragement, or he would not have stayed so long. He could not get to his room without disturbing Eva and her companion, and he determined to wait about the outbuildings until Phillips had gone, and then carry out his first plan. He would not even try to see Eva before he started away to resume his old and favorite occupation.

He wandered aimlessly about, taking his last look at the dim outlines of the house and stable and the tall, slim frame that supported the windmill, and at the granaries and corn-crib. It was in the shelter of the last low, broad building that he had asked Eva to marry him, the November before. He remembered exactly how it had happened: how he had been sorting out some of the best ears for seed-corn, while the first snow of the winter was flying fitfully about the corners of the buildings, and the wind whistled sharply through the open boards. He recalled how Eva's bright smile had lighted up the little cave he had made at the door of the crib, when she came to ask for a few ears to parch, — she always parched corn on the day of the first snow, — and how her presence had shut out the cold and storm, as the golden corn, piled high around them, had seemed to separate them from the world. He thought of how happy and full of joy they had been, and how light-heartedly they had laughed when finally, forgetting all about her errand, she had gone to the house, only to come out to him again. But now, as he looked in through the little door where she had appeared that November day to make him happy, there was nothing but dreary emptiness, and the damp odor of mouldering corn.

Billy turned away with a sharp pain. He was not a sentimental fellow, but he really loved Eva, and the contrast between that afternoon and now affected him. "I never want to smell that smell again," he thought, and congratulated himself that in the life he was going to live he never would. He looked towards the house: the light was out, and he might reach his room without meeting any one. So he struck across the yard, setting his lips firmly. Just as he came opposite the stable he saw some one lead a horse out, and then stop, apparently to tighten the girths.

Billy wanted no interview with Phillips, and stepped out of sight behind the building, but not before he had been noticed.

"Hey! what are you prowling round here for?" demanded the dim figure.

"It's none o' your business," replied Billy, coming out again into view.

The man scanned him closely in the uncertain starlight. "Ah, young fellow, if you belong to the house, it's all right. But you'd better get inside as quick as God a'mighty 'll let you, and cover your head with the bedclothes; and don't budge till you're called for breakfast."

Billy was not hypercritical, but he could not help thinking that this was rather coarse language for a man who knew what was due to others, and who had ideas above corn and cattle. He was in no mood, however, to allow anybody to speak so to him, much less Robert Phillips. So he politely invited him to go to a place where cow-boys very often ask their enemies and friends alike to go.

"Don't give me any o' your chin, young chap, or I'll knock your head off," and he started toward Billy menacingly.

Billy swore a great oath and drew his revolver, which he was never without. "Keep off!" he cried. "I'll let daylight

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through you if you come another step." The other, evidently not believing he was armed, continued to advance. Billy never felt sure whether he was prompted more by his jealousy and despair than by his anger at the fellow's insolence, — for his life among the cow-boys had taught him to consider anything like a threat of bodily injury as a deadly insult, — but he fired his revolver.

His victim threw his arms wildly in the air, and fell heavily to the ground. Billy was stunned for a moment by what he had done. He had always heard such deeds made light of, but he had never been an actor, or even a witness, in the broils that give rise to them. The reality was somehow much more terrible than he had ever conceived it. "My God, I 've killed him!" he thought, as he stood with his smoking weapon in his hand and the fallen man's groan ringing in his ears. The horse, frightened at the report, had galloped off, making for the open prairie, and Billy was brought to consider his own position by seeing a light appear in the windows of the house. Tige was barking savagely, and he could hear the old farmer trying to quiet him. He heard some one call his name, and imagined for a moment that he recognized Eva's voice.

"She has guessed what 's happened," thought Billy, "and she 's anxious for him," and he turned away bitterly, with no wish but to keep out of sight, — to get away from Eva and her kind-hearted old father, who had always been so good to him. The idea of escaping the penalty of his act did not occur to him; never to be seen or heard of again by any one here who had known him, was all he cared for.

He never knew exactly how the rest of that night wore away. He struck into the corn-field first, thinking its dark aisles would afford him a safe hiding-place from immediate pursuit; but he kept seeing in the swaying blades the man's wildly waving arms, and in their rustle he heard his heavy groan. "Shall I always remember them?" he asked himself, as he stumbled on desperately over the rough ground. He felt a great relief when at last he had crossed the field, and found himself on the open prairie beyond. He stood for a moment on the edge of this broad expanse, now buried in the darkness and stillness of the night. It seemed endless, boundless, a great stretch of void and awful space. In spite of his familiarity with the prairies he could not keep off a feeling of loneliness, a sense of solitude that was fearful to him. That he had need to be alone and solitary but made him dread it the more. The cause of the feeling was identical with the reason for the necessity; and the stillness, the monotony, the extent, the emptiness, of the prairie came over him with a power he had never dreamed of before. This silent, unseen force had dwelt in the prairie and its attributes from the beginning of time; but he had never realized its nature and immensity till now, — and now it seemed to crush him. He knew the change was in himself, and he thought with a great fear of the years of days and nights he was to live in the widest and dreariest of those unchanging prairies. "I wonder why I can't think of the first part of my life there," he said, meaning the farm, "and not only of the last hour of it." But he felt that what the last hour had brought forth would be with him distinct and terrible, when all the months of trivial things would have become dim and faded in his memory.

At last he started across the prairie. He had a plan dimly shaped in his head to go to Speedville. He owned a pony, which a young lawyer there was keeping in return for his use. He would claim his pony, and ride up into the Loup country. But he wandered aimlessly over the level ground without thinking of the direction of Speedville,

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which really lay on the other side of Farmer Fuller's homestead. He would have to wait till morning to get his pony, and he would walk until he saw the dawn appearing in the east. It seemed an age before the first pale gleams of morning broke through the long line of low clouds. Billy had felt more in those few hours than he had in his whole lifetime before. He had made his way over miles of level prairie; he had waded through the shallow water of a broad lagoon; he had passed through the cold air of several deep ravines. All along he had been peculiarly sensible of the nature of the ground, and had noticed even in the darkness every firmly-grassed buffalo-wallow or hilly group of rabbit-burrows that had lain in his way; yet in spite of his quickened perceptions for little things, the great, crushing sense of guilt, the vague yet definite feeling of isolation, left their impress on him.

At last, when the dawn began to break, and the slowly brightening east called his attention to his course, he found that he had been going away from Speedville all this while. He had begun to think more collectedly of the measure he should take, and to consider more calmly his material situation apart from his emotional attitude, when suddenly a couple of horsemen rode out of the fading darkness. He was about to follow his first impulse, and lie down in the grass to escape their notice, when one of them called out, —

"Hello! Is that you, Billy?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" demanded Billy, in reply.

"Oh, there's no need for that sort of talk, now. The other one is caught, and you are wasting your time hunting for him around here, a dozen miles from where he is safely tied in old man Fuller's barn."

Here Tige ran up to Billy, and began to show his joy at finding him. It was plain how the dog had led them to him, but what the fellow was talking about was not so evident.

"Who are you?" asked Billy again, as they rode up to him.

"Oh, yes, I forgot; we have never been introduced, but I have heard a good deal of you. I'm Robert Phillips, — call me Bob, though; everybody else does, — and this is our new hand, Jake Lewis."

Billy was more perplexed than ever; he could understand but one thing, — here was the man, whom he thought he had killed, in flesh and blood before him. He stood and patted the demonstrative dog in silence, trying to see through it all, and wondering if he had had a dream.

"You had better get down, Jake," said Bob, "and let Billy have your pony. He has done some lively walking to-night, and is tired, I'll bet you. We'll send some one back to meet you, with an extra pony, as soon as we get to the house;" and while Billy was yet absently speculating, he found himself riding back towards Fuller's by the side of Robert Phillips.

"I guess the fellow you winged is pretty sore," presently begun the latter, "but the doctor thinks he will get over it."

"Who was he?" asked Billy.

"Nobody knows. I fancy he belongs to a regular gang of horse-thieves on the Kansas border; there's been a good deal of" —

"Oh, I see," interrupted Billy, and he drew a long breath of relief.

"It was lucky for old man Fuller that you happened to be around; otherwise he'd have been minus a pretty batch of live stock this morning," resumed Phillips, after they had ridden a short time in silence. "But see here, Billy," he asked, suddenly, "how did you come to follow the other fellow on foot? He gave you the slip early, for he was caught in the other direction."

"I don't know, exactly," answered

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Billy. "I was excited, and the horse broke away, and — well, I did n't think."

"It 's strange what queer things a person will do in excitement."

"Yes, it is," said Billy, with fervor. "I want to ask you, Mr. Phillips" —

"Bob," corrected the other.

"Well, I want to ask you when you left the house last night."

"Oh!" answered Phillips, uneasily; there was not enough light for Billy to see the honest fellow redden. "I did n't stay long. You saw when I came up? Well, I only stayed a few minutes."

"Did n't you go in?"

"No; it did n't take me long to find out I was — that you — that is — well, you are a lucky fellow, Billy," Phillips managed to say at last, riding near and offering his hand. "I wish you all the joy and happiness, you know, and — well, I would like to be in your boots, that 's all; but no bad blood. If we are to be neighbors, we 'll be friends, eh?"

"We will *that*," said Billy, wringing his proffered hand, and thinking what the memory of this frank young fellow might have been to him.

"Who are inside?" he asked, when they reached the house.

"Nobody but the folks, I guess, and the doctor, may be. You go right in," Phillips continued, as they dismounted: "there 's somebody there will be glad to see you. I 'll go out to the stable and see how the captured birds and their guard are getting along, and send some one back after Jake."

Billy gave over the pony to Phillips and went up to the door. The sun was just peeping over the bank of clouds that for a time had been holding back the full radiance of his morning brightness; and as Eva opened the door, and ran out to meet her lover, and throw her arms around his neck, and weep sweet tears of humble penitence and proud joy, he rose clear of the obstructing clouds, and sent a flood of light and warmth along the rolling prairies. The glad, bright day had come, and the chill and gloom and heavy darkness of the night were things of the past.

The old farmer came to the door, and then, turning back hastily, he remarked to his wife that it was going to be another good day for the corn.

*Frank Parks.*

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## TO A POET IN THE CITY.

CHERISH thy muse! for life hath little more,
Save what we hold in common with the herd:
O blessing of these woods! to walk unstirred
By clash of commerce and the city's roar!
What finds the scholar in those flaming walls
But wearied people, hurrying to and fro,
Most with too high, and many without aim,
Crowded in vans or sweltering in huge halls
To hear loud emptiness or see the show?
Were this a life to 'scape the Muses' blame?
Rather than such would I the Parcæ ask,
Folding mine arms, to stretch me on the floor
Where Agamemnon in his golden mask
Dreams not of Argolis or Argos more.

*Thomas William Parsons.*

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# THE TRAIL OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

In the biography of Commodore Preble, by J. Fenimore Cooper, there is a very wise and noteworthy passage: —

"There appears an indisposition in the human mind to acknowledge that others have seen that which chance has concealed from our own sight. Travelers are discredited and derided merely because they relate facts that lie beyond the circle of the common acquisitions; and the term 'travelers' stories' has its origin more in a narrow jealousy than in any prudent wariness of exaggeration. The provincial distrusts the accounts of the inhabitant of the capital, while self-love induces even the latter to deride the marvels of the country."

A remarkable example of this tendency occurs in the history of the late Charles Waterton, author of Wanderings in South America. Some of my readers may be old enough to have read the reviews of the book when it was published, more than fifty years ago, or, at all events, may have seen those which are preserved in the high-class periodicals. The work was condemned as a mere bundle of "travelers' tales." His accounts of his dealings with boa-constrictors and venomous serpents were compared with the adventures of Sindbad and Baron Münchausen; his observations on the sloth were rejected as unworthy of belief; while his ride on the back of a cayman was set down as a wild invention of a man who must be a liar, but might be excused on the ground of insanity. Waterton treated these diatribes with perfect composure, saying, and very truly, that time would confirm the truth of all his statements.

Yet no one was a sterner disbeliever in other travelers' tales than Waterton. He held that Bruce was altogether unworthy of belief, because he stated that the Abyssinians fed on raw flesh cut from a living animal. He flatly denied the possibility of cannibalism, and wrote an elaborate essay for the purpose of denouncing the traveler who dared to say that man could eat man, except when pressed by hunger or urged by superstition. He poured the vials of his wrath on travelers who asserted that monkeys could throw stones, and repudiated all evidence on the subject as below contempt. He did not, however, go so far as some, who denied the existence of the giraffe, on the ground that no animal would have been created which, if it were to take cold, would be liable to nine feet of sore throat.

It is not very difficult to be witty about travelers' tales, and it is very easy to be sarcastic. Moreover, with some minds, disbelief, no matter what may be the subject, seems to imply a sort of superiority. Nothing is easier than to disbelieve, and nothing is safer. As long as an assertion cannot be proved, skepticism is triumphant. Supposing that it should be proved beyond the possibility of contradiction, there are many gates for escape. One way is to ignore the subject altogether. Another way is to blame the travelers because they did not produce sufficient evidence. Or — and this is a very common mode of evasion — the former skeptic bides his time, and then writes as if he had been all along a staunch supporter instead of an opponent.

Now that tales of travelers, such as Stedman, Bruce, Waterton, and others, have been proved true, there is always the sea-serpent to fall back upon, when a subject for wit is wanting.

According to the old adage, there is no smoke without fire, and, as from the earliest times the existence of a gigantic sea-snake has been asserted by sailors as a fact which no one would think of con-

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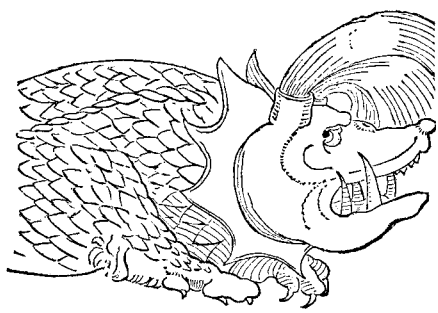
troverting, it is not likely that there was no foundation for their belief. The sea-serpent and the gigantic cuttle called the "kraken" have been classed together as equally the product of fertile brains. Yet, making allowance for natural exaggeration, the kraken is now an acknowledged animal, and Denys Montford's figure of the destruction of a vessel by the kraken is scarcely fabulous, considering the small size of ships in his days. Even in Sindbad's tales of his voyages, it is easy to see that they were in many cases distorted and magnified versions of actual facts.

I believe that much of the inflated notions of sea-monsters are due to the illustrations of books of the sixteenth century. Monsters of various kinds are to be seen in them, the figures having evidently been drawn from description, and not from the object. One of these books is an admirable epitome of fact transformed into fable. It is called "Prodigiorum ac Ostentorum Chronicon," that is, A Chronicle of Prodigies and Portents, and was written by Conrad Wolffhart, who Grecized his name into Lycosthenes, just as the name of Schwarzerd was Grecized into Melancthon. A very fine copy of this work is in the possession of Mr. S. H. Russell, of Boston, who kindly lent it for the purpose of illustrating this article. According to the author's theory, all monsters are signs of divine anger against man, and ought to be considered in that light. There are two-headed cows and sheep, four-armed children and children without arms, three-legged asses, and so forth, all of which are taken out to sea or river and drowned. Many of these monsters are common enough at the present day, but in this utilitarian age we should put them into dime museums and make money by them. Other figures are simply misrepresentations of actual facts. Thus, there is the sun shining at night, — a travelers' tale; swine with human hands and feet, *i. e.*, pig-faced baboons. There are swords of fire in the sky, which of course are comets. One large plate represents the monsters of the sea, and a very interesting plate it is. Where the artist had a model he acquitted himself admirably. There are two gigantic lobsters, one of which has seized a man by the wrist. Both lobster and man are admirably drawn; the latter being well foreshortened, while the details of the former are perfectly correct. The other lobster is being devoured by a grotesque creature, which I could not at first identify. At last, however, I recognized it as a drawing, from description, of the wolf-fish. I have seen one of these fish seize a fairly sized crab in its jaws, and crunch it between its enormous teeth with a single bite. The only description of it in the letterpress is that it is armed with "truculent teeth."



Alcete.

Another figure represents Alcete. It is attacking a ship, while one of the crew is blowing a long trumpet, and others are throwing tubs into the water. The reader will see how the artist has mixed his ideas with those of the describer. It is of course a spermaceti whale, the spout-holes and spouts being given in a very realistic way, and the teeth placed rightly enough in the lower jaw. As whales were in those days reckoned among fishes, the artist thought scales to be necessary, and he could form no idea of front limbs except as legs. The account in the letterpress says that these creatures upset ships, and can only

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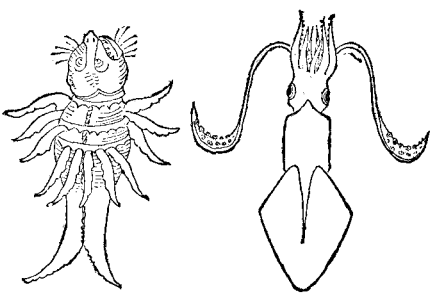
be frightened away by blowing horns and throwing empty barrels at them. "Naves evertunt, ac tantum sono tubarum, aut missis in mare rotundis vasis absterrentur."

Physeter.

Another sea-monster, called Physeter, is depicted in a very remarkable attitude. When thus erect it is said to swamp ships, blowing through holes in its forehead, like a cloud, the water which it had swallowed. "Haustam aquam per frontis foramina in nimbi modum exufflans:" a perfectly correct description of the appearance presented by a whale when spouting. Without looking at the text it would be impossible to identify the creature which is here represented. But



Loligo. Squid.

on turning to the letterpress, it is amusing to see how the artist has drawn his figure from the sailor's verbal account. "Loligo, which flies by flinging itself out of the water, has its head between its legs and belly, and black blood like ink." This is a true description of the flying squid, a figure of which I have placed by that of the ingenious artist.

In the same plate is represented "Orca," that is, a huge serpentine animal, which has coiled itself around a ship, and is dragging it under the waves. Now, as all the other strange beings are fanciful representations of real objects, it is only fair to conjecture that the Orca also may be based on fact. The letterpress merely states in general terms that it sinks ships. Another plate depicts several similar creatures attacking ships, and being repulsed by *cannon*. N. B. The date of this battle is given as 151 B. C., and the locality is the shore of Sardinia, each of the monsters being much larger than the island.

As long as navigation was in its infancy accuracy could not be expected in such matters, and so I will pass to modern times.

After sifting and arranging the various accounts which have been published, and rejecting those which are irrelevant, we find the following narratives in chronological order. In 1639, a traveler named Josselyn, who was visiting New England, was told of a sea serpent that lay coiled upon a rock at Cape Ann. Some Englishmen, who were in a boat, wanted to shoot it, but were told by their Indian companions that unless the creature could be killed on the spot they would be in danger of their lives; whereupon they very wisely let it alone. Josselyn does not appear to have seen it himself. He merely narrates the fact as it was told to him, and his statement, meagre though it be, has at all events the merit of localizing the creature.

Next comes a very remarkable narrative from a very remarkable man. Hans Egede, the celebrated missionary, who went to Greenland in 1734, in the prosecution of his noble work, kept an ac-

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count of his travels. With childlike simplicity he regrets that he saw no mermaids or other monsters, such as he evidently thought he had a right to expect.

"None of these sea-monsters have been seen by us, nor by any of our time that I could hear, save that most dreadful monster which showed itself on the surface of the water off our colony, in 64° N. latitude. This monster was of so huge a size that, coming out of the water, its head reached as high as the mainmast; its body was as bulky as the ship, and three or four times as long. It had a long, pointed snout, and spouted like a whale-fish; it had great broad paws; the body seemed covered with shell-work, and the skin was very ragged and uneven. The under part of its body was shaped like an enormous huge serpent; and when it dived again, under water, it plunged backwards into the sea, and so raised its tail aloft, which seemed a whole ship's length distant from the bulkiest part of its body."

This history is illustrated by a sketch made by another missionary, named Bing. The animal is a sort of a compound of the conventional dolphin of ancient sculptors, the snake, and the seal. Or perhaps it might be likened to a very elongated dolphin, the tail being rounded, like that of the snake, and not flat and bifurcated, after the fashion of the dolphin. Its distinctly delphinian head is raised high out of the water upon its snake-like neck. The muzzle is pointing directly upwards, and from the throat issues a fountain-like column of water, falling in thick spray. From the shoulders proceed two very short fore-limbs, terminated by broadly webbed paws. The body is covered with scales (which, by the way, could not have been distinguished at such a distance), and there is no mane on the neck, though the dripping water might readily have been mistaken for a mane. This sketch was not made at the time, but from memory; the notable points being the peculiar attitude of the head and neck and the position of the fore-limbs.

Seventeen years later, we find two accounts of the sea-serpent: one by a learned bishop, and the other by an unlearned seaman, named Joseph Kent. The latter states that the animal was seen by him in Broad Bay, in May, 1751. He avers that it came within ten or twelve yards, and that its size exceeded both in length and thickness that of his main-boom. His vessel being of eighty-five tons measurement, the main-boom was not only a lengthy but a bulky object.

Bishop Pontoppidon, in his Natural History of Norway, states that the Norwegian coast is the only place in Europe which is visited by the sea-serpent. Referring to certain doubts which had been thrown upon the subject, he says that his people think such strictures as absurd as if they had been expressed about the codfish or the eel. He also gives a letter from Captain De Ferry, who, aided by a boat's crew of eight men, chased the animal, fired at it, and, as he thinks, wounded it. His account was confirmed by affidavits by two of the crew. The length of the monster was said to be about six hundred feet, — an obvious exaggeration, — and its back was stated to look like a row of hogsheads floating in a line, at some distance from each other. The drawing with which this account is illustrated does not correspond to the description, as far as the "line of tubs" goes, but merely represents a serpent-like animal with a delphinian head, like that in missionary Bing's drawing, and with its body bent in a series of undulations.

Next comes the account of Eleazar Crabtree, who states that in 1778 he saw one of these animals in Penobscot Bay, and mentions casually that similar creatures had been seen by many other persons. These men are comparatively unknown, but in the following year, 1779, we come upon a name which is

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not only known, but honored, in New England.

When the late Commodore E. Preble was a midshipman in the Protector, which was lying in an Eastern harbor, a huge, serpent-like monster was seen near the ship. A boat's crew of twelve was told off for the purpose of attacking it, and, in consequence of his known courage and skill, young Preble was placed in command. The men were armed as if they were to board an enemy's ship, and the boat was furnished with a swivel-gun. When they approached it, the creature raised its head about ten feet out of the water, looked round, and then swam off so fast that the boat could not overtake it. Mr. Preble estimated its length at between one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet, its head being larger than a barrel. This last simile is very much like the well-known "piece of chalk," in point of accuracy. Another officer, who watched it for an hour, reported its length at one hundred and fifty feet, and the size of the head as equal to that of a wine-pipe. As he saw it pass under his boat, he had a better view than young Preble enjoyed. In the following year, May, 1780, George Little, of Marshfield, saw a similar creature in Round Pond, Broad Bay. He also mentioned the case of Joseph Kent, to whom a reference has already been made.

Now we come to the present century. In July, 1802, Abraham Cumming testifies that he saw a sea-serpent in Penobscot Bay, and states that within eighteen years six appearances of the creature had been recorded. His testimony is confirmed by those of three other eye-witnesses.

In 1808, a creature was found stranded on one of the Orkney Islands named Stronsa. It was said to be fifty-six feet long and twelve in circumference. The head was only a foot in length, while the neck was fifteen feet long. Further details are given, but the whole account is spoiled by the mention of *three* pairs of limbs, this structure being absolutely impossible in any vertebrate animal. Those who care to investigate the case will find the full report, by Dr. Barclay, in the first volume of the Wernerian Transactions.

In this year we find a really good account of a serpentine sea-monster. The writer is the Rev. Mr. Maclean, parish minister of Eigg, and the communication is addressed to the secretary of the Wernerian Society. "I saw the animal of which you inquire in June, 1808, on the coast of Coll. Rowing along that coast, I observed, at the distance of half a mile, an object to windward, which gradually excited astonishment. At first view it appeared like a small rock; but knowing that there was no rock in that situation, I fixed my eyes closely upon it. Then I saw it elevated considerably above the level of the sea, and, after a slow movement, distinctly perceived one of its eyes. Alarmed at the unusual appearance and magnitude of the animal, I steered so as to be at no great distance from the shore. When nearly in a line between it and the shore, the monster, directing its head (which still continued above water) towards us, plunged violently under water. Certain that he was in chase of us, we plied hard to get ashore. Just as we leaped out on a rock, and had taken a station as high as we conveniently could, we saw it coming rapidly under water towards the stern of our boat. When within a few yards of it, *finding the water shallow*, it raised its monstrous head above water, and by a winding course got, with apparent difficulty, clear of the creek, where our boat lay, and where the monster seemed in danger of being embayed. It continued to move with its head above water, and with the wind, for about half a mile, before we lost sight of it. Its head was somewhat broad, and of form somewhat oval; its neck somewhat smaller; its shoulders, if I can so term them, consid-

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erably broader, and thence it tapered to the tail, which last it kept pretty low in the water, so that a view of it could not be taken so distinctly as I wished. It had no fins, as I could perceive, and seemed to me to move progressively by undulation *up and down.* Its length I believed to be between seventy and eighty feet. When nearest to me it did not raise its head wholly above water, so that the neck being under water I could perceive no shining filaments thereon, if it had any."

Mr. Maclean proceeds to state that the animal was seen by the crews of thirteen fishing-boats, and that the men, thinking that it was pursuing them, fled for safety to the nearest creek. The creature, however, did not appear to have any harmful intentions, as it came close to a small boat, which it could easily have swamped had it chosen. The sailors said that its head was as large as a small boat, and its eyes were as big as plates; but they were evidently too much frightened to be particular about accuracy. In fact, most of these accounts must be taken with a good many grains of salt.

Within the next thirty years quite a number of sea-serpent visits are chronicled. I give abstracts of all which I can find noticed, but it is probable that there may be many more accounts hidden away in local journals. One observer states that on the 20th of June, 1815, he saw through a telescope a marine animal with which he was not acquainted. It was in the harbor of Gloucester, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and was moving rapidly southwards. It presently turned, and, as far as could be seen, its length was about one hundred feet. The body was so formed that it looked like a number of humps, some thirty or forty in number, and each about the size of an ordinary barrel. The head appeared to be about six or eight feet in length, and to be shaped like that of a horse, tapering to the muzzle. The color was deep brown. Neither eyes, gills, blowholes, mouth, or fins were seen. This statement was sworn to before General Humphreys, as were the attestations of many other eye-witnesses.

The animal seems to have remained about the coast, for in the summer and autumn of 1817 the Gloucester Telegraph of that year gives the following account of it: "On the 14th of August the sea-serpent was approached by a boat within thirty feet (query, yards?), and on raising his head above water was greeted by a volley from the gun of an experienced sportsman. The creature turned directly toward the boat, as if meditating an attack, but sank down, and soon reappeared at about a hundred yards' distance, on the opposite side of the boat. The appearance of the sea-monster as he appeared on that day was the subject of a painting by 'Jack' Beach, which we believe is still in existence, and a copy of which, by Joseph H. Davis, preserved in the Rogers family, we have seen. The sea-serpent, surrounded by boats, is the principal feature of the foreground, and in the background appears a good representation of that portion of the town as then seen from the harbor; the principal objects being the old fort, the windmill, the old First Parish Church, with its spire and clock, and the Independent Christian Church. An interesting feature of the picture is the representation of poplar trees, which were once numerous about town, but have nearly or all disappeared."

The animal seems to have shown itself rather freely, and quite a number of depositions were made concerning it. It only appeared in calm weather; sometimes floating perfectly still, and at others moving with great speed. Some persons said that it went at the rate of a mile in three minutes, and gave its apparent length at eighty or ninety feet; but it is so difficult to estimate

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distance, and therefore speed, in the sea that we can only accept this statement as showing that the animal could swim very fast when it chose. Such seems to have been the case with the creature which was chased by a twelve-oared boat, and could not be overtaken. In the same season, a farmer killed with his pitchfork, near Good Harbor Beach, a snake, which was pronounced to be a young specimen of the sea-serpent, because its back was covered with a series of humps. It was, however, ascertained to be nothing but a deformed variety of an ordinary snake, and the high-sounding titles which were given to it were nothing worth.

In August, 1818, the sea-serpent was seen for a considerable time, partly about Nahant, and partly near Gloucester. Multitudes of spectators collected to watch it, and on the thirteenth and fourteenth days it showed itself frequently, moving with great speed through the water, and holding its head high above the surface. Strangely enough, in the same year it was again seen off the coast of Norway, as is reported by Sir A. De Capell Brooke in his Travels in Norway. In 1819, it was again viewed off Otersun in Norway. Sir Arthur did not see the creature himself, but Captain Schilderup told him that he had frequently seen it, once within two hundred yards. It remained for nearly a month, and left the place when the calm, warm weather ceased.

This seems to be a sea-serpentine year. Mr. Samuel Cabot states that on August 19th he was starting from Nahant for Boston, and saw the beach crowded with people, and a number of boats pushing off from shore. While he was looking at the boats, the head and part of the neck of an animal unknown to him were pushed out of the water, at the distance of about one hundred yards. The head seemed somewhat like that of a horse; the portion of neck exhibited above the water was about two feet in length, and a little beyond the neck there were a series of protuberances, reaching to a distance of about eighty feet. The creature moved along rather slowly at first, but afterwards swam so quickly as to cause waves of foam in front of the neck, and to leave a long wake behind it. Several hundred people were present at the time; some in boats, some on the shore, and some on the heights on either side.

A few days previously, an animal, apparently the same, was seen by Mr. James Prince, then marshal of the district. Mr. Prince saw it no less than seven times, and on several occasions it was not more than a hundred yards from him. He estimated its length at about sixty feet. Mr. Prince, corroborated by Mr. J. Magee of Boston, Mr. B. F. Newhall of Saugus, and many others, mentioned the flexibility of the animal, and the ease with which it changed its course. More than once it reared its head about six feet out of the water, and made directly for one of the boats; the spray dashing over its neck, and the protuberances of the back glittering in the sun. But it never attacked a boat, and though it came near enough to frighten the rowers it always turned sharply and retreated. It passed across the bay three times, and then went off to sea, apparently frightened by the boats. The animal was also seen by the sentries at Fort Providence.

Another eye-witness was Captain Hawkins Wheeler, then commanding the sloop Concord, of Fairfield, Conn. On June 9, 1819, he saw a strange animal, which corresponded in every way with that which was observed by Messrs. Prince, Cabot, Magee, Newhall, etc. The day was calm, the weather clear, so that a good view was obtained. The creature thrust its head some seven or eight feet out of the water, not more than fourteen rods from the vessel. The skin appeared to be smooth and without

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scales, and the color was black. The peculiar bunched back was noticeable, and the length seemed to be some sixty feet. When it swam, it left behind it a wake as long as the ship. Captain Wheeler, accompanied by his mate, Gersham Bennett, went before Mr. Theodore Eames, J. P., of Essex, and made affidavit of the above statement.

Another eye-witness was the Rev. Cheever Finch, then chaplain of the Independence, U. S. N. His description is very similar to those which have already been quoted, but he adds some details, the importance of which we shall presently see. He says that the head somewhat resembled that of a snake, but that the eyes were prominent, and stood out boldly from the head. The animal was very active, diving smartly under the water, as if seeking prey. He watched it for half an hour, and in consequence of its activity he was able to see that the color was dark brown above and white below. He also notices the protuberances of the back. The account was written in the Boston Sentinel, and the letter is dated from Gloucester, August 26, 1819. The particular spot where the creature was seen was between Ten Pound Island and Stage Point.

In the following year, 1820, a similar animal was viewed off Swampscott on the 10th of August, and a large crowd collected to watch it. Three men, Andrew Reynolds, Jonathan B. Lewis, and Benjamin King, pursued it in a boat, and approached within thirty yards. Their accounts exactly tallied with those which have been given in the last few paragraphs, and, as soon as they came ashore, the men made affidavit before a justice of the peace. The same creature was seen from a house on the shore by Mr. Joseph Ingalls, who watched the chase, and made his affidavit the same day. In 1823, Mr. Francis Johnson testified that on July 12th, his attention was struck by an object moving into the harbor from Nahant, but, thinking it to be only a row of porpoises, he did not trouble himself about it. "About two hours afterwards, I heard a noise in the water, and saw about four rods distant something resembling the head of a fish or serpent elevated about two feet above the surface, followed by seven or eight bunches, the first about six feet from the head, all about six feet apart, and raised about six inches above the water." He pursued it for half an hour, and was in full sight of it all the time. On landing, Mr. Johnson made a statement of his experience before six gentlemen, all of whom vouch for his integrity. Happily, although this event occurred so long ago, Mr. Johnson is still living (April 7, 1884) and can speak for himself. I possess copies of all these documents, but can only give this short abstract.

There is a casual mention of the sea-serpent as making another Norwegian appearance in 1822, but no one appears to have seen it on the New England shore until 1826, when it again appeared off Nahant, as is recorded very briefly in the Lynn Mirror.

Seven years elapse, and again the animal appeared in its favorite haunt off Nahant. It showed itself in the month of July, and remained for at least two "whole days;" passing between Egg Rock and the Promontory, winding its way into Lynn harbor, and again, on Sunday morning, heading for South Shores.

Few and far between are now its visits, for until 1849 nothing seems to have been heard of it on these coasts. In one of the Drontheim newspapers of 1837 there is a rumor of the sea-serpent, but it is too loose and hazy to be worthy of quotation. But in 1849 the creature again appears in its old haunts, as lively as ever. This time it was seen by Mr. J. Marston, of Swampscott, who estimates its length at between eighty and a hundred feet, and states that he

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saw the entire length of the creature, from the head to the tail.

Now comes a long interval. Twenty-four years elapse, and the sea-serpent is no more heard of. "Abiit, evasit, erupit." Its memory only survived. Now and then a passenger in an ocean steamer sees a line of porpoises, and thinks that the mystery of the sea-serpent is finally solved. Or the vessel comes upon the floating mast of some abandoned ship. It has become clothed with barnacles, and as it rocks on the waves really looks as if it were alive. Of course, when it is at a distance, it is hailed as the sea-serpent; and when it is found to be only a floating piece of timber, it is cited as a proof that all sea-serpents are floating masts. Or a rope-like mass of gulf-weed is hastily welcomed as the long-missing sea-serpent, and then derided for not being what it was thought to be. So, during those twenty-four years, the sea-serpent gradually slipped out of memory, and was placed on a par with the mermaid and the phœnix.

Suddenly, in 1875, our long-lost friend again makes its appearance. But so deep-rooted was the popular prejudice on the subject that those who saw it did not like to say so. It does require some courage to face the alternative of being either ridiculed as an ignorant fool, or denounced as a contemptible impostor. Such was the ordeal through which all had to pass who ventured to assert that they had seen the sea-serpent, and that it was not a string of barrels, nor a floating mast, nor a school of porpoises, nor a shoal of horse-mackerel, nor a mass of sea-weed, but was really the creature to which the name of "sea-serpent" has always been given.

When I came to this country, in the autumn of 1883, I unexpectedly found myself on "the trail of the serpent." Some years before I had read extracts from certain American newspapers, and had longed to go to Boston. But as I had at that time no more idea of visiting America than of taking a journey to the Pole Star, the sea-serpent had so nearly faded from my memory that when I did at last find myself in Boston I failed to connect the locality with the serpent. But a few days after my arrival, while Dr. J. C. Warren was conducting me over the invaluable collection which is hidden away in the obscurity of a side street, instead of inhabiting an illuminated temple in the middle of the Common, I came on the portrait of the sea-serpent itself. As a matter of course, the next step was to seek the acquaintance of the eye-witnesses who had possessed sufficient courage to state what they had seen.

The narrative which had startled the zoölogical world was simply this: Some persons on board the yacht Princess had the temerity to see, between Nahant and Egg Rock, a marine creature exactly corresponding with those which had been viewed in the same locality twenty-four years back. They even had the audacity to watch it for two consecutive hours, and to come so close to it that they could look into its mouth. Worse than all, they actually sketched it, wrote the account of their adventure, and attested the document with their signatures. The original sketch and document are now before me, and both are here reproduced.

Perhaps the most unpardonable point of all is that the passengers in question are not ignorant and superstitious sailors, but residents, who are widely known and respected. They are as follows: Mr. Francis W. Lawrence and Mrs. Lawrence; the Rev. Arthur Lawrence, rector of St. Paul's Church, Stockbridge, Mass.; and Mrs. Mary Fosdick. Then, there are the two sailors, Albion W. Reed and Robert O. Reed.

A day or two after the event, Mr. Arthur Lawrence drew up the following statement: —

"Stockbridge, Mass., August 3, 1875. On the 30th of July, 1875, a party of

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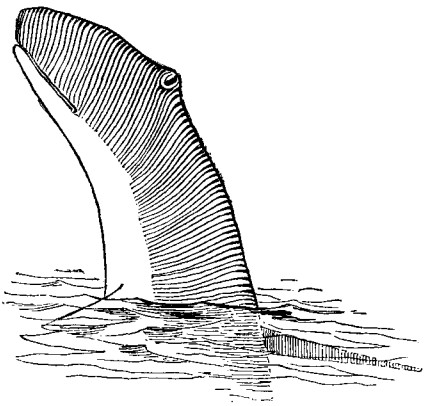
us were upon the yacht Princess, and while sailing between Swampscott and Egg Rock, we saw a very strange creature. As nearly as we could judge from a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, its head resembled that of a turtle or a snake, *black above and white beneath.* It raised its head from time to time some six or eight feet out of the water, keeping it out from five to ten seconds at a time. At the back of the neck there was a fin, resembling that of a black-fish, and underneath, some distance below its throat, was a projection



From Mr. Lawrence's Sketch.

which looked as if it might have been the beginning of a pair of fins or flippers, like those of a seal. But as to that, we could not be sure, as the creature never raised itself far enough out of the water to enable us to decide. Its head seemed to be about two and a half feet in diameter. Of its length we could not judge, as only its head and neck were visible. We followed it about for perhaps two hours. It was fired at repeatedly with a Ballard rifle, but without apparent effect, though one ball seemed to strike it. It was seen and watched by the whole party upon the yacht." Here follow the signatures.

The Boston Society of Natural History then promulgated a paper containing thirty-four questions, and a copy was forwarded to Mr. Arthur Lawrence. The reader will observe how cautious are the answers, and how conscientiously the writer avoids the least approach to conjecture. Here are the questions, which I have numbered for the convenience of reference: —

(1.) Locality, date, and time of day? A. Swampscott Bay, July 30, 1875, forenoon.

(2.) Distance of object from shore? A. At one time within a mile.

(3.) And from witness? A. From 40 to 150 yards at different times.

(4.) Probable depth of water? A. ——.

(5.) Any schools of fish in vicinity? A. School of black-fish (*i. e.*, a species of whale. *Physeter tursio.*)

(6.) Length of whole animal? A. Cannot tell.

(7.) How fast did it move? A. Six knots, and faster.

(8.) Nature of movement? A. Even and regular, so far as I could judge.

(9.) What did the animal most resemble? A. Its head suggested a frog or turtle.

(10.) Coloration? A. Black on top, white beneath.

(11.) Smooth or scaly? A. I could see no scales.

(12.) How long visible? A. Five to ten seconds at a time, at intervals, for two hours.

(13.) HEAD, — form? A. Like that of a frog or turtle.

(14.) Size? A. Two and a half feet in diameter.

(15.) Position of eyes? A. Well on top of head.

(16.) Of nostrils, or blow-holes, if seen? A. Nostrils well defined, like a turtle's.

(17.) Mouth, size and form? A. Large, like a turtle's.

(18.) Teeth? A. Did not see any that I remember.

(19.) Tongue? A. ——.

(20.) Any slits or openings at sides? A. ——.

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(21.) Any movements observed? A. ——.

(22.) NECK, — length? A. Its nose was raised from six to eight feet out of water. Could not tell the exact length of neck.

(23.) Size? A. ——.

(24.) Any mane or crest? A. Just above the water its neck seemed to broaden out as if into fins or flippers, which were under water.

(25.) BODY, — length? A. Its body we could not see, and could not judge of its length.

(26.) Size? A. ——.

(27.) Movements? A. ——.

(28.) Any appearance of humps? A. ——.

(29.) FINS, — any appearance of? A. One dorsal fin, like that of a black-fish.

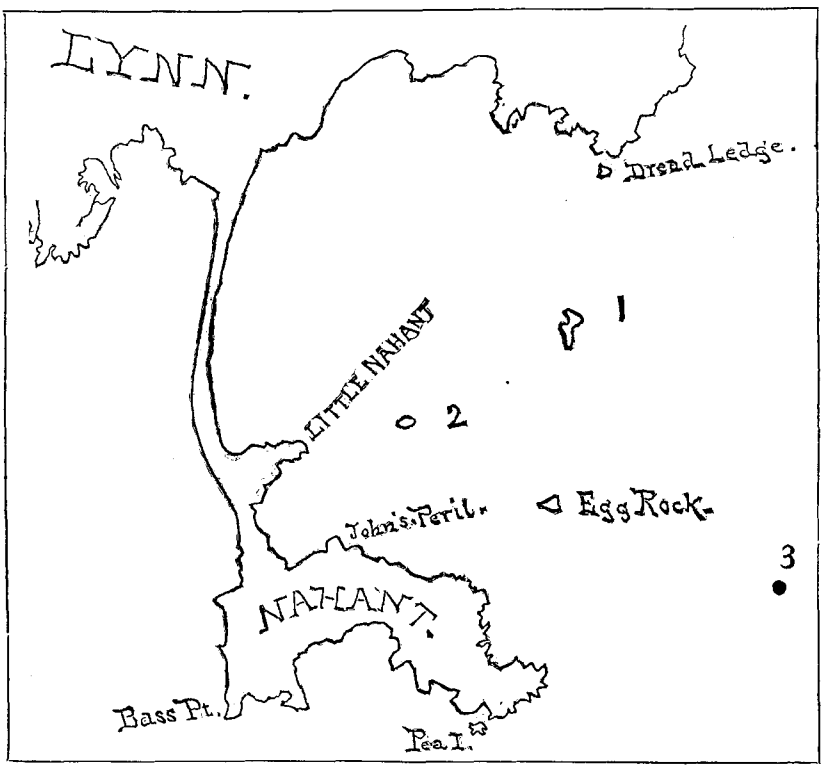
(30.) Structure (whether rayed or smooth)? A. ——.

(31.) Tail? A. Could not see the tail.

(32.) Horizontal, and moving up and down (like a porpoise)? A. ——.

(33.) Or vertical, and moving from side to side (like a fish)? A. ——.

(34.) Give full account, with sketch, if possible, and personal impressions, mentioning any other particulars not herein referred to. A. I should suppose it to be one of the saurian family. It seemed to me to be neither a fish, snake, nor turtle. If such a thing as an ichthyosaurus is extant, I should think this creature to be one of the same family.




Being anxious to ascertain the precise relative position of the Princess, the monster, and the land, I sent a tracing of a map to Mr. F. W. Lawrence. He returned it with the positions marked as seen in the accompanying diagram, together with a note, stating that they



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chased the creature all over the bay for two hours, but that he had marked its position when first seen, and when it at last disappeared in a southeasterly direction. Mr. J. Kelsoe, of Swampscott, who was fishing, passed within a few hundred yards of the animal while the chase was going on, and repeats all Mr. Lawrence's statements. He was near enough to observe on the dark surface of the creature two elongated white marks, about six feet in length, six inches wide, and having the ends rounded. Mr. J. P. Thomas, another fisherman of Swampscott, saw the same creature, and said that it came slowly out of the water, like a large mast.

In curious corroboration of this account, there appeared in a Bridgetown (New Jersey) newspaper a letter which really seems to have been written in answer to the questions in the document already quoted.

The narrator is Captain Garton, the pilot of the steamship Norman. I will extract portions of the account, and annex to them the numbers of the questions which are unconsciously answered. Captain Garton states that on the evening of July 17, 1875, he was off Plymouth (1), when he saw a strange, snake-like being swimming rapidly towards the vessel. It seemed to be pursuing a large fish, apparently a sword-fish. Oddly enough, a passenger on another steamship, the Roman, gives a similar account, but says that the sword-fish was pursuing the serpent. "The head of the monster was raised at least ten feet above the ocean, but remained stationary only a moment, as it was almost constantly in motion; now diving for a moment, and as suddenly reappearing to the same height [21]. [Mr. F. W. Lawrence gave me a precisely similar description of the diving movement.] The submarine leviathan was striped black and white, the stripes running lengthways, from the head to the tail [10]. The throat was pure white, and the head, which was extremely large, was full black, from which, just above a lizard-shaped head [13], protruded, an inch or more, a pair of deep black eyes [15], as large as ordinary saucers. The body was round, like a fish-barrel, and the length [25] was more than one hundred feet. The motion [32] was like that of a caterpillar, with this exception: that the head of the snake plunged under the water, whereas the head of the worm merely crooks to the ground."

Now, we will return to the Roman, which was on her course from Boston to Philadelphia on July 17th. After stating that the sword-fish attacked the "sea-serpent" within four hundred yards of the steamer (3), the writer proceeds as follows: —

"When the sword-fish first attacked him he reared his head at least ten feet above the water, and then dove down once more [32]. These actions he kept repeating, so that we had a fine opportunity to scrutinize him. His head was rather flat [13], and closely resembled that of a turtle. The fin [29] we first observed was on the back, several feet from the head, while small fins (query, flippers?) protruded on each side. The body was at least eighty inches in diameter [26], and presented a shiny surface, covered with large, coarse scales [11]. When he moved his head, the water seemed to fairly boil as he rapidly clove his way through the wave, so that by far the largest portion of his body must have been under the water. We estimated his length [25] to be at least sixty feet, but the pilot informed us that a few weeks previously he rose alongside [3] the steamer Roman, and they reported him to be 120 feet long."

Yet one more witness. In March of the present year, 1884, I received a call from Mr. George S. Wasson, the marine painter, who wished to tell me of a monster which he and a companion had seen in 1877. He also brought a water-color drawing, which he had kindly made in

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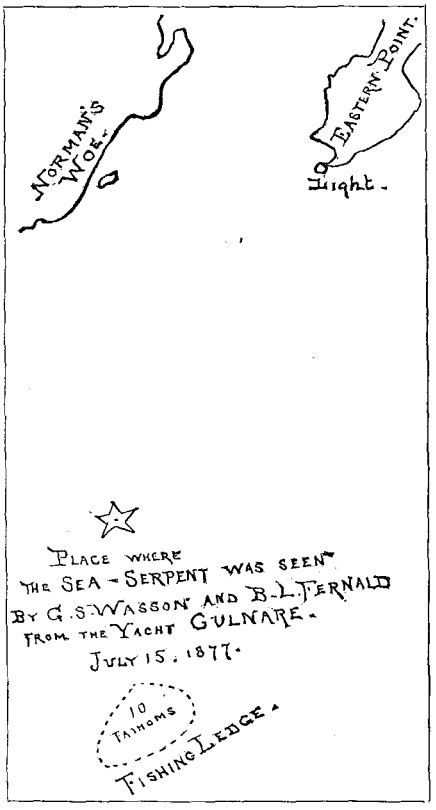
order to show more clearly the appearance of the creature which he had seen. After some conversation, I gave him a copy of the questions, and asked him to answer them. This he did, and I here give his replies. In order to save space, I only give the numbers of those questions. (1.) Off Gloucester, Mass., about noon, July 15, 1877. (2.) About




two miles. (3.) From an eighth to a quarter of a mile. (4.) Twenty fathoms. (5.) No. (6.) What we saw of him was fifty or sixty feet long. (7.) Five or six knots. (8.) He seemed to rise and fall perpendicularly, or nearly so. (9.) A ledge. (10.) Brownish-black. (11.) *Very* rough. (12.) A few seconds each time. He appeared twice. (28.) Yes. *Very* humpy. (34.) Following is a description of the monster seen by us off Gloucester, July 15, 1877.

"The day was hazy, with light breeze from the southeast. When we were, as I should judge, about two miles off the mouth of Gloucester harbor, the monster came to the surface about the eighth of a mile to leeward of us. I was looking that way, and saw him appear, but Mr. Fernald did not, the first time. He immediately noticed the surging noise made, and, turning, exclaimed, 'What ledge was that which broke?' This is exactly what the sound most resembled, — a heavy ground-swell breaking over a submerged ledge; and the creature itself looked, both in shape and color, more like a ledge covered with kelp than anything else we could think of, though from the extreme roughness of the surface I remember that we both spoke of its being somewhat like a gigantic alligator. The skin was not only rough, but the surface was very uneven, and covered with enormous humps of varying sizes, some being as large as a two-bushel basket. Near one end was a marked depression, which we took to be the neck. In front of this, the head (?) rose out of the water perhaps half as high as the body, but we saw no eyes, mouth, fins, or the slightest indication of a tail. It impressed us above all as being a shapeless creature of enormous bulk. I suppose its extreme height out of the water might have been ten feet, certainly not less; and as it disappeared the water closed in over it with a tremendous roar and surge and spray, many feet into the air. The water for a large space where it had been remained white and seething with foam for some little time. From the way the water closed in over it, and the great commotion caused by its disappearing, we judged of its immense bulk, and we also concluded that it went down perpendicularly. It apparently rose in the same way. The largest whale I ever saw did not make a quarter part of the noise and disturbance in the water that this creature did. In concluding I will add

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that Mr. Fernald has followed the sea for fifteen years as a fisherman, and is perfectly familiar with all the cetaceans that appear on our coast." The paper is countersigned by Mr. B. L. Fernald, who was Mr. Wasson's companion. Mr. Wasson also sent me a tracing of the Gloucester coast, showing the exact position of the creature.

At first sight, there appears to be much discrepancy between this account and those which have preceded it, and indeed Mr. Wasson expressed some regret that it "did not fit." However, the object of the present article is not to make theories fit, but to lay facts before the reader. Here, then, we have an accumulation of evidence too weighty to be withstood. That there may have been exaggerations in some cases is likely enough, and even a trained observer knows that he has to watch himself very carefully, lest he unconsciously enlarge one point and minimize another. But putting aside the "personal error," as astronomers call it, to which we are all liable, we cannot but be struck with the general coherence of the details.

We might naturally expect to look for sea-monsters in the tropics, but here we find that the creature which is called the sea-serpent has invariably been seen in northern latitudes, and always in the summer or autumn. Its size is tolerably uniform, — wonderfully so, indeed, considering the great difficulty of estimating the length of any animal in the sea. The color is invariably the same: those who saw only the upper surface taking it to be black or blackish-brown, and those who saw the under surface describing it as white. Those who saw the eyes describe them as prominent, and on the upper part of the head. The duration of each appearance above the water is the same throughout. The speed is given as the same, that is, five or six knots per hour, and every one seems to have noticed the foam or spray thrown up before it, and the wake left behind it. Had the narrators wished to extol the dangers which they had run in encountering so dreadful a monster, they would have reported it as fierce and irritable. But, on the contrary, all agree in stating that it is a perfectly harmless creature, and that even when it appeared to be attacking a boat it turned off short and changed its course. Impostors would have armed its mouth with frightful teeth, whereas not only teeth are not mentioned, but the Princess was so close to the animal that the passengers looked into its open mouth, and could ascertain that no teeth were visible. All agree in the character of the undulating movement; *i. e.*, that it is vertical, and not lateral. The only discrepancy is that between the accounts of Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Wasson. But the former saw nothing but the head and shoulders, whereas the latter saw nothing but the back. Both narrators agree in the color and the speed, both carefully refraining from the slightest mention of any detail which they did not see.

Next comes the question, What can this thing be? It is quite certain that it does not correspond with any contemporary animal at present known to zoölogists. Mr. Arthur Lawrence offers a suggestion that it may possibly be a surviving Plesiosaurian, — an idea, by the way, which was ingeniously used by the late Lord Lytton in his Coming Race. The distance, however, between the great saurians which are now only known by their fossil remains and those of the present day is too wide to be bridged by a survivor.

But though not a surviving saurian, it may be a survivor of some group of animals which is on the verge of extinction. In the first place, it cannot be a serpent, as the peculiar movements which have been described cannot be performed by a serpent; the structure of the vertebræ prohibiting them, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration. There are plenty of sea-

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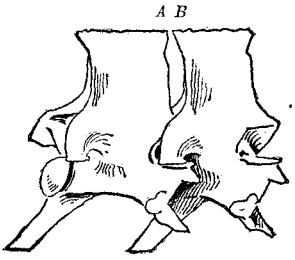
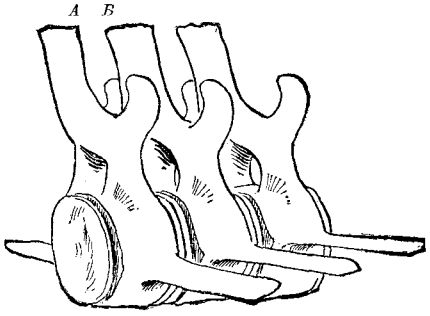
serpents, none of them measuring more than a few feet in length, and all have the tail flattened sideways, so that they undulate through the water, just as an an eel does. The monster in question, however, undulates up and down, "like a caterpillar." Now, the only marine animals which possess this power are




Vertebræ of the Snake.

those belonging to the whale tribe. These, as may be seen from the structure of their vertebræ, can undulate




Vertebræ of a Whale. A comparison of the parts marked *A*, *B*, in this illustration, with the same parts in the illustration of the vertebræ of the snake, will show that while the spaces between the vertebræ in the whale allow an up and down motion, the interlocking of the vertebræ of the snake make that motion impossible.

up and down, but not sideways, the projections on either side of each vertebra interlocking with the vertebra immediately behind it. Now, suppose that there might be a much-elongated cetacean, being to the rest of the whales what the eels are to the fishes, the creature would behave exactly as our sea-serpent behaved. Every movement of the creature is cetacean. The habit of pushing the head out of the water is distinctly cetacean, the sperm-whales being much addicted to this custom. The caterpillar-like bend of the body is also cetacean, and may be witnessed any day when a school of porpoises curve their graceful course over the waves. The sudden rising of the body, as described by Mr. Wasson, is also a cetacean characteristic. The whales, when their lungs are inflated, are a little lighter than water. But they possess the power of contracting their whole bodies, so that they can sink like stones, — a property which is extremely exasperating to the whale-fishers. When they relax the muscular apparatus by which this object is effected, the body resumes its former size, becomes lighter than water, and surges to the surface, exactly as described by Mr. Wasson.

The unexpected harmlessness of so powerful a creature is another characteristic which, fortunately for man, belongs to the whales, — creatures which never attack but under exceptional circumstances. There are many whales now known to science, some of them being much more slender than others. It is certain, moreover, that there are many which are as yet unknown. There is, for example, a species which is only known by a single lower jaw, which is remarkable for possessing but one tooth on either side. What the rest of the whale may look like no one knows. Being one, there must be others. Yet, where they live is at present a mystery, and but for that single jaw we should not have known of their existence. At present, no snake-like or eel-like cetacean is known. Such a creature has, however, existed, and is registered under the name of zeuglodon, that is yoke-tooth, because the teeth are yoked together by bony ridges. Boston possesses a complete set of the vertebræ of a zeuglodon, a specimen which is, I believe, unique. There are plenty of vertebræ and other bones scattered about, out of which a zeuglodon of any length might be constructed; but the Boston

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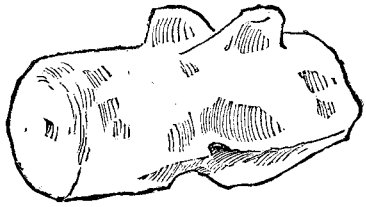
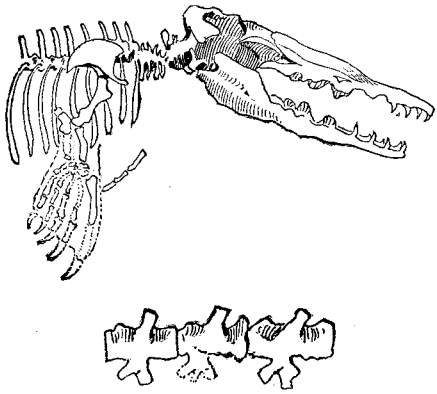
vertebræ belong to the same individual, so that its length can be estimated with tolerable accuracy. The bones belong to the Tertiary period, and were discovered in Alabama, by Mr. Buckley Clark. Beside the vertebræ, he found parts of the skull and lower jaw, together with numerous pieces of bone. The length of the animal, when alive, must have been about seventy feet, — precisely the average length of the sea-serpent. Although the vertebræ are



A Vertebra of the Zeuglodon.

much damaged, several of them are sufficiently perfect to show the peculiar bony processes which prevent the whales from bending their bodies laterally.



Skull and Vertebræ of the Zeuglodon.

Yet, although whale-like, the creature was not a true whale, as is shown by the nasal openings, which are not like those of the whale. They do, however, correspond fairly with Mr. Lawrence's description of the nostrils of the creature which he saw.

Now we will take the front portion of the zeuglodon as shown from existing bones. If we imagine that the bones are clothed with flesh and blood, we shall find that such an animal would coincide with Mr. Lawrence's sketch, and with the narratives of other eye-witnesses. Here we have the tapering head, the sudden width at the shoulder, and the existence of flippers, which did not project from the water. Of the dorsal fin the skeleton would give no indication. The neck appears rather short, but that may be an error of the restorer; just as the palæotherium, which was restored as a short-legged tapir, proves now to have been a horse-like creature. The shape of the skull corresponds with that of Mr. Lawrence's sketch; so does the width of the shoulders, and so does the whale-like arm with its hand. Without venturing to make an assertion, I may at all events suggest that Mr. Lawrence's theory of a surviving being belonging to a race verging on extinction may be a correct one, but that the survivor (or survivors) belongs not to the saurians, but to a cetacean animal, which, if not an actual zeuglodon, has many affinities with that creature. Should it again make its appearance, it ought not to be frightened away by boats, etc. Above all, it ought not to be shot at. If wounded, it would make off to sea, and if killed it would sink, and probably be lost forever. The only weapon which could be of any use would be the harpoon, and the accounts which have already been given show that in several instances it could have been employed with every hope of success.

*J. G. Wood.*

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# THE ANATOMIZING OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## II.

### SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICS AND CRITIKINS.

Readers of these articles and readers of the Riverside Shakespeare have, it is presumable, some interest in the qualifications of the writer of the former and the editor of the latter for the performance of the not very easy tasks which he has ventured to undertake; and although it might be reasonably assumed that by this time those qualifications, whatever their degree, were tolerably well known, it may be well (for reasons which shall appear) to consider at present some remarks upon that subject, of which the Riverside Shakespeare has been made the occasion. The more does this seem desirable because the consideration will be quite in the line of these articles, and indeed almost a natural continuation of them. Therefore, although the present number must needs be somewhat personal to the writer, and hence may be in a corresponding degree of diminished interest to most of the readers of The Atlantic, it will be found, I hope, none the less pertinent to the great subject of the brief series.

Criticism is of two kinds. The first is historical and cosmical; and by sifting, testing, and comparing all that has been recorded of man and his dwelling-place it discovers, or seeks to discover, what of this is true, and teaches, or seeks to teach, its meaning. To criticism of this sort, which has been practiced chiefly within the present century, we owe that positive knowledge of man and of the world which shares with physical science the glory of being the distinctive achievement and possession of the present age. The other criticism is of a minor order. It deals principally with literature and fine art, the meaning and purpose of which it seeks to discover; the comparative values of the various examples of which it pretends to determine; and upon the relative standing of the various professors and practicers of which it presumes to pass judgment. Of this criticism there are endless varieties in infinitely diminishing degrees. It is great and small, good and bad, serviceable and worthless, admirable and contemptible, candid and crafty, honorable and dishonorable; informed by learning, wisdom, and good taste, and deformed by ignorance, vulgarity, and malice. In its best form it rises, although not to the dignity of the smallest example of original thought and construction, yet to a very honorable place in literature. In its worst form, on the one hand it deals with insignificant questions of detail, or on the other merely expresses the personal preferences of the writer; in either of which cases it is the most ephemeral, trivial, and worthless form of literary endeavor. It is so whether it praises or censures. And yet when criticism is spoken of, it is criticism of this sort which is generally meant, — the opinions expressed by writers more or less competent, or more or less incompetent, upon the literature and art of the day, which occupy so prominent a place in reviews, magazines, and newspapers.

As to the real value of this criticism I am inclined to believe that there exists among genuine men of letters a very serious doubt. Notwithstanding the learning, the acumen, the breadth of view, and the fine taste which it not unfrequently exhibits, the question whether, on the whole, it would not be better to allow books and works of art to make their impression upon the world without its aid, cannot be regarded as

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being conclusively decided. But, however this may be, criticism of this sort is one of the great facts in contemporary literature, of which it forms a large and considerable part. It is one of the chief modern factors in public education. Therefore the great desideratum that it should be sufficient, competent, sound, and pure; that its motive should be really the instruction, the enlightenment, and the rightful guiding of the public mind, and not that form of the art which was practiced by a certain critic of whom Goldsmith tells us, who "to gain some private ends went mad and bit the man." In such a case it does not help the matter, at least so far as the critic is concerned, that it sometimes happens, as we shall see, that the critic it was, and not the victim, that died.

That scholars and critics, who deal with purely literary subjects, and particularly with language and that minor part of linguistic study known as verbal criticism, should be actuated in the treatment of their abstract and bloodless themes by malicious motives; that hate and spite should grow out of differences of opinion about the forms of words and the restoration of texts, is strange, and has always been to me quite unaccountable, unless upon the assumption of a very degrading view of human nature. Why difference of view, or even the discovery of actual ignorance or of other incompetence, should provoke a desire to give pain to the man who is so unfortunate as to think incorrectly or to overrate his scholastic acquirements, it would be difficult to say; unless for the reason that malice is such a constant and ever-active force in man's heart that it will manifest itself under the most unfavorable and discouraging conditions. That men who are wholly committed to a great cause, who are fighting for a country or a religion, for personal honor and happiness, should come to hate, if they do not begin by hating, their opponents is what we call natural, — that is, we all feel that in like circumstances we might do likewise; but that a man should hate another, or even desire to offend him, because he errs or is ignorant upon a purely literary question, — this is one of the mysteries. None the less, however, is it a fact of frequent occurrence in the annals of literature. The quarrels and the interchange of brutal abuse among the critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who belabored each other in Latin that reads as if it were gathered from dictionaries and grammars, and is as like Cicero's Latin, or Cæsar's, as the French of Stratford at Bowe was like that of Paris, are monstrous and revolting refutations of the maxim that literature *emollit mores.* Some of the Renaissance critics in Italy came to fisticuffs and dagger-drawing. This fashion has happily almost passed away among men of letters worthy of the name; although some few years ago an eminent American scholar suffered an attack of this kind from a German rival, and an American man of letters, not unknown to the readers of The Atlantic, was subjected to such insolence in the form of criticism from another American, resident in England, that the offender was rebuked by the Edinburgh and the Saturday reviews for his sin against the decencies of literature. Among critics who have access to the columns of the newspapers there are not unfrequently found some who use their position to insult or to injure those towards whom they have feelings of personal pique, or to "get even" with them for some real or fancied injury; and respectable journals and magazines are thus used as the engines of private malice; frequently, and let us hope generally, without the privity of their editors. The Riverside Shakespeare has recently been made the occasion of a manifestation of this kind, which has attracted more than usual attention. It should not be assumed that the fact that a criticism is adverse is sufficient, in my

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estimation at least, to place it in this category; and I hasten to exempt from these censures a criticism which appeared in the New York Times, and which I propose to examine as briefly as possible.

The first suggestion made by this critic affords me welcome opportunity for remark. Craving more copious annotation in passages which he regards as obscure, he gives reason that in such passages "the perplexities are not so much verbal as syntactical. The meaning of obsolete words can be looked up in a dictionary;[1] but the extraordinarily condensed and licentious use of words in combination, their strained senses and unusual collocation, is what makes Shakespeare often such hard reading." This is well put. Its recognition of Shakespeare's reckless perversion of the language, both as to the sense of words and as to the construction of sentences, is timely and wholesome. But that Shakespeare is "often" hard reading I cannot admit. He is frequently so in certain plays, — a very few, — but in the others rarely; so rarely, indeed, as not to disturb an intelligent reader or to mar the enjoyment of such a one, although he may have no literary training and a very limited literary experience. In his sonnets and his poems Shakespeare is not at all hard to understand; or not more so than many modern poets are. The beauty of all true poetry is in a prismatic refraction of direct rays of thought, which gives to cold, dry, intellectual light, without diminishing its volume, the charming obscurity of color.

Opportunely, this critic has furnished me with occasion of emphasizing and illustrating the opinion just expressed as to Shakespeare. He cites the following passage from The Winter's Tale as "a good example of the trouble that the general reader has in understanding Shakespeare:" —

"Affection! thy invention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams; — how can this be? —
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission," etc.
(Act I. Sc. 2, l. 138.)

It is first to be said that these lines are from the play in which obscurity is greatest and most frequent; and in the Riverside introduction to which is a passage, the last two sentences of which, if this critic had read them, might have suggested to him the reason for the absence of the notes which he seems to deplore. It is this: —

"Only his great tragedies surpass it in weight of thought and depth of human interest; only one or two of the comedies in charm. But most of all his plays it shows his characteristic daring in the use of language, and his willingness to flash upon us mere splendid, dazzling, sometimes blinding hints of what was passing in his mind. Hence the play reveals its riches only to those who, led by Shakespeare, can think with him. To others it would be needless to undertake its interpretation."

That is my belief, founded upon conviction, observation, and experience. As to the passage cited, my critic must pardon me for expressing my surprise that a writer so competent in literary judgment as he shows himself should bring it forward as an example of syntactical and constructive obscurity. If I know anything of the syntactical construction of the English language, this passage is as simple and clear in its arrangement as the simplest and clearest in the writings of Oliver Goldsmith or of Arthur Helps. I am sure that if my critic will consider it again he will see that from the first word to the last it might be "parsed" by any sweet girl-graduate who had barely escaped being plucked (or do they call it *déshabillé?*) in English grammar. There is in it not even an involution or an inversion; unless the very simple "thou coactive art," for

[1] Yes, if the reader has all the necessary dictionaries, and wishes to stop reading Othello or As You Like It while he "looks up" words. The Riverside Shakespeare is intended to do away with the necessity of even turning to a glossary.

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thou art coactive, is to be so regarded. The thoughts follow each other in the natural logical order. Nor is there a single strained or perverted word in all the seven lines. Every word is used in its plain, and it might almost be safely said its primary, sense. I say this advisedly, after careful consideration. What, then, is the reason of that sense of incomprehensibleness which led to its selection as an example of Shakespeare's characteristic overstraining of language in sense and syntax? Good reader and good critic, it is simply the thought. Master that, and you will see that the expression is as clear as the empyrean atmosphere.[1]

Again I have to thank this critic, who knows how to deal with his subject adversely and yet considerately, for giving me an opportunity to be somewhat more copious, and I venture to hope somewhat more convincing, than I have been before upon a point of some little interest, although it is merely phonetic. He says, "We find it difficult to believe that Shakespeare intended a pun in the title of Much Ado About Nothing, and the quotations which are brought to support the theory appear rather far-fetched."

Now the truth is that, whatever Shakespeare may have intended in the title of this play (and of his punning intention there can be no reasonable doubt which does not spring from insufficient knowledge), the title when spoken *was* a pun, that is of ambiguous meaning, whether he intended it or not.

That *th* was pronounced in Shakespeare's day as *t*, as *d*, and as *dth*, and that, for example, *nothing* and *noting*, *moth* and *mote*, were identical, or nearly identical, in sound, is as certain as any phonetic fact in the past can be. This is not yet acknowledged by the phonetic specialists; but that it will be I am as sure as I am that erelong it will be seen by reasonable men that the teaching of what is known as "English grammar" to children, as a means of giving them a command of their mother-tongue and a knowledge of its construction, is worse than useless, — a doctrine which, when it was set forth some years ago in Words and Their Uses, was received with derisive outcries by grammarians, pedants, and pedagogues, but which already has exercised a happy restraining influence not only upon the methods of teaching, but upon the plans and forms of grammar books.

I first had occasion to remark upon this pronunciation of *th* on the publication, by a British writer (whose name I forget), of a monograph upon The Old Hundredth Psalm Tune. In this the writer expressed surprise — of course with a touch of scorn — that "the Americans" called the tune Old Hundred. The reason is simply this: The psalm which gave the tune its name was called in English speech of two centuries and a half ago, not the *hundredth*, but the *hundret* or the *hundred*, psalm; the written termination *dth* being then, if not quite unknown, little used. *Hundred* (so pronounced, or *hundret*) was written *hundreth*; and so *fifth*, *sixth*, etc., were pronounced *fift*, *sixt*, etc., and in the phonetic spelling of the day were commonly so written. Those strange and unaccountable people "the Americans" merely retained for this tune the name which they brought with them from England.[2]

[1] My critic might much more happily have chosen, out of many like passages in this play, the following: —

"Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours." (I. 2, l. 70.)

Where the last clause, according to any actual or possible construction of the English language, past or present, is sheer nonsense. It stands for, "our hereditary imposition cleared," which represents or suggests the thought, "the nature imposed upon us by inheritance being allowed for."

[2] Of this examples like the following are literally countless: "a hundreth lies," Guazzo, Civile Conversation, 168 *b*; "rulers over hundreths,"

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It will be observed that in the Riverside Shakespeare *murder* has both its modern spelling and the form *murther*. The variation is that of the old copies, which was purposely retained. The pronunciation was not *murther*, with the *theta* sound, which is poorly indicated by *th*, nor exactly with that of *d;* but just that, I am sure, which has survived in the north of Ireland (carried there by English invaders, and chiefly by Cromwell's troopers), and which we have all heard, *murdther*.

For instances which exemplify the use of *th* for *t* and *d*, I refer my critic and my readers to my Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era, which may be found in vol. xii. of my first edition of Shakespeare, and also quoted, nearly in full, in Alexander Ellis's great work on English Pronunciation. These instances are very numerous; but here are a few, only one taken here and another there from the mass. They show, for example, *nosetrills* for nosthrills, *apotecary* for apothecary, *tone* for th' one, *tother* for th' other, *swarty* for swarthy, *stalworth* for stalwart, etc.; or rather they show the use of those spellings interchangeably, and thus the *t* sound of *th*, for in some cases the *th* is etymologically the right form. The following spellings are also exhibited there: "What 's *tys* [this]?" *bis*, Wyt and Science, p. 21; "a *pytheous* [piteous] crye," Robert the Devyll, p. 6; "*dept* [depth] of art," Brown's Pastorals, vol. ii. p. 52; "be as a *cautherizing* [cauterizing]," Tim. of Athens, 1623, Act V. Sc. 1; "the *Thuscan* [Tuscan] poet," Drayton's Nymphidia, 1627, p. 120; "with *amatists* [amethysts]," Sidney's Arcadia, 1605; "call you this *gamouth* [gamut]," thus four times in Tam. of Shrew, 1623, Act III. Sc. 1. And in a book by Balthasar Gerbier, published in 1648, and carefully printed, we find in the phonetic spelling of the time "*With Sundayes*" for Wit-Sundays, "*seth* forth" for set forth, "*theach*" for teach, "*strencht*" for strength, "*yought*" for youth, "*fourthy*" for forty, "*seventhy*" for seventy, "*seventheen*" for seventeen, "by the *sigth* of the most cleere *sighthed* among men," "a good *braught* [broth]" (translation of *un bon potage*). For the pages on which to find these words I must refer to the Memorandums, and also for a crowd of other examples. To those I will add a few which seem to be of interest: —

The Virgin Mary says of going to visit Elizabeth, "If ought we *myth* [might] comfort her." (Coventry Mysteries, The Visitation.)

*θρονος* always = *trone* in Wycliffe.

In Grammatical Rules of the Fifteenth Century, M. S. Sloane, Brit. Mus.: —

> "And thy participyls forgete thou *nowth* [not],
> And thy comparysons be yn thi *thowth* [thought] . . .
> *Wyt* [with] tanto and quanto in a Latyn," etc.
> (Rel. Ant., II. 14.)

"There is a people named Atlantes of the mownt *Athlas*, by which they dwell." (Fardel of Facions, 1555, F. i. *b*.)

The Wycliffite Apology for the Lollards is copious in examples in point, of which some of the more remarkable are "*thechingh*" for teaching, p. 33; "*bithwex*" for betwixt, p. 38; "*thwo*" for two, *Id.;* and "*throwiþ*" for troweth, p. 40.

These lines are in an old book: —

> "And I yt los, and you yt find,
> I pray yow hartely to be so kynd,
> That you wyl take a letel payne
> To see my boke *brouthe* home agayne."
> (Rel. Ant., II. 163.)

Genevan Bible, 1576, Exod. xviii. 21; "a hundred eyes," Golding's Ovid, 1587, fol. 13, *b*, but the same passage in the ed. of 1612 reads "a hundreth eyes;" "a hundredth fold," *Id.*, ed. 1612, fol. 29, but "a hundred fold," ed. 1587. This interchange is frequent: "manie hundreth shepe," Sidney's Arcadia, 1605, p. 76. See the folio Shakespeare, 1623, in the Histories *passim* for Henry the Fift, Henry the Sixt, and Henry the Eight. This spelling is so common that to cite examples seems to me almost an affront to any reader at all acquainted with our older literature in the rough.

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"He bleates and *bleathes* as he a baightyng were." (The Brainless Blessing of the Bull, Anc. Ballads and Broadsides, p. 224.)

"Item there was [a] pyge *brothe* [brought] to London in May with ii half bodys." (Machyn's Diary, 1562, p. 281.)

"We are but of yesterday, and consider not that our dayes upon the earth are *buth* a very shadow." (Tyndale, Job, chap. viii.)

"An isle that is cleped pathmos [πατμος]." (Wycliffe, Rev. i. 9, and *sic* in Tyndale, Cranmer, and Geneva.)

"Agen the bow of an oke the *thanners* [tanner's] head he barst,
With a stombellyng as he rode the *thanner* down he cast."
(Ballad of The King and the Barker [Tanner]. Percy, ed. Ritson.)

"And he opened his *mought* [mouth] and taught them saying," etc. (Tyndale, Matt. v. 2.)

"I N. take thee N. to my weddyd husbonde fro thys day for *bether* for wurs," etc. (Manual of Fourteenth Century.)

But I forbear to weary the general reader with this dry yet necessary part of my task, and add in a note below references to other passages which may serve as guides to those who wish to examine the subject further. If these examples do not convince my critic and my readers, I can only be sorry; for they have convinced me.[1] The name of the page in Love's Labour's Lost, which, until the appearance of my first edition, was taken by all to be *Moth*, is now admitted to be *Mote* (see Ellis, vol. iii. p. 971);[2] but it can be so only because *th* had the sound of *t*. There could be no special provision for the pronouncing of this name. As to the word *nothing*, which is the occasion of this discussion, the sound that it had in Shakespeare's ears seems unmistakably shown by the following passage in The Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 4: "I could have fil'd keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's *song*, and the noting of it," where in the original, 1623, "noting" is "*nothing*." I must say that if my critic is stiff-necked enough to resist this accumulated evidence I fear he would not believe Shakespeare if he rose from the dead.

This critic (in the New York Times) lauds the editor of the Riverside Shakespeare for having "silently dropped the much-criticised note in his former edition in which he maintained that in the line 'To play with mammets and to tilt with lips,' Henry IV., the word 'mammets' is a diminutive of the Latin mamma." I did not know that the note in question had been much criticised, or criticised at all, and did not repeat it simply because, in an edition like the Riverside, I thought it was not required. But this writer is quite in error in giving me the credit of that interpretation of the passage, as he would have seen had he taken the trouble to refer to the note upon which he cast a slur. The conjecture is originally that of a critic no less distinguished than Gifford, to whom, in my note, it is specifically assigned. Nor did I "maintain" it, but merely

[1] These mere memorandums are given quite promiscuously, because in that way the interchangeable spelling for the same sound (*t* or *d*) is more impressively shown: —

"*Teddered* [tethered] cattle," Tusser, 16—, p. 34; "scaled the walls with *lathers* [ladders]," Webbe's Travailes, 1590, p. 23; "and *afther* great extremity," Rom. and Jul. 1562, p. 44; "hath shed *wather* and bloud," Heylas King of the Sunne, p. 38; "*fateerless*" [yet often father], Kynge Johan, p. 6; "*tether*" [tother], as a pun on Tudor, Drayton's Epis. of P. Kat. to Owen Tudor, and again in his reply, in all editions; "Norways and *Swethens* [Swedens], *Id.*; "*Gotish* [Gothish] island," Drayton's His. Epis., ed. 1619, p. 176, and all eds.; *together* rhyming with *Tudor*, Albion's England, 1608, p. 145; *togyther* rhyming with *consider*, Rom. and Jul., p. 83; "*lith* [light], a kandel," Havelok ed. Early Eng. Soc., p. 46; *neth* for neat, *wit* for with, *nouth* for not, and *rith* for right, *Id.*, p. 50; "condyte of water . . . water runneth from the *condeth*," Palsgrave *in. v.*; *Davith* for David, Wycliffe, Matt. xxii.; Ισκαριοτης = Iscarioth in Wicliffe, Tyndale, Cranmer, Geneva, Rhems; *singet* and *syngeth* interchangedly, Rel. Ant., I. 40; *nyth* and day, *Id.*, I. 61. But I may as well stop here as go on. I could gather heaps upon heaps of such examples from my memorandums in various books and various quarters; but it seems to me as if any student of English literature might almost resent more illustration for its superfluity.

[2] "There is no doubt that Mr. Grant White has proved *Moth*, in Love's Labor's Lost, means *mote* or *atomy*, and in all modernized editions the name should be so spelled, as well as in the other passages where *moth* means *mote*." (Alex. Ellis, *ubi supra*.)

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said that I had always so understood the word; having previously mentioned its other and commoner sense, a doll, a puppet. This is an inaccurate assertion as to essential fact, which I am sure my critic (although I have no knowledge of him) will regret. And as to the interpretation and derivation upon which he remarks, if he will consult Florio's World of Words, 1598, and see that *mammetta* (from which the word in question drops only the final vowel) means not only *mamma*, but "a pretie little mam or mother," and reflect that Hotspur was speaking to one whom his fond words show us that he regarded as a pretty little ma'am or mother; and if he will also consider the latter part of the line which is the occasion of his criticism, I am sure that he will think that Gifford's conjecture will bear a good deal of criticism.

The critic of the New York Times also announces that he is "amused to find that he [the Riverside editor] still insists that 'Atalanta's better part, in As You Like It, was her leg;'" and adds that "the discussion of this point in his earlier edition was diverting and characteristic, but hardly convincing." Now I cannot see why it was diverting; but far be it from me to impeach the taste of my critic in finding diversion in the necessary remarks upon what he evidently regards as an interesting topic. Those remarks were, I not unwillingly admit, characteristic, in that they were founded upon fact, — the fact that in Shakespeare's time *part* and *parts* were specifically used for *limb* and *limbs*. It was characteristic of me, I confess, that because I had found the word so used in numerous instances in books that Shakespeare probably read, and some of which we know that he did read, I inferred that he used it in the sense in which it was used by his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. I give in a note below a very few of the many instances of which I made memorandums (some of those that I have are not quite quotable here, although they are from the pure-minded and sweet-lipped Philip Sidney); and if, on reading them, and considering, "in this connection," that Atalanta was known to Shakespeare and to most people then, as she is now, only as a beautifully formed woman, whose special excellence was her running, he finds but opportunity for his "diversion," I will say no more than that his view of the question is very different from mine.[1] I think, however, that if he does not find justification for his perhaps too generous admission that "Mr. White generally has a reason for his rhyme" he will surely find that in these rhymes there is some reason, — for more than amusement.

With the consideration of a final judicious remark of this critic, with whom it has given me pleasure to cross swords, I shall drop my point and salute a courteous opponent. Referring to the

[1] "And last of all (though coverèd) stretch'd out her round cleane foote,
Supporter of that building brave, of beautious forme the roote.
The rest, and *better part*, lay hid. Yet what was to be seene,
To make one lose his liberty enough and more had beene."
(Honour's Academy, III. p. 97.)

"What if your dedly foes, my kynsmen saw you here!
Like lyons wild your tender *parts* asonder would they teare."
(Romeus and Juliet.)

"Upon her stately bed her painfull *parts* she threw."
(Idem.)

"That these my tender *partes*, which needful strength do lacke
To bear so great unweldy lode."
(Idem.)

"Her dainty tender *partes* gan shiver all for dread."
(Idem.)

"The Man is like the Woman; likewise she
Is partly Man; and yet *in face* they be
Full as prodigious as *in partes*."
(Drayton's Moon Calfe, 1627, p. 157.)

Arthur Wilson, 16—, thus refers to the well-known fable of The *Limbs* and the Belly: —

"The Romaine Menenius Agrippa, alledging upon a tyme a fable of the conflict between the *partes* of a man's bodie and his belie," etc. (Arte of Rhetorike, fol. 101.)

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view of Shakespeare's personal character presented in that dry and colorless setting forth of the little that we know of his life which is given in the Riverside edition, the Times critic says, "The known facts in Shakespeare's life are so few that his leaving his wife his second-best bedstead, or his suing Philip Rogers for £1 15s. 6d., stand out with startling distinctness. But perhaps it is well not to infer too much from them." It is well. It is always well not to infer too much from anything. But this writer, in his brevity, very much understates the facts. It is not only that Shakespeare gave his wife by will nothing but his second-best bed, but, as I have remarked before, that even the second-best bed was the fruit of second-best thoughts. The bequest is an interlineation in the will, in which, as it was originally drawn, Shakespeare's wife is not mentioned! It is not only that he sued Philip Rogers for £1 15s. 6d., but that, having also sued John Addenbroke for £6 and got judgment, not being able to imprison Addenbroke, — who, poor man, had fled from his inexorable rich creditor, — the writer of Portia's nobly sympathetic exposition of the qualities and origin of mercy proceeded against Addenbroke's surety, one Horneby. It is not only that there is no record or even probable evidence of Shakespeare's having given aid to his father in the pecuniary distress that sent him into hiding lest he should be cast into prison, while there is record that the thriving actor and playwright set to work and spent money to get a coat-of-arms for the father who had difficulty in getting a coat to his back, — arms which would have made the actor-playwright a gentleman born; — it is not only this, but that in the height of his prosperity he passes from our sight standing on the side of grasping privilege in its oppression of the class in which he was born, giving support to the squire of Welcombe's project for inclosing part of the Stratford commons, to the injury of the poor little farmers and farm laborers. How long will it be before the world learns that a man's intellect and his heart have no connection, — that what he writes is no guide to what he will do, no sign of what he is?

And now I turn to an antagonist of another class: not a critic who seeks to inform his readers by correcting me, but an assailant, who, as shall be shown, deliberately sets out to do me all the personal harm in his power, and who in pursuing his mischievous purpose utters untruth and teaches error to those whom he professes to guide and to instruct. He is of that class of critical writers who are not ashamed to put scholarship and skill to the base use, first of spontaneous malice, and afterward of deliberate revenge. He, too, refutes, with his congeners, the *emollit mores* maxim. With these men, to criticise is not simply to appreciate, to judge, to reveal; not even to oppose and to correct on points of more or less moment; but to make a great adverse show, by heaping up error of trivial inadvertence and frivolous detail; and chiefly by insolence of manner and by wrongful imputation, to injure, to wound, to worry and insult. Verily, they have their reward: they are paid for their work by the pleasure they find in doing it.

Such is the writer to whom I am now most unwillingly compelled to give attention. Had his attack, however venomous and mischievous, been less specious than it was, or had it appeared in an inferior quarter, I should have passed it by in silence. But I must give him such credit as belongs to skill in an evil craft. He has framed his charges so adroitly and has so deceitfully presented his seeming evidence that, to the general reader of average intelligence and information, they must look formidable. His assault, too, is made from the vantage-ground of the columns of the Evening

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Post, a journal which has long been one of the highest respectability, and which has a past that gives it prestige, — a journal with which are connected the names of Bryant, and Parke Godwin, and John Bigelow, and Charlton Lewis, and Charles Nordhoff. This gives it an importance which, under its new management, it has not lost, and which, for the credit of our journalism, we must all earnestly hope that it may not lose. Nor, indeed, have any serious indications of such a calamity heretofore appeared. It is perhaps true that if its utterances, even of the lighter and more jocose order, were made to read a little less like extracts from the record of the Day of Judgment with the tear-marks of the recording angel obliterated, they might be equally convincing and somewhat more cheerful; but let us be thankful for what we have, and not expect too much even of the august divinity of semi-American journalism. In the present instance I willingly believe that the editor of the Evening Post has been misled by some person or persons of his staff or among his contributors, who have used him for their private ends, and that when the wrong is exposed he will, with that high sense of honor and generosity of which he is a shining example in his profession, hasten to repair it.

He has allowed his contributor to hold me up to the wide and respectable circle of his readers as a vulgar, ignorant charlatan, who has undertaken to teach others what he did not know himself, and who has disgraced critical literature by misrepresenting Shakespeare. It shames me to say this; but it is the simple truth, and it must be said. I plead at once to the indictment. And more, without shift or special plea of any sort, I mean that the trial, both for the Post's critic and myself, shall be strictly upon the merits, and be final. If what the Post's critic says is true, I am what he says and charges that I am; if it is not true, what is he? If I do not now show, to the satisfaction of every intelligent and unprejudiced person among my readers, that every direct or implied assertion made by him is absolutely without foundation, as against me, and that his article is a combination of malice and ignorance craftily concealed, I submit without one other word. To my master the public, whom I have served without honor or reward, and who looks carelessly down upon the coming sword-play, I say, "Ave, Imperator! Moriturus, te saluto." I neither desire nor expect favor from my readers, or quarter from my assailant. Either he or I; and I joy that it must be one.

It is very worthy of remark that the article upon the Riverside Shakespeare published in the Evening Post of March 15th is the third notice with which that work has been honored in that journal. The first appeared among the Brief Notices immediately upon the publication of the book, so long ago as September, 1883; the second some weeks afterward, under the usual head of Literature; and now, after six months' incubation, appears the third, which, if for no other reason, for the time taken in its hatching and in the order of its appearance is a phenomenon in journalism. The question naturally arises, If the third notice, when it broke the shell, had piped a little laudatory note, would the ample yet crowded columns of the Post have been wide enough to admit it?

The assault is preceded by an admission, made with a seductive air of candor, that in the Riverside Shakespeare I have done well with the text; which means about as much as the hand-shake given by a prize-fighter to the man whose bones he means to break and whose flesh to pound into jelly; — not so much, for that means, or should mean, fair play. This is immediately followed by a charge of a lack of scholarship, which "no familiarity with other men's scholarship can take the place

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of." To scholarship I have never made any pretension; only to know the little that I do know at first hand, and to use it to the best of my ability for the profit of my readers. The implied accusation to the contrary I reserve for future reference. Then, after this blow below the belt, comes one which seems to be delivered straight between the eyes: it is that three of my notes "may be controverted from Shakespeare's own authority." The first of this "one, two, three" which I shall counter is of the same kind as its predecessor, and is characteristic of the whole attack. With a great flourish it is said, —

"But far more extraordinary than either of these oversights is Mr. White's extraordinary remark on the lines in Antony's speech, in Julius Cæsar, III. 2, l. 91.

'You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown.'

The note to this is, '*On the Lupercal:* a mistake. The Lupercal was not a street or a bridge, or the like, but a grotto'!! Has Mr. White never read the line in the first scene of the play, —

'You know it is *the feast of Lupercal*'?"

The combined baseness and folly of this destructively meant thrust is easily exposed. In the introduction to this play, on the very leaf before this first scene, to which I am referred, the last sentence is, —

"The events which it presents in a dramatic form took place between *the feast of Lupercal*, B. C. 45, and the battle of Philippi, B. C. 42." (Vol. iii. p. 381.)

So much for his baseness; now for his folly. If he will turn to the Clarendon Press edition of Julius Cæsar, published by the University of Oxford, and edited by W. Aldis Wright, LL. D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the first scholars in England, and the principal editor of the great Cambridge Shakespeare, he will find this note on the same passage: —

"*On the Lupercal*, see I. 2, l. 236, etc. Shakespeare speaks of the Lupercal as *if it were a hill.* It was in reality a cave or grotto, in which, according to tradition, Romulus and Remus were found." (Page 168.)

It will be observed that in the Clarendon Press edition Aldis Wright distinctly refers to the portentous passage in Act I., which I am insolently asked if I have ever seen. If my remark is "extraordinary," what is Dr. Wright's? But it is sometimes pleasant to go astray in good company. Like Slender, "if I am drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves." After this exposition of his combined malice and folly, I ought to be permitted to dismiss this man at once, and to say with Vergil, *Guarda e passa;* but I must go on, "for worse remains behind."

The remaining two of the three notes which are to be controverted from Shakespeare's own authority are upon the line, "Of all men else I have avoided thee," in Macbeth, and the phrase "culling of simples," applied by Romeo to the apothecary's occupation in his shop. The Riverside edition points out the absurdity of "Of all men else" in the first, and the loose use of "cull" in the second. To this the amazing rejoinder is that "Shakespeare sometimes accepted 'of' in the sense of beyond" (certainly he did); and that he also used "cull" in other passages in a similar sense to that which it has in Romeo and Juliet. What an if he did? That is the very point that is made. The criticism reminds me of the old lady who, startled out of sleep in sermon time, uttered an exclamation, and then, alarmed, cried, "Oh, I've spoke in meetin'!" then, in her agitation, "Oh, I've done it agin, — and agin! — Oh, I keep a doin' it!" The critic is not able to draw the simplest critical distinction. One passage in Shakespeare may illustrate his meaning in another; but the repetition of an error by him, or any other man, does not make it right. This folly gives me occasion to remark here upon a subject which in any case I should have presented.

A careful study of Shakespeare's plays discovers that he was, on the one

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hand, indifferent to the meaning of words when necessity pressed him, and was content to do the best he could in this respect, if he could suggest his meaning by the phraseology of a whole passage; and that, on the other hand, he was actually ignorant of the meaning of some of the words he used frequently. The former is so manifest to any competent Shakespeare student that no words need be wasted on it; the latter may need enforcement and illustration.

What is more in the natural order of things than that Shakespeare should misapprehend the meaning of some words? His incomparable *genius* for expression would not furnish him the *means* of expression any more than Cæsar's genius for war would furnish him arms and soldiers. Shakespeare was the son of a Warwickshire peasant, or very inferior yeoman, by the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. Both his father and his mother were so ignorant that they signed with a mark instead of writing their names. Few of their friends could write theirs. Shakespeare probably had a very little instruction in Latin in the Stratford grammar school. When, at twenty-two years of age, he fled from Stratford to London, we may be sure that he had never seen half a dozen books other than his horn-book, his Latin accidence, and a Bible. Probably there were not half a dozen other in all Stratford. The notion that he was once an attorney's clerk is blown to pieces. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, the first living authority upon the facts of Shakespeare's life, would send "the loud laugh of scorn out of his beard unshorn" at the suggestion. Shakespeare had no education; but when he got into the theatre at London he "picked up" a knowledge of literature and language. His genius for language enabled him to do this in a wonderful, almost in a miraculous way; but it was inevitable that a man who was not only uninstructed, but who had lived until he was twenty-five years old only among the most ignorant and socially uncultured people of three hundred years ago, should misapprehend more or less the meaning of some of the words that he heard and read. Men who are educated and who have cultured associations do that to this day. The truly astonishing fact is that Shakespeare, in his circumstances, erred so rarely, and that, his comparatively few errors apart, he obtained his marvelous mastery of language in such a desultory way in the course of a few years. There is no greater witness to the grasp and the subtlety of his genius. Of the words that he misused I do not undertake at present to give a list, but here are a few examples, hastily looked up: missive, precedence, recoil, expiate, modern, dexterity, plurisy, envy, eternal, casually, indurance, compassionate, depose, inherit, thewes, importance, convicted, dieted, exorcist, beteem, publican. It will be seen that, as is commonly the case with uneducated people, these misapprehensions are in regard to words of Romance origin. It confirms the view here presented, with only two exceptions, that Shakespeare used such words frequently in their radical but uncustomary sense, as if fresh from the consultation of a dictionary. There is evidence that this defect in his vocabulary was recognized by his contemporaries. Shakespeare's use of a word cannot be accepted as evidence of its meaning, nor his use of a construction as its justification.

As every injurious assertion made or implied by the Post is untrue, or a perversion of the truth (excepting those which touch misprints or other not uncommon accidents of the printing-office), and as I intend not to leave one of them unexposed, I cannot do better than to take them up in the order in which they are put forth; and hence a very sudden change in the nature of my topic. In the Riverside introduction to Hamlet



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it is said that "the period of the action in Shakespeare's imagination seems to have been about the tenth century;" and as to its duration, "into five acts he seems to have compressed, as his manner was, the incidents of not less than from eight to ten years." This is held up for condemnation as "startling," and the reader is told that, on the contrary, "Shakespeare, as his habit was, pictured the incidents as of his own time, and that the duration of the action cannot extend beyond two or three months." This passage alone of the Post's article can be dignified with the name of adverse criticism. It alone is a judgment upon an opinion or a decision, and the presentation of an opposing view. The others, as we have seen thus far, are misrepresentations of fact, due partly to intention, partly to ignorance. This one again presents me the occasion of saying here what I should otherwise have said elsewhere in these articles.

If my critic was startled by the view from which he dissents, it must have been because he was ignorant of what I and others after me have said upon this subject heretofore. All the startling that was to be done in this way I did years ago; and there have been articles in newspapers, in magazines, and even books, in regard to the assertion of my belief that Shakespeare imagined Hamlet in the first scenes of the tragedy as only some twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and in the last act as full thirty. But as to Shakespeare's notion of the period of the action the Post's critic, as usual, misrepresents me, and shows his own ignorance. The gravely making a point of Shakespeare's "picturing" the incidents as of his own time is in this relation ridiculous, almost childish. Certainly he did so, and always did so. Every observant reader knows that. The costume[1] of Shakespeare's plays is always heterogeneous and confused; but its prevalent character is that of his own day. There is, however, no reason for the assumption that therefore he imagined the action as passing in his own time. The very statement of the case in this form has, I am sure, already provoked a smile to the lips of some of my readers. The absurdity of the notion and the crass ignorance of a critic who could entertain it may be shown in few words very clearly. In Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, in King John, Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., and in King Lear, not to mention other plays, the period of the action is historically fixed, and Shakespeare knew it as well as we do. Moreover, we see that in these plays he had it in mind himself. In King Lear he even goes so far as to present a very rude and elemental form of social life. And yet in all these plays he constantly presents us with pictures which are copied from his own time. Shakespeare's costume, his dramatic picturing, had, could have had, no relation to his imagination of the period of the action of his play. His sending Hamlet to school at Wittenberg and Laertes to Paris to practice music had no more relation to his imagination of the period when the action of Hamlet took place than his making Giulio Romano the artist of Hermione's statue had with his imagination of the period of the action of The Winter's Tale, or than his confusion of costume in Cymbeline, King of Britain, — where in one speech we have the England of Elizabeth, and in the next ancient Rome, — had with his imagination of the period of the action of that play, which he himself clearly sets forth as being in the time of the early Cæsars. An exhibition of thorough ignorance and of thoughtless unacquaintance with a subject was never more unconsciously but completely made than by this critic of the Post.

[1] Some of my readers may like to be reminded that "costume" includes manners and customs, habits of thought and expression, as well as apparel.

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The truth is that, as I said in the foregoing article of this series, Shakespeare was the most inconsistent of writers. He took no thought of what is known as "keeping;" was utterly careless of it except — and the exception is of the highest moment — in regard to the motive of dramatic action. In this, keeping was to him an absolute law; one which he followed intuitively, and I believe almost unconsciously. A striking example in point is to be seen in one of the most admirable and best known of his minor characters, who stands among Shakespeare's sagacious Fools second only to that sad, wanly smiling shadow of hard worldly wisdom, the loving and lovable Fool in King Lear. Touchstone is a courtly fellow in his sort, one who knows all the ways and forms of high society; a gentleman in motley, and learned in euphuism and in fencing, and in all that Armado calls "the varnish of a complete man:" moreover, he is a social cynic. But Shakespeare, when he began to write As You Like It, imagined Touchstone as a coarse, rude fellow, of some mother wit and a good heart. He makes Celia expressly describe him as "the clownish Fool," one who is devoted to her; and directly afterward he is called "the roynish [scurvy, low, rude] clown." But Shakespeare suddenly changed his purpose (probably because he saw that the attendant of the two princesses might better be a courtly personage), and made Touchstone the most elegant and exquisite of all his wearers of cap and bells. Yet he did not care, for consistency's sake, to change the description which he had given of him in the early scenes, and he remains in the first act the clownish fool and the roynish clown.

Now whether, in Hamlet, he deliberately meant to make his hero ten years younger in the first act than he is in the fifth I shall not undertake to say. But that he does so represent him is undeniable. His age is worked out at the end of the tragedy with care by a sort of "sum" in arithmetic; his being in the very earliest years of possible manhood in the beginning is impressed upon us with no less care; and we are told, besides, that he who in the earlier scenes was "the mould of form" was in the last scene "fat and scant of breath." The conclusion here steadily pointed at by Shakespeare's manner of working is that he imagined him very young in the first scenes and mature in the last, and was absolutely indifferent, quite thoughtless, as to the consistency of these two views of the Prince's personality. But the character of the man is one; compact, adherent, individual, unique. The Hamlet of the last act is the identical Hamlet of the first, whatever the time that separates them, as the ray of light which glorifies the world is the same ray that left the sun, although it has traveled millions of miles through chaotic worlds and meteors and obscuring vapors in reaching us. Yet Hamlet did grow older in Shakespeare's mind as the action of the tragedy went on. Under his sad experience of life, he became harder, bitterer, less serious and sentimental, although not less given to subtle maundering and weak procrastination.

That it was Shakespeare's habit to crowd into five acts the incidents of eight or ten or more years is so undeniably true that time and words need not be wasted upon the point. Any reader may convince himself of this by examining the introductions to the several plays in the Riverside edition. There can, however, be no greater waste of time than the attempt to make Shakespeare consistent with himself upon this point, and to decide (as some critics have undertaken to decide), by watching his words and tracing his incidents, exactly the number of days or weeks, or even months or years, that pass in the action of his dramas. His notions upon this subject were of the vaguest; it was one

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of the many as to which he was quite indifferent, thoughtless. The only consistency to which he gave a moment's consideration was that of interest, present dramatic effect. He had a higher purpose than accuracy. In the swiftest moving but most artfully constructed of his tragedies, Othello, in which hot action rushes like outbreaking fire from spark to consuming flame, there is an inconsistency upon a minor but essential point which is fatal to any time-construction of the play. For Othello takes Desdemona to Cyprus immediately upon her marriage, and there directly, the very next day, it would seem, Emilia, who had not before been her attendant, says that Iago had "a hundred times" woo'd her to steal Othello's handkerchief. And Cassio, who also accompanies Othello, is reproached, on his first meeting with his Cyprian Bianca, with keeping "a week away." On all such points of consistency and accuracy Shakespeare was the veriest Gallio. So to the question whether the action of Hamlet occupied three days, or three months, or three years, or thrice three, all evidence shows that he gave not three minutes' thought. None the less is it true and demonstrable that in this tragedy he did compress the action of eight or ten years within five years, and that such was his habit.

To return from this one question of higher criticism to lower levels. The Post critic, creeping for six months with microscopic eye over the introductions in the Riverside Shakespeare, finds in one an opportunity, but not, as I shall show, an occasion, of accusing me of the grave fault of "a confusing inaccuracy of expression." It is in the remark that in the old play of the Famous Victories of Henry V. are found "the name and the germ . . . of Falstaff," whereas (as this learned person knows, and as he is kind enough to say that I also know) the name Falstaff does not occur in The Famous Victories, in which the Prince's companion is called Oldcastle. The assertion of the critic is untrue; not this time intentionally, but because he, although he undertakes to censure the correctness of my phraseology, does not himself quite understand the English language; — of which fact we shall see other evidence. I do not say that the name Falstaff occurs in the old play; but that the name *of* Falstaff occurs there. Now the name *of* Falstaff in the Famous Victories is Oldcastle. The very next sentence of the introduction will make still clearer the incompetence of the Post critic in the use and understanding of English. It is: "In the Famous Victories one of the loose companions of the Prince is Sir John Oldcastle; and this personage *by name* Shakespeare transferred to his Henry IV., in the text of which, and in the prefixes of the speeches in the old copies, there remains evidence that Falstaff was *originally called* Oldcastle." The name of Falstaff is one thing (one of his names was John); the name Falstaff, another. The Post in former days was rather noted for its good English: shall we soon find it speaking of "the young man of the name of Guppy"?

"A similarly false impression," the Post critic tells its readers, "is conveyed by carelessness of expression in the note to the Taming of the Shrew, I. 1, 232, by saying '*daughter*, like *laughter* now, was a perfect rhyme to *after*,' which certainly suggests that 'daughter' was pronounced 'dafter.'" Verily, it is true that the impression is similarly false; and verily, verily, it does suggest, and more than suggest, that *daughter* was pronounced *dafter*. If it had not more than suggested that pronunciation, it would have failed of the writer's intention. And here is a man who presumes to take me to task, and does not know that *daughter* was pronounced *dafter*, not only in Shakespeare's time, but within the memory of living men! I set this forth twenty-five years ago, as he should have known, and would have

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known if he had any proper acquaintance with his subject. In my note then I mentioned having heard in my boyhood this pronunciation by old people in New England; and immediately after the publication of this note I received a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia, telling me that there were people there who still so pronounced the word. But if this Post critic, who as to pronunciation of English and of French seems a born illustration of the saying Deaf as a post, had such an acquaintance with English literature as becomes a man who undertakes the task upon which he has ventured, he would not need the evidence of his own ears, although they are doubtless long enough to reach back into the sixteenth century. If he had but turned to his Pilgrim's Progress he would have found,

> "Despondency, good man, is coming *after*,
> And also Much-afraid, his *daughter*;"

and if he doubted (which he should not have done) the pronunciation of 'after' here, he had only to turn to his John Lilly, to find *rafter* spelled *raughter*. Two men escape drowning by tying themselves to a beam: —

> "*Dick.* What call'st thou the thing wee were bound to?
> *Man.* A *raughter*.
> *Raffe.* I will rather hang myself to a *raughter* in the house," etc. (Gallathea, Act I. Sc. 4.)

Moreover, we find such rhymes as *soft* and *taught* (Browne's Pastorals, I. 68) and *oft*, misspelled by the ear *ought*, in the quarto, 1608, of King Lear. And again, this pronunciation of *gh* has come down in rural England, so that a modern novelist, Mrs. Whitehead, is obliged to express it thus: "I was kneading the *doff* [dough] when he comed in." (The Grahames, Lond. 1865, chap. xi.) Yet we find the word which we pronounce *coff* written in Old English thus: "*kouwe*, tusser." (Middle English Glosses, temp. Ed. II. Rel. Ant. 284.) The fact with regard to this combination seems to be, as I pointed out twenty-five years ago (Mems. of English Pron., etc.), that it represented at first a guttural sound, like the Greek χ, and that this passed away, diversely, into the sounds of *f* and *aw*. I may have a great "lack of that liberal scholarship which makes opinion valuable," but would it not be well for the Post to have its critics inform themselves a little upon the history of the English language before they undertake to apply the rod to me in public for failure to get my lessons?

But I am even called up for discipline — to my astonishment, I must confess — on music, of all subjects! In King Lear, I. 4, 300, where Edmund sings *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *mi*, I say, in a brief note, that although he "sings merely to seem at ease" the dramatist has made him sing quite in keeping with the last part of his speech, because his notes "F, G, A, B" are inconsequent, distracting, and implying a discord that demands resolution. My assailant's comment upon this is so amazing in its exhibition of presuming folly, and of ignorance both of music and of Shakespearean literature, that I must give it as fully as possible in his own words: —

> "It does not take much learning to know that the notes are other than Mr. White makes them, — are, in fact, F, G, A, *E* (his series being simply a portion of the diatonic scale); and with regard to the rest of this assertion, one of the most distinguished American composers assures us that to the trained as to the untrained ear there is no such character in this succession of notes as Mr. White attributes to it. Without passing into any discord they might serve for an opening motive to any composition, like the four notes which begin Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mr. White's phrase 'in the natural key' is a queer one; and if one talks of *keys*, the notes themselves would perhaps suggest A minor."

True, true! The man who knows that the notes are other than I make them must indeed have very little learning in music: about as much as would enable him to blow a fish-horn, or his own trumpet. Let us see. Edmund's notes are *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *mi*. Now of old, solmization in England, and in New England, as this critic might have dis-

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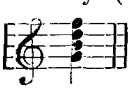
covered merely by turning to some old New England psalm-book, was this: —

C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.
*fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa.*

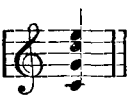
Therefore Edmund's notes must have been F, G, A, B;[1] and moreover, whatever the key he sang in, the same part of the diatonic scale was represented by his syllables, and the same harmonic necessity implied. For if he sang in the key of E flat, his sol-mi scale would have been

E♭, F, G, A♭, B♭, C, D, E♭.
*fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa.*

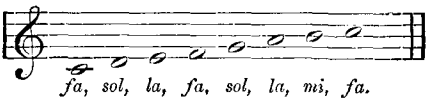
His *fa, sol, la, mi*, in any key, would have represented the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th notes of the diatonic scale. For this system of solmization rested upon what was known as the movable *mi*, *mi* always representing the semitone below the tonic: the *note sensible*, as the French musicians call it; the leading note, as it is called in English, because it leads to the tonic and rests upon a harmony (thus in the natural key) which demands resolution into that of the tonic, thus:



This movable *mi* made some brief rules necessary "to find the *mi*;" thus: "If B be flat, *mi* is in E; if B and E be flat, *mi* is in A; if F be sharp, *mi* is in F," etc. I have been accustomed for not a few years to be appealed to rather than to appeal, in musical questions; but as this may not be known to some of my present readers, I cite in confirmation of what I have just said the following passage from a work of the highest authority:[2] —

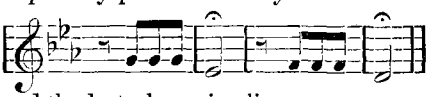


"*Sol-faing.* A system of singing; a composition in which the names of the notes are employed instead of the words to which it may be set. Formerly, only four of the seven names of the notes . . . were used, namely, *mi, fa, sol, la.* These were applied to every note in the scale. . . . *All* tones in the scale were distinguished by these names for the purpose of sol-faing.

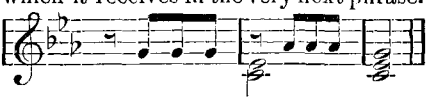



*Mi* was always used for the leading or master note."

The critic's American composer, whether distinguished or not, was, I am sure, misled by an imperfect statement of the question. For as to the illustration from the four notes which begin the Fifth Symphony, any composer, any amateur who is really a musician, will see at once that they confirm rather than impair my position. They are:



and the last phrase implies, as every musician knows, the chord of the dominant (including the *mi*, the leading note, the *note sensible*, on which Edmund ends); and that chord requires the resolution which it receives in the very next phrase.



No composer could have made such a blunder if the question had been properly put before him. As to the Post's critic, if he will go to some infant school, and learn to sing "I want to be an angel," or if he will toot with comb and paper in a *kinder simphonie*, he may, after a painful course of such profound study, be advanced somewhat beyond his present state of musical knowledge. "A minor"! A flat.

If, however, he is ignorant of music, what must be his ignorance of Shakespearean criticism, when he pronounces my note "singular"! Here is a man not only criticising me, but daring to hold me up to ridicule upon a point in Shakespearean literature, when he is so unin-

[1] Extremely improbable that they were C, D, E, B; and if they were, that would only make the matter worse, as any musician knows.

[2] A Dictionary of Musical, Terms by J. Stainier, M. A., Mus. Doc. Oxford, and W. A. Barret, Mus. Bac. Oxford, assisted by R. H. M. Bosanquet, Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, A. J. Ellis, F. R. S., etc., W. Chappell, F. S. A., John Hullah, and others.

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formed that he does not know that the suggestion in my note is not only not "singular," but is not mine; that it is quite a hundred years old; that it may be found in every modern annotated edition of Shakespeare; and that in his blind rush at me he has dashed his empty head, not against R. G. W., but against Charles Burney, Doctor in Music of the University of Oxford, and author of the great General History of Music! Burney's note, which may be found in Malone's edition (1790), in the variorums of 1803, 1813, and 1821, in the Chiswick, Harness, Knight, Singer, Verplanck, Hudson, Furness's Variorum, etc., is: —

"Oh, these eclipses do portend these divisions, fa, sol, la, mi. The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakespeare, however, shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. . . . The interval *fa — mi*, including a tritonus or sharp 4th, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F, G, A, B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa, sol, la, mi. Dr. Burney.*"

As for me, I do not go quite to the length of Dr. Burney's opinion; but it is undeniable that Shakespeare, whatever his purpose (if he had any), did make Edward sing in accordance with what he speaks.

"From music," the Post critic jauntily says, "we will turn to French," and with his usual insolence he continues, "Mr. White seems very sure that Shakespeare knew but little of the language; but how much does he know himself?" — a query of no benefit to his reader, but intended merely to injure the subject of it. But being asked, I will answer it. Although I learned French when I was six years old (my teacher being a Genevan gentlewoman) and have read it constantly ever since; although twenty years afterwards I read Molière with a *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Français, and in the little French I have occasion to speak think in French, I pretend to know very little about it. I am sure that if St. René Taillander had examined me in French literature, or Brachet in etymology, each would have found me sadly deficient. But compared with the critic whom the Post permits thus publicly to affront me I am a sage, a pundit. A Riverside note points out that *esperance* (1 Henry IV. V. 1, 97) is "a quadrisyllable, pronounced by Shakespeare, I fear, espyransy."[1] With scornful superiority the critic says, "There is not the slightest occasion for the fear in this suggestion, as in Shakespeare's day, or not long before, all Frenchmen pronounced it as a quadrisyllable."

In Shakespeare's day, *or* not long before! Why, every man who speaks good French nowadays pronounces *esperance* as a quadrisyllable. At the end of all such words there is in the pronunciation of such speakers what the phonetists call the "subaudition" of that obscure sound of *u* which is heard in the English word *come*. And in music, when such words are sung, there is a full, although unaccented, *note* given to the final *e*. Illustration of a fact so well known would be more than superfluous. My critic seems to have learned his French from dictionaries, and not from intercourse with good speakers. He is like the ladies who, in the pronunciation of *Sévres*, cannot make a distinction between *Save* and *Saver;* or other speakers who pronounce the name of the great Geheimrath of Weimar *Gatty* or *Goeeth*. No shame to them, if they do not pretend to sit in judgment upon others. Equal ignorance he shows (in another way) when he says (with severe censure after-

[1] That is, *és-pĕ-rán-sy*. I cannot stop here to set forth the several examples in proof that Shakespeare pronounced French words as if they were English.

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ward) that, although "modern editions" give "qui a les narines de feu" (Henry V. III. 7, 14), "Mr. White retains" the reading of the folio, "*chez* les narines de feu." Modern editions! The critic does not know, then, that "*chez* les narines," etc., is the reading of the Cambridge edition, of the Globe, of Rolfe in his admirable English Classic edition, and of all the better late editions; it being retained on the sound principle, now adopted by all the most judicious editors, that the old text, when it expresses a sense, although incorrectly, is not to be disturbed except in case of actual necessity, and in favor of an unquestionable emendation. "*Chez* les narines" is retained by a general consensus of the best "modern" critics; from whom "Mr. White" merely does not dissent.

It was my intention, as I said, to meet this critic upon every point of attack, and to prove clearly that he is — just what he has been shown to be. This I shall do, but I find that it cannot be done here. The pages of The Atlantic are not elastic; and I must hasten as rapidly as possible to the end of this article. I cannot, however, pass over a trivial but very significant evidence of this Post writer's fitness to enter the field of English criticism. He says, "We alluded just now to the learned German Dr. Schmidt." He did no such thing. He mentioned him plainly, by name. I allude to him when, without mentioning his name, I give on p. xxvi of the preface to the Riverside edition my opinion of the superfluity of his painstaking work. Of Dr. Schmidt's learning, I should not presume to suggest a doubt; although I am ready to point out not a few errors in his Shakespeare Lexicon, notwithstanding I have yet cut but few of its leaves. As a scholar I do not pretend to be Dr. Schmidt's humblest rival; but his Lexicon I regard as a salient and characteristic example of the most superfluous sort of Shakespearean anatomizing. As to my critic, if he will turn to Words and Their Uses, *in v.* "allude," he may obtain some much-needed information, which may possibly enable him to use it hereafter correctly.

One peculiarity of the Riverside Shakespeare — and it is a distinctive trait, which I hope may be of some service, not only to the intelligent and observant general reader, but to independent thinkers among my fellow-editors and critics hereafter — is the pointing out from time to time (although with comparative infrequency) the recklessness of Shakespeare in the use of language; his readiness to pervert words from their proper meaning, and to set at naught not only logical connection, but the usage of his time in construction of sentences. That such critics as he with whom I am now most unwillingly compelled to deal should approve this I did not expect. His disapproval of it may go unanswered for what it is worth. But when he says that "these comments are superfluous both for the uninstructed and the instructed reader," he touches a question of fact, and as usual misrepresents the truth. Shakespearean comment and criticism is filled (as he knows, or should know) with strained endeavors to show that in the case in question, Shakespeare was conforming to a "grammar" of his time. There has even been a book published upon the subject. Now I say, at my proper peril, that for this there is no justification; that it is misleading, and that it is high time there were an end of it. The prose *style* of Shakespeare's time differed from that of more modern days, which came in with Dryden; but the grammar, the syntactical construction of the language, was then (with some unimportant exceptions) just what it is now. Of this Shakespeare himself gives undisputable evidence. Whatever he wrote as literature, his poems and his sonnets, was entirely, or almost entirely, free from what has been called Elizabethan grammar, and Shakespear-

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ean grammar, — the poems notably so. Moreover, in the argument of Lucrece we have our only extended example of Shakespeare's literary prose. It is long (for an argument), but *quoad hoc*, so far as the use of words and syntactical construction go, it might have been written yesterday. The whole literature of the time shows the same fact. And not only the literature. For example, in the Life and Letters of Sir Christopher Hilton, Queen Elizabeth's dancing Lord Chancellor, there is a great collection of letters, public and private, written by many men of the time, of various positions in life; and in these mere epistles, some of them hastily written, there is (I say it after careful examination) nothing of the Elizabethan grammar and the Shakespearean grammar that we hear so much about from Shakespearean specialists and anatomizers. The truth of the matter is simply that all the Elizabethan playwrights were somewhat heedless upon this point, and that the greatest of them was the most heedless, the most absolutely reckless man in this respect that ever put pen to paper. In his plays Shakespeare wrote hit or miss; but because his hits are as the stars in the firmament for multitude and splendor, we should not hesitate to speak plainly when he misses; none the less, but all the more, because, as I have before remarked in these articles, we owe much of his splendor to his very recklessness. I hoped to illustrate this point by many passages, but lack of space forbids. As to the result in many cases, I do not say now for the first time that a very appreciable part of Shakespeare's dramatic writing is imposing bombast and splendid tinsel.[1]

Much more briefly than I expected, I must remark upon one thoroughly base and slanderous insinuation by this critic, conveyed in the phrase that there are some notes in the Riverside Shakespeare "not quite quotable." The implication here is totally, absolutely, false. The very phrase used, "not quite quotable," is stolen from me, or at least used after me. The Post critic knew well that it is impossible to glossarize and annotate an unexpurgated edition of Shakespeare without some notes which are necessarily, from their very subjects, open to squeamish objection that they are not quite readable aloud in mixed company. In some instances all that can be done is to present the subject as dryly and as tersely as possible, and to hint at a meaning which modern decorum forbids to be expressed clearly in words. In the Riverside Shakespeare this has been done with scrupulous care; and in not a few cases with a frank statement that the subject is one that cannot be explained. That edition *is* prepared *virginibus puerisque*, as the critic well knew, in so far as that is possible in an annotated and glossarized Shakespeare.

For the truth upon this point is that Shakespeare, whose perception and expression of all that is lovely and sweet and pure in man and in nature surpassed that of any writer known to literature, was yet of all writers who have attained high reputation the most grossly and copiously indecent and foul-mouthed. In this respect he rivals Rabelais and far outdoes Montaigne. His only equal is Aristophanes; for in the old Italian comedies the revolting element is in the characters and motives of the personages as revealed by their action, rather than in grossness of phrase. Shakespeare's indecency is often of the very grossest kind, and has the added sin of grossness for grossness' sake. It is not that he often speaks plainly of the workings of a passion which, natural and vital, is yet so intensely personal that proper individuality teaches reserve. It is not always the too warmly human-blooded tone of Anacreon and of Moore that darkens his fair page. To speak plainly, Shakespeare never hesi-

[1] Life and Genius of Shakespeare, 1865, p. 236.

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tated to deal with what Dr. Johnson, in regard to Swift, called "ideas physically impure." He knew better than to write thus; but he did not care how he wrote so long as he pleased all of his audience, including the rakes and the groundlings. He could make Hamlet gibe at dramatists for putting "sallets" in their lines "to make them savoury," and scoff at those who "will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered," and then contaminate every play he wrote with grossest sins in violation of his own wholesome laws. In this respect, as in all others, he is preëminent. In quantity, as well as in quality, he is unsurpassed. If the passages of this nature in his writings were taken out and collected, they would make in this type a respectable volume — for its size. Nor is this done with any shame or shyness on his part, with any light touch or passing suggestion. He elaborates his sin and works it into the substance and fibre of a speech or of a whole scene, which may yet be of the most exquisite beauty and the most absorbing interest; but also he will introduce a scene for the express purpose of indecent imagery and gross jesting. The first scene of Act II. of Romeo and Juliet is without any dramatic value or interest, and has nothing to do with any necessary question of the play. It is apparently introduced for the purpose of making Mercutio not only witty with indecorum, but an adroit suggester of images so gross that their meaning can be but vaguely hinted at, and in some cases so repulsive that their meaning is resented. Mercutio's last two speeches in this scene, not short ones, are mere ingenious elaboration of indecency from which even Swift and Sterne would shrink. There are two of the sonnets which in this way are monsters of ingenuity. Now, although all this is really harmless, — will harm no one (to be Irish) who is not already past harming, — and is in this respect wholesome compared to one foul chapter of Zola's Nana or one daintily wrought scene of Théophile Gautier's pictures of corrupted nature, it is impossible to edit Shakespeare with any semblance of completeness without making the margins blush. And this the Post critic knew well; but it suited his purpose to seem not to know it.

Yet, I may judge the poor creature too harshly; for he complains that the Riverside edition has no note of explanation on (among other passages),

"The discandying of this pelleted storm."

Why, such a man would ask for a note on Falstaff's counterpart, "hail kissing-comfits," or, as one of his sort did, beg me to explain "man but a rush against Othello's breast." Good reader, I confess at once that the Riverside Shakespeare is not edited for idiots, however learned, but on the assumption that the intelligent reader of to-day is (when the obsolete is explained) quite equal in power of apprehension to the general play-goer of the London of 1600.

Finally (for I must jump — but here only — some, yet few, of the pettiest traps and pitfalls which the Post's critic has laid for its readers), my assailant has unwittingly left evidence both of his bad faith and his evil motive.[1] He points out (King John V. 4, 46) these lines,

"Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,"

[1] This evidence is preceded by the assertion that the Riverside editor "has not thought best to give any reasons for the readings he adopts, and this silence makes it impossible to distinguish between purposely chosen words and possible misprints," — an assertion absolutely untrue in fact and in spirit. Looking hastily through the first volume, I remark in that alone *forty-two* notes giving reasons for readings. It is not pleasant thus to convict a writer for the Evening Post of bearing, with malice prepense, false witness against his neighbor; but under the circumstances it cannot be avoided.

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as "Mr. White's reading, which in any case shows (as the detection of the easy misprint *receiv'd* for *reviv'd* does, and as other most minute observations show), how like a ferret he has peered and pried for little prey during the six months which preceded this third Post notice of the Riverside Shakespeare. Now, it so happens that I have in my possession both the copy of the edition and the last proofs which I read of its pages; and on both, the second of the lines quoted above, instead of following l. 46, follows l. 37. But p. 60, on which it occurs, ends, in this proof, with l. 46, the first of those quoted above, —

"Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts."

After I read the proof, however, it seems that there was a change found necessary in the arrangement of the pages, and eight lines were transferred from p. 60 to p. 61. In the doing of this, by an accident common in the printing-office, the line (47) which would have been the first on p. 61 was transposed, and appears out of place, making, not a "reading," as this critic well knew, but sheer nonsense.

The matter would not be worth consideration were it not that, unhappily for him, the Post critic has on this occasion exposed himself. There is a brief note here *which shows where the line belongs.* This note is: "*a treacherous fine* = a treacherous end; a quibble on 'fine' in Shakespeare's manner." Now, this "quibble" is on the "fine" of the line which precedes that in which "a treacherous fine" occurs, according to the correct reading, which is universal and never questioned, as the critic knows, and as he points out. Thus: —

"Paying the *fine* of rated treachery,
Even with the treacherous *fine* of all your lives."

If the lines are separated, there is no quibble, and the note is meaningless. "Missus," exclaimed an unaccused negro maid-servant, detected before the toilet glass with a comb in one hand and a pomatum pot in the other, and her wool as unctuous as Aaron's beard, — "missus, 'swear to de Lor' I never touched it!"

The Post's article appropriately carries its sting where venomous insects carry theirs, and it ends by saying, "We are sorry to touch on Mr. White's French again," and then calls attention to the fact that, in a scene of the Merry Wives, "il fait fort chaud" is translated, it is very cold. That is very grievous, I know; and so is, or may be made to appear, "does not know thee" as a free translation of the Italian "non ti pretia;" and I see, as my critic saw, what an unfavorable impression his exposure is fitted to produce against me, — how it works in with the other evidence which he thought he had raked and scraped together, to show "a lack of that liberal scholarship which makes opinion valuable." And unfortunately, indeed, such deplorable ignorance is too common, and ought to be remorselessly exposed. In a well-known publication, of high respectability and unbounded pretensions to immaculate correctness, — a publication which once held up a man to condemnation as untrustworthy because he spelled a name *Haled* which is generally spelled Halhed, but sometimes Halhead, but always pronounced *Hall-'ed*, — I found accidentally, within a few days after the attack upon the Riverside Shakespeare the following passage in a very painstaking criticism of Gli Amici, by Edmondo de Amicis: —

"In France the rigid rule of the Academy would condemn as vulgar a great many of the happiest expressions used by our author. What can be happier, to express great grief, than to say that a person 'weeps all the tears of his soul' (*piange tutte le lagrime dell' anima*)? Yet what French author would use in serious prose the equivalent French expression, *pleurer toutes les larmes de son corps?*" (Evening Post, March 27, 1884.)

Is there to be no end of charlatanism and ignorant pretense! Here we have

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a man daring to come before the public as a critic of Italian and of French, and giving "de son *corps*" as a translation of "dell' *anima*"! What shall be said of the "vulgarity" and the "inadequacy" of such criticism! "How much does" *this* Post critic "know of French?" The error could not have been one of the ear, *corps* for *cœur*; for *cœur* is no translation of *anima*, which requires *âme*, the French word being indeed a lineal representative, by phonetic decay of the Italian.

Alas, alas! — The criticism was a good criticism, sound and discriminating, — one of those which justly bring credit to the journal in which they appear; and its writer is doubtless at least as good a French and Italian scholar as the editor of the Riverside Shakespeare is. I cite it merely to show the Post for what petty, contemptible business it has allowed malice and bad faith to make a journal hitherto so highly esteemed responsible. Errors of this kind form a distinct class of psychological phenomena. By some perverted, unconscious action of the brain a man writes or speaks other than he means, and sometimes, as in this case, directly the reverse of what he means; and what is strange in the case of writers, he does not detect it in proof. His mind's eye sees what is in his mind, and not what is before his bodily eye. It was so with Shakespeare, so with Macaulay, so with Thackeray. Accuracy in detail is desirable; for it is better to be right than wrong, even in trifles. But men of good common sense will not vex their souls about it, nor the souls of others. And unless detail happens to rise to the essential, only a mole-eyed or a malicious critic will make it a test of competence.

And now, casting a glance backward, we see, unless I am in error, that in a third notice of the Riverside Shakespeare, published six months after the first, the respected Evening Post has been made use of, by a designing critic, who accused the editor of ignorance of that of which there was printed evidence of his knowledge; who held him up to contempt as the originator of an interpretation which is that of one of the first scholars, and the most eminent Shakespearean editor in England; who could not see that the repetition of a fault is no defense of it; who could not discern the difference between the imagined period of an action and the anachronisms of costume committed by a careless writer; who is so ignorant of English idiom that he does not know the difference between "the name of Falstaff" and "the name Falstaff;" who undertook to censure a musician and hold him up to ridicule upon a point of music, when he himself did not know as much about it as an old Yankee "psalm-smiter," and who was so ignorant of Shakespearean literature that he attributed to an American critic of to-day as singular an opinion on music originated by a distinguished British musical critic a hundred years ago, and which has been repeated by every editor since; who undertook to flout a man of letters publicly upon the subject of French pronunciation only to show his own ignorance of it, and who attributed, as a peculiar fault, to the Riverside editor a French reading which is that of all preceding editions of the day which are of high repute; who, knowing necessarily the frequent grossness of Shakespeare's language, and the sometimes foulness of his thought in passages which need explanation, could yet make dry, glossarial explanations and cautiously reserved hints as to such passages occasions of a charge of vulgarity; who is so down at heel in English as not to know the difference between "allude" and "mention;" who declared that to be superfluous which is directed to the refutation of a theory as to Shakespeare's writing which has been long and frequently advocated; who is in such a deplorable

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state of poetical incapacity that he cannot understand such a combination of homely metaphors as "the discandying of this pelleted storm" without having it chewed up and put into his mouth like pap; who for the sake of inflicting injury descended to the meanness of seizing upon and parading trivial slips of inadvertency; and who, with the evidence before his eyes of a typographical accident, suppressed that evidence, and held up the consequence of the accident as the result of deliberate intention. This we have found; and so

"The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

*Richard Grant White.*

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## THE NEW PARTY.

To trace political effects up to their causes is a dangerous kind of ratiocination for contemporaries; but sometimes the handwriting on the wall is in a character easily deciphered by the ordinary on-looker without the aid of a prophet. The principle of the spoils system was an old one, but before the war its abuse was limited. The levying and expending of vast sums of money during and since the war, the increased number of officials, the higher premium set upon office-getting, attracted a class of men into public life who made office-seeking and office-giving a profession. These professionals were politicians, not statesmen; and their shrewdness, skill, and knowledge of men made it possible for them to get a hold upon the national executive that fairly sucked away much of that magistrate's appointing power long before the people knew where or what the evil really was. It was some time before the big nation, with its veins full of strong young blood, came to realize the extent of the disease which had taken hold of its political life, and that its very bigness gave the malady more nourishment. A few expérts looked at the patient, and quietly wrote down the diagnosis: "spoils system." But that opinion then received little attention.

For the encouragement of those who believe in the ultimate triumph of the best in society, no little cheer is to be found in the growth of what may properly be called the New Party. It may be said here that the writer views this matter neither from the Republican nor Democratic standpoint; and that when much is said of the Republican party it is solely because that organization has held the reins of power since the war. The other party would doubtless have fallen into the same methods, had it controlled the country.

A little more than ten years ago the average voter was awakening to the undoubted existence of corruption in the administration of the state, and yet he had a dull feeling of discouragement at realizing that the two great parties divided nearly equally the suffrages of the people, and interposed their huge, bulky organizations, with their unsatisfactory nominating conventions (a-choice-between-two-evils game), in the way of any proper schemes of reform. It seemed like pure folly to talk of facing either great party with imperative demands, when these demands were not visibly supported by a large constituency. Those were the days when we heard a great deal of the "scholar in politics," and lamentations on the absence of good men from the polls. The Republican party had passed under the control of politicians who made office a means of personal advancement, and

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who regarded it no longer as a grave public trust. This ignoble and selfish spirit permeated Congress (and not long ago), disgraced the sessions of the Senate by a long quarrel over its door-keeper, and has even colored legislation. What followed upon the recognition of the evil, and the means adopted by the best sense of the people to gain the end of reform, are interesting lessons in our political history, and compare favorably with such movements as that for the abolition of the corn laws in England.

Honest, intelligent voters began to see the dim, ugly form of the wrong, and were groping around for the proper instruments, and those nearest at hand, for its destruction. The first attempt disclosed a real difficulty. In 1871 and 1872 the dissatisfaction with existing policies led a body of the bolder men to meet in a private room in Washington chiefly for the purpose of organizing a movement to aid in revenue reform. It embraced a number of editors, congressmen, and public men; but on issuing their call and attempting active measures, they found the public temper such that what was only a revenue-reform purpose in the beginning extended to a movement for political reform in general. The policy then seemed to be to make overtures to the Democrats, and offer them an alliance as well as a definite policy. Charles Francis Adams was demanded by the reformers as their candidate, and it was expected that the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1872 would make this nomination, and that the Democrats would then adopt it. The desire of large numbers of Republicans to see this result is well remembered, and many prominent men appeared at their head. The convention system was the death of this plan. Not often do the majority of delegates get beyond a wish to be on the winning side, and put the candidate under obligations to them which shall be later liquidated by appointments to office. This convention, under the influence of politicians, and even of Republican agents it is said, nominated Horace Greeley, insured the second election of Grant, and perpetuated the spoilsmen in the possession of the offices.

The offending sores now emitted so rank an odor that the men whose votes were never cast without thinking took up a new policy, without a common understanding, guided rather by an unconscious political instinct (for which the American voter is not always given enough credit), and intuitively struck together at the spoils enemy in the elections for Congress in 1874. Disaffected Republicans transferred the control of the lower house in Congress to the opposition,[1] although the majority of the old party, from habit and attachment to the organization which had served them so well in the war days, still voted the party ticket. The dissatisfaction with "machine government" gathered head after this display of power at the polls, until in the next presidential year of 1876 the Republicans felt distinctly that some concession must be made to the new force in politics; and the nomination was given to Mr. Hayes, rather than to Mr. Bristow, the more aggressive candidate insisted on by the same set of men who had urged Mr. Adams four years before. Here was a decided gain; and be it noticed that it was a gain obtained first by learning the effectiveness of independent voting, and secondly by better organization within the party lines, vigorously acting in time to influence the election of delegates themselves.

The selection of Mr. Schurz as a cabinet officer by President Hayes was the first public recognition of the existence of the independent voter; not that the young party demanded office, but it demanded recognition of the fact that

[1] As compared with the returns for 1872, eighty thousand Republicans changed their votes in the State of New York.

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some officials, at least, must be appointed who were opposed to the spoils system. The old organizations avoided issues to save themselves from formidable attack; the new party attacked them because their platforms avoided all issues. The old organizations manœuvred solely to gain, or perpetuate, their control of the government. The new party demanded that the state should not be made the tool of shrewd, manipulating managers; that politics should serve the state, not the state politics; that legislation should be freed from partisan ambitions; and that the spoils system should be abolished. Here was a situation of curious interest: a large number of voters, who deserved the title of a new party, because they alone of the political bodies presented any distinct issues; and yet, paradoxically enough, they did not form a party, in the ordinary use of the word, for it was not organized; it held the balance of power already, growing in a sense of its weight and effectiveness, and yet without a common name, organization, or a central group of managers. It was better than a mere party: it represented the intelligent political intuition of the country, guiding us aright before reasons for a change of management had been distinctly formulated in our minds. In my opinion, its steady growth and present existence are among the most hopeful signs in our political zodiac, and well worth looking after by the astrologers of the old parties.

The most decisive triumph of the young liberals was yet to be won, and won against heavy odds. The wing of the Republican party which had lost its control during Mr. Hayes's administration made a most determined and well-planned campaign to recover power in the now famous contest in the presidential convention at Chicago in 1880. No stone had been left unturned to send delegates pledged to nominate General Grant; and perhaps no political organization ever showed better discipline than was apparent in the steady and well-drilled evolutions of the "306" who never deserted their candidate. In the teeth of such a movement, managed by the most experienced politicians of the country, in an attempt to secure a return to the control of the executive, the balance of power was so wielded by the independents as to give them the nomination of Garfield, and his overwhelming election to the presidency. This result was gained simply because no candidate who could not command the votes of the independents could be elected.

Better results came, however, with organization and by a piece of good fortune. The office-broking wing of the Republican party, as already said, had lost the control of affairs during the administration of President Hayes. This loss was signalized in a dramatic way by the contest between President Garfield and Senator Conkling. Stung to the quick at realizing he could no longer command offices for his followers, and so perpetuate his position, the New York Senator broke out in open revolt against the elected head of the party, resigned, and went to his constituents asking for approval of his attitude by a reëlection (May, 1881). His attempt was a failure, and he was not reëlected. The discomfiture of the strongest "boss" and manipulator of offices in the country was a marked event. It at once broke the strength of the spoilsmen, and encouraged the new party.

President Garfield, it will be remembered, recognized the influence of the new party in his appointment of cabinet officers even more than did President Hayes. It will also be remembered that a name for the Bangor collectorship in Maine was sent to the Senate in direct violation of all the wishes of the reformers, and was awaiting a tardy confirmation. On Friday, the day before the shooting of the President, the Bangor

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affair was made a matter of cabinet discussion, and precipitated an open struggle between the friends and opponents of civil service reform in the administration. The friends of purer politics were, happily, vigorous, effective, and successful, and a resolution was agreed to establishing a civil service commission to govern admissions to the government service. This victory was gained on Friday, and on Saturday Garfield was shot.

The assassination of the President advertised the evil of patronage as nothing else could have done. Whether rightly or not, the vast number of voters believed that the spoils system had been the cause of the President's murder. A nearly universal demand spread for legislation reforming the evils of our civil service, and a healthy agitation began all over the land. The story of this success is yet fresh in all minds. Politicians of the old school sat contentedly by, waiting for the commotion to subside, and thinking it was only a visionary Utopian scheme; but again, in 1882, as in 1874, they suddenly found that their constituents were in deadly earnest, and had taken their seats in Congress from them and given them to the opposition. The politicians immediately granted a civil service bill. By this time the party leaders began to learn that an uncomfortably large number of voters cared more for principles and good men than for an old party with no issues.

The evidences of this determination are now easily to be found. In New York the infant party in the state elections of 1881 stretched its young hands in open defiance to unscrupulous management, and "scratched" the party ticket, until the process became very painful to the leaders. It was indisputably clear then that twenty thousand independent voters in that single State were ready to throw themselves in a body against bad nominations. The ideas of the new party began to leaven the expressions of even the old leaders. In this and the next year (1882) the state election of Pennsylvania showed an organization for a vigorous revolt in the interest of pure politics, and the "boss" system in that State suffered a serious defeat. The free lances were getting uncomfortably numerous, it must be admitted, and very exacting, too, as to the character of candidates. In New York, in the same year (1882), Secretary Folger allowed his honorable name to be used as nominee for governor by a ring of manipulators, in such a way that he was defeated by a "rising vote," and his opponent given nearly two hundred thousand majority in a State often carried by the Republicans.

Another presidential nomination is at hand, and it does not require much sagacity, in view of past events, to prophesy that the demands of the new party will be pressed more urgently than ever, and that there exists a widespread determination to vote against any candidate who stands for "machine government" in the public eye. Such a man will certainly not get the votes of those quiet citizens who so disagreeably go down to the polls and vote a party out of power, to the surprise of everybody. There is a huge giant lying underneath the political surface, and when he is uncomfortable, and moves his bulky form, like Enceladus under Ætna, according to the old mythology, there is likely to be considerable fire and lava thrown up, and some political burials under the ashes of the volcano.

*J. Laurence Laughlin.*

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# WASHINGTON AS IT SHOULD BE.

To the stranger, passing a few weeks in Washington, observing its appearance and manners, the city is tantalizing and provoking; a city of the future, certainly not of the present or of the past; a city of great promise and small performance; a city of disappointments in every way: like our democracy, magnificent in conception, but crude, unfinished, unsatisfactory, in its actual condition, full of opportunity, deficient of achievement. If its founders had a vision of its intellectual and moral splendor, their anticipations have not been justified by events, thus far. The city is not emblematic of republicanism in any respect. There was no symbolical city when this was laid out, nearly a century ago. In many respects it reminds one of Versailles, which suggested several of its features, especially its broad, straight avenues and numerous small parks. To display the public buildings to advantage, and to create squares, areas, points of view, vistas near or remote, seems to have been an element of attraction in the original design of the projectors, who had made a study of Continental towns, and were partial to things European. At present Washington is, unavoidably in the circumstances, in the military phase. Its statues represent warriors on horseback or on foot, some of them — most of them, in fact — wonderful to behold: Washington charging, with a tremendous cavalry sabre in his hand; Jackson pirouetting on a skillfully poised, precarious steed; Green, McPherson, Scott, Thomas, Farragut with cocked-up-knee, Rawlins, and the remarkable naval monument that intercepts the view from the Capitol up Pennsylvania Avenue. The statue of Professor Henry, which stands in front of the Smithsonian Institution, is the only tribute to science in the city, and Ball's statue in honor of the man who issued the decree of emancipation is the only monument to humanity. A very different sculptor has executed Lincoln several times, once conspicuously in front of the City Hall. How far it is possible to take the character out of a great man's face and form is here well shown. The artist can claim preëminence in the power to leave out personality, to represent the crowning virtue of self-abnegation, the grace of the saintly soul, as, doubtless, she intended. In this regard, hers is the only figure that stands for the highest order of qualities. There is, as yet, with the single exception of Professor Henry, no image in honor of an artist, a poet, a man of letters, a historian, educator, statesman, builder, sculptor, illuminator of the ideal world, maker of institutions, inspirer of mankind. There is no hall of music, no gallery of art. Theodore Thomas brought his fine musicians and played the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven in a miserable room which was used for purposes wholly uncongenial, and possessed a singular property of absorbing the sound that was meant for delicately attuned ears. There are no walls, except those of the Corcoran Gallery, where pictures can be hung for the sake of exhibiting their beauties. Mr. Matthew Arnold gave his lecture in a vast church. There are literary clubs and gatherings in private parlors, with a good deal of "circumscription and confine;" but of public literary performances of excellence there are few. The theatres would be large and admirable if they could be, but the encouragement of high art in that direction is not great. The fact seems to be that the upper classes are too much addicted to social pleasures to lend countenance to interests that might interfere with their dinners and assemblies. The town



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is small; there is hardly room enough for more than one excitement at a time; and so far, politics and society occupy all the departments of the general mind. There is no commerce, no large business, no diversity of employments, as in cities like New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati. Washington is peculiar in being the national centre, in having an ideal character, in being in a certain sense "American" by genius and sentiment. As such it must be judged, to this standard it must be held, and it is its glory that it can be regarded in this æsthetic light. Fortunately, it has as yet done little that cannot with slight pains be undone. Two or three mistakes are beyond remedy, but the imperfections are more numerous than the errors, though in a few instances the heroic treatment may in the end prove the wisest.

The Capitol is the most disappointing single building. A more ineffectual pile of costly stone it is hard to find anywhere. It seems to be set on high, and yet to the eye it is low. One climbs up to it by tiers of steps only to find it set in a pit. From the foot of the hill the lower part cannot be seen, while from a distance its base is lost sight of, being merged in the surrounding plain. The dome does not command the wings, which stretch out without paying the least regard to it. The central portion is of a different color from the modern additions, being made of a marble that must be painted in order to prevent its presenting a dirty brown hue; and as the surface cannot be made to resemble marble, the effect is almost ludicrous. By grading the grassy bank and surrounding the entire pile with a stone terrace something may be done towards increasing the apparent height of the structure, but nothing less than the removal of the older portion, and its reconstruction according to new designs, will make the edifice harmonious in style, and add materially to its visible majesty. To bring forward the façades will change the aspect a good deal; to replace the present mean columns with noble ones will render the whole more dignified; but such half-way measures will, there is ground to fear, throw into relief the existing absence of proportion, and make evident the actual ugliness. The removal of the low dwellings in the immediate neighborhood of the Capitol grounds will help the effect, while by taking away the pretentious and meaningless monument which interrupts the view up Pennsylvania Avenue the grounds about the building will gain in beauty and loftiness. Some of these improvements are contemplated already; nay, are now proceeding. It is hoped that they may suggest other more radical changes, to be introduced in due course of time.

Close to the Capitol are the Botanical Gardens, which are so handsome that it is a pity they should not be handsomer, as at very small outlay of money and of care they might be. The removal of the hideous wall and of the obnoxious iron fence would be an admirable beginning; the substitution of grass for rubbish in the corners is imperative; the grading of parts would give variety of surface; and the planting of trees would render the square attractive to visitors. "A boundless contiguity" of sun is not inviting in summer. Even the stately palm-house, helped by Bartholdi's fine fountain, will not make barrenness pleasant. An occasional seat in a shady spot, with a circle of bright flowers hard by, is necessary to the full enjoyment of nature by unregenerate human beings.

Treating of shade, it would not be difficult, one might surmise, to set out some satisfactory trees — elm-trees, for example — along Pennsylvania Avenue, instead of the uncertain, various, desultory, and quite infrequent foliage that pretends to fringe the northern side; or even to plant a row of umbrageous trees up and down the opposite side of the

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way. The street is immensely broad, and would be really improved by some commanding objects along the route, as no houses would be tall enough to dominate the pavement. Should more space be wanted, it might with advantage be taken from the southern sidewalk, which is much too wide for actual or possible travel. That is now the unpopular side of the avenue, but no popularity could render its space overcrowded, while the luxury of shade in warm weather would be unspeakable. The withdrawal of the Baltimore and Potomac station from its present position near the avenue to some point outside the populous centre of the town, which will be compulsory in the event of a municipal reform now contemplated, must add materially to the beauty of that part of the city; release, as it would, the garden from an unsightly intrusion, secure safety in the streets, and open a clear passage from the Capitol across the extensive grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. The establishment of a central station for the Baltimore and Ohio and the Baltimore and Potomac railways can have no other result than this.

The authorities are already at work on a vast scheme for converting into solid land a long reach of the Potomac River from the Observatory to the lower confines of the city. This space, including many scores of acres, it is proposed to lay out as a park, with drives, walks, lakes, and all the features of a delightful pleasure ground. A deep, wide inlet will welcome vessels to its shelter between the new land and the city, and a line of piers will offer facilities for business near the heart of the town. The tall Washington monument will thus be pushed somewhat into the background; not, unfortunately, nearer to Mount Vernon, where it belongs, if it belongs anywhere, but still into the interior of the district. If the miserable shanties between Ohio Avenue and the Mall were removed, bringing into view the Smithsonian and the Agricultural buildings, and opening the landscape in the direction of the Park, the expanse would be very fine, and the huge white, staring monument, relieved by massive structures, would appear less solitary and less conspicuous. As it cannot be taken down, can it not, in some measure, be concealed, be rendered unobtrusive and innocuous, be "planted out," as it were? For so much we should be grateful. If the government owned Mount Vernon; could maintain there half a dozen of its infirm soldiers; could place there its relics of Washington; could consecrate the home as a national shrine, a place of pilgrimage; could clear away the desecrating refuse of lunch baskets and restore the lovely spot to its noblest associations, the monument of marble would be useless, and might be taken down. Mount Vernon would be a true memorial of Washington. Here people could see how he lived from day to day. His library might be replaced on its old shelves; for though the original books are scattered, their titles are known, and the volumes are capable of being easily restored, at least in other copies, to the cases. Here might be kept his diary. The garden is substantially as he left it. The elements of his personality — simplicity, industry, prudence, economy — are illustrated at every turn. The small, plain chambers, the modest furniture, the humble decorations, are a perpetual lesson of self-abnegation. He was a great character. No sculptured stone can commemorate qualities such as he possessed. Nature alone, as recreated by his private virtues, shown in life, can do that, and at Mount Vernon he lived and died. They who revere that sacred memory, and wish to keep it fresh, pray that his home and last resting-place may be made his monument; that his countrymen may find here the shade of their heroic friend, and may renew their own patriotism by association with his.

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The sanitary condition of the White House is no longer in question. The drainage is excellent; the grounds about the building have been raised; the marshes have been dried up. The mansion has beautiful points outside, and the taste of its present occupant has made it very handsome within. But it is not suitable for a private residence and a public office at the same time. It would admirably meet the purpose of either; it can hardly serve the uses of both. Few know how little available space there is in it. The rooms are large, some of vast size, but there are not many of them. The halls are wide, the corridors long, the vestibules spacious. Four large apartments are allotted to the necessary secretaries, clerks, administrative functionaries of the government, telegraph operators, and so forth. The grand reception-room occupies the entire east wing on the first floor; the smaller reception-rooms lead from it; the state banqueting-hall is an enormous apartment. This leaves but limited space below for private needs, dining-room and parlor. Upstairs, beside the rooms for government work, already mentioned, there is an apartment devoted to the meetings of the cabinet, the library, and a state chamber. There remain but five chambers for the use of the family, which, if it happens to be large, may overflow its accommodations, and must be very small to allow a suitable entertainment of guests, who cannot be received in any number.

But these things, though bad enough, are not the worst, by any means. The victim in the White House has no private life, to speak of. He belongs to the nation; he has been placed there by the choice of the people, and they assume the right to see him as often as they feel inclined, which may be at any hour in the day. The demand for his presence and service is incessant. It is forgotten, apparently, that the man has a personal as well as an official side, that he must be a gentleman now and then, that he cannot be President all the time, that he is not the property of the community at large, that he must have his special friends, that he must enjoy the human privilege of refusing the visits of strangers, that he is excusable for guarding against intrusion, and has no more responsibility outside of his official duties than the ordinary citizen has, who is let alone at his home, and is at liberty to put the affairs of his shop behind him, when business is over. This is no fancied grievance. The President is a very busy man, full of cares, and needing quiet, rest in the society of family or friends, more than most, together with social amenities of a various kind. Especially he needs to be for a part of each day taken out of the associations of his office, and placed where his mind can be refreshed by other concerns than those of the public. He will work better, more heartily, more cheerfully, more effectually, for such a respite.

There are two ways of bringing about this most desirable change: either the present edifice might be given over wholly to business, for which it is admirably adapted, and even now is none too large, in which case the President's house might be situated wherever convenience prompted, at a distance from the building that contained the office, where, by appointment, he would find himself at certain hours out of the twenty-four; or the business might be carried to another part of the town, and the White House be assigned to the President for his private residence. The former plan is preferable for several reasons. In the first place, the mansion is designed for a public purpose. No private dwelling offers such facilities for receptions and dinners, which must be given on a grand scale. In the next place, the increasing business of the country will be furthered by the aid to concentration that so large a mansion affords. Then the habits of the multitude who flock to the house on

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practical errands will not be interrupted. Experience shows the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of breaking up such habits, and the removal of the President's private house would render the effort to break them up unnecessary. The present amphibious arrangement, besides being a public disgrace, is a singular piece of foolishness in a community that prides itself on its good sense in getting out of the people it employs the utmost they are capable of performing. The actual President is crippled in his working faculty by the fretting annoyances to which he is now subjected. A thick-skinned person may not complain of this ceaseless notoriety, — nay, may like it; but a sensitive man must feel it keenly. Even to a casual observer the invasion of individual privilege is exceedingly unpleasant to the eye.

An incidental advantage of the change here suggested would be the remanding of the President to the condition of citizenship, and the weakening of the bands of ceremony that are tightening about the incumbent of the White House. The chief magistrate of a republic is a great personality, entitled to every mark of national regard. His lodging, equipment, and social surroundings ought to be worthy of one whom the people have chosen to represent them. But he is not, in any sense of the word, except Thomas Carlyle's (König, the man who *can*), a king, whose hand is to be lifted to the lips, at whose feet subjects prostrate themselves in homage. He should be the "first gentleman" of the nation in a broad, human, American way; not, like the English George IV., claiming ascendency over all others, but, after the manner of Abraham Lincoln, serving mankind. His prerogative should be moral, not official; personal, not of rank or eminence. He should be large enough to look well on a pedestal, — for he stands on a pedestal the elevation of which ought not to call attention to his faults, — but his size should consist of character. If grace can be added to conduct, so much the better, but the conduct is primary. By all means we must have humanity. At present we depend on Western ruggedness to keep the traditions of the White House simple, clean, and honest. The periodical breaking up of the routine brings this benefit: that it saves us from any fixed observance by introducing variety of taste into executive manners. Thus separating the office from the man, it will not be easy for anybody to elude accountability by seeking refuge beneath his title or wrapping the official mantle around his person. It is pleasant to believe that the moral standard is rising, that a higher and higher order of man is selected for the people's representative, that humane considerations are more prominent than they were once, — a sign that the nation is increasing in the virtue of self-respect. The baser qualities are no recommendation. The era of war-cries, let us trust, is ended. It remains that the era of civilization should come in, as in due time it will. The detachment of the President from the man will favor the introduction of that era by throwing the person back on his qualities, and making those supreme.

This emancipation from the thralldom of etiquette will help to keep society in Washington simple and sincere. The character of the President naturally exerts an influence on the intercourse of the saloon. Social entertainment seems now to be pretty much all there is for those not immersed in the cares of business. Of intellectual life there is little or none. There are few accessible books. The circulating libraries are few and small. The congressional library is immense and admirably administered, but the space allotted to it is surprisingly inadequate; volumes are piled up in heaps; and while everything is there, the omniscience of the librarian alone avails often to find what is wanted. It is too far away for popular use, and

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if the proposed new building is erected on the Capitol Hill it will be still further removed from common reach. The state library is excellent for its purposes, and has an ambitious as well as a thoroughly competent director. Each department has its own collection of books, which it is all the time enlarging; still it is true that the literary spirit is not prominent in Washington. There are, of course, men of letters there, but they do not much frequent society; and they, in several instances, where their studies lie off the beaten track, possess libraries of their own, seldom resorting to the general collections. In fact, there are not many cities that offer so few facilities to the literary man. Literature, like art, occupies a subordinate place in the social life of the town, and to this, as much as to anything, is owing the light, superficial character of the social intercourse, the absence of solidity in the conversation, the amount of small talk that people carry about with them. There is no commerce or large trade; consequently, money is not a topic at receptions. Politics are avoided as by common consent: perhaps because men have enough of them during the day, possibly because the papers contain all there is to be said, peradventure because there is nothing important to communicate, some think because the whole subject is unprofitable and stale. The diplomatists, of course, keep their own counsel. They who know a good deal tell nothing, while they who do nothing but chatter are frowned down. By and by, as the city grows larger and richer, society will become more elaborate, stately, and expensive than it is now; entertainments will be more sumptuous; the company will be more homogeneous. The generous simplicity, the heartiness, the free welcome, will disappear, and they who maintain this kind of social amusement will belong to a special circle.

When that time comes, society will occupy a smaller place relative to other interests. It will be less sought after than it is to-day. The "season" will be of less significance to the community at large. The movements of the President, the cabinet, the judges, the senators, will be less prominent. There will be many other concerns to engage the attention of mankind. Business will probably always be confined to the task of distribution, in moderate quantities, of what is made elsewhere; but art and literature and science will employ multitudes of devotees, theatres and opera houses will spring into existence, halls will be built for music, the higher kinds of entertainment will be encouraged, and the best people will find something to do beside observing the deeds of their neighbors. The topics of conversation will be more numerous and interesting; conversation itself will be more attractive; even fashionable people will go to concerts, exhibitions, dramas, which will render constant parties less absorbing and fascinating. Society in New York is more dashing, costly, exacting, than it is in Washington, but it occupies less space in the public eye. It is interesting to none but those absorbed in it. The papers chronicle its "events" along with other items of news, but the proportion between the paragraphs given to it and those given to matters that engage the whole community is not by any means so large as it must be in smaller places. Washington will improve in this respect as time goes on. Society may be no less varied and charming, — the presence of European diplomatists will keep it so, — but it will challenge the consideration of a smaller relative number of men and women.

Already complaints are heard in some quarters, chiefly among the older residents, that Washington is losing many of its former characteristics; that it is becoming larger, more stately, more ceremonious. It is true. The "delightful village" will, one day, be a beautiful city; the "great town" will swell

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into a national metropolis; the little, low houses of wood will be succeeded by huge buildings, palatial, vast, with towers, balconies, gilded railings, carriage-ways, and other appurtenances of wealth; the frequent vacant spaces will be filled with architecture of the large-minded, cosmical — the profane will say promiscuous — description peculiar to Washington; the long avenues will not be stretches of desolation; residences will not be confounded with shops, as in rural districts; stores will be enlarged and adorned; an immense city, unique, peculiar, different from any seat of government in the world, singular among American towns, will grow up on the shore of the Potomac.

Washington, it will be seen, is to be a creation of the future. In the years that are coming, it will not be a cheap place to live in, as it is now, comparatively. Real estate will be more valuable; rents will rise; the cost of provisions will increase; taxes will augment; desirable situations will be more difficult to obtain; the price of building material will be enhanced; in a word, all the consequences of advanced civilization will be felt. It is a pity that some things were not differently done at the outset, — the design of the Capitol, for instance, the laying out of Pennsylvania Avenue above Fourteenth Street, the provision for a continuous line between the Capitol and the White House, the rounding of the corner near the treasury, with a wide sweep beyond; but every detail cannot be thought of at once. The ugly buildings in front of the treasury mausoleum will be removed one of these days; the huge, unsightly pillars that bar the street beyond the treasury grounds will be taken down; the grim iron fences will not be left to perplex or madden strangers forever; and one by one conveniences will be introduced. The city deserves all that can be spent or lavished on its embellishment, the love of its citizens, the care of its public-spirited men and women. Its promise is of the fairest; its performance thus far errs on the negative rather than on the positive side, and can easily be mended as taste and elegance dictate. There is money enough, if it can be expended judiciously, in the right direction; not in heaping up granite and marble when ideas give out, not in buying bad pictures or horrible statues, not in paint and gilding where none is needed, not in tessellated floors on common corridors, not in stucco and frescoing, but in solid appliances for public comfort. There is room for satire, but more need of suggestion, on the part of critics who wish well to the capital of the nation. Ridicule has been poured out unstintingly and to excellent purpose, but the day is approaching when suggestions by competent minds will be demanded and the authority of the best judges will be sought. The uncomely features are many, but they are evident to observing eyes, and can be altered at an hour's warning. The permanent objects — buildings that cannot be disturbed, streets that cannot be straightened, squares that cannot be displaced — are not numerous. Even a fastidious taste finds little to be made over again, though much to alter and complete.

Washington is an interesting city, which naturally excites a good deal of comment. There has been much talk about it: sometimes in derision of its art, sometimes in scorn of its claims, sometimes in disapproval of its management, sometimes in extravagant praise of its beauty. It is worth while to judge it fairly; remembering its history, bearing in mind its progress of late years, acknowledging the public spirit of its citizens, and holding it to the highest standard of attainment as the home of the republican idea. Too much cannot be written on the subject of its possibilities or its future, provided it is written wisely, with a sincere desire for its

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greatness and a hearty sympathy with its ambition. The best skill is at work on the problems of its material adornment; the most enlightened minds are busy with its social position; the most active consciences are endeavoring to put it abreast of larger cities in respect to humane effort and philanthropic achievement; and the time is not very far off when it will justify all that is said in its honor, when it will be as distinguished for its character as it is for its associations. There is an Italian story of a new convert to Romanism, whose faith moved him to undertake a pilgrimage to the eternal city in order to confirm his zeal. His priest, knowing well the iniquities of the papal government and court, tried to dissuade him by representing the length of the journey and the dangers of the way. But the man insisted on going, and went. The priest saw him depart with sorrow, never expecting to meet the traveler as a believer again. On his return, one of the first to greet him was his old confessor, who asked, after some preliminaries, about the condition of his soul; presuming that his friend had relapsed into Protestantism, at least. To his astonishment, the man professed to be a more ardent believer than before. What? and you went here? and there? You looked on the Pope? You attended the ceremonies of the church? You witnessed all that went on in the streets, — all the immoralities, all the atheism? Yes, said the convert, I saw it all with my own eyes! And you still remain in the faith? Yes; for I was more than ever persuaded that no power less than that of omnipotence could preserve so corrupt an institution. May no visitor to Washington go away with such an argument for his belief in democracy. Rather let us hope he will have his confidence increased there in the dignity and beauty of republican principles.

*O. B. Frothingham.*

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## THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

How sad it looks to see his name stretched out at full length and shrouded in all its syllables! For Westminster Abbey did not know Ben Jonson better by his shortened appellation than we of Boston knew our dear familiar friend as Tom Appleton.

He leaves a deep and lasting void in our lesser social world by his departure. There is no one at all like him, to fill his place. His outline does not seem to have been traced by one of the regular patterns of humanity; it was as individual, as full of unexpected curves and angles, as the notched border of an indenture.

Men differ chiefly in the laws according to which their thoughts are associated with each other. His mind coupled remote ideas in a very singular way. Sometimes it was imagination, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; sometimes fancy, sparkling like a firefly, one moment here, the next there; sometimes wit, flashing from the sudden collision of two thoughts that met like flint and steel; less frequently humor, for humor is fire in damp tinder, and burns too slowly for the swift impatience of quick-kindling intelligences. But whatever the special character of his thought, it came sudden, instantaneous, as the glitter of a scymetar.

It was vigorous exercise to talk with him when his fancy was in its incandescent and scintillating mood. The fastest conversational roadster found him a running mate hard to keep up with.

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The most free-gaited of talkers was apt to flag when strained to hold his own with a companion of such electric vivacity.

He was a dangerous friend to meet at a time when one's nervous energy was exhausted. His pungent talk was exhilarating when the listener was in good condition; too stimulating for moments of mental fatigue and collapse. One might as well handle a gymnotus after running a foot-race as brave the shower of sparks from his colloquial battery when the brain was tired and aching for repose. Whether his own brain ever rested or wanted rest those who never remember a dull moment in his company might well question.

Besides these remarkable and altogether exceptional gifts, we remember him for qualities which endeared him to many who knew him outside of the social circle where he shone with so much brilliancy. As a patron of art he was discriminating and generous. As an amateur artist he had taste and skill enough to make his pleasing sketches and painted pebbles an ornament to his own walls and tables, and welcome gifts to the friends for whom he was glad to employ his pencil and his palette.

His warm heart betrayed itself in kind words and generous acts. He thought of the well-being and the enjoyment of all the members of his household as if they had been of his own blood. He felt and enjoyed the privilege of inherited wealth, honestly, heartily, but with no vulgar pretension and no selfish exclusiveness. His affectionate nature found delight in the companionship of his many relatives, among whom he counted that most lovable of men, as unlike him as the moonbeam is unlike the lightning, — his brother-in-law, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A little more than sixty years ago, if one could have looked in at the garden or climbed up to the garret of No. 7 Walnut Street, he might have seen three boys, in mantles and doublets and other stage appurtenances, enacting the scenes of some truculent melodrama. One of these boys was our vivacious and inventive friend, who must, I think, have been stage manager and chief costumer. The second was a boy of striking beauty, with dark waving locks, who as a prince, or as a poet, or, with an inky cloak and suit of solemn black, as a youthful Hamlet, would have seemed the very ideal of his part. This was the future historian whose name is known and honored in all the academies of the world, whose books are read in all the most widely spoken tongues of Europe, — John Lothrop Motley. The third little boy, with the singular silvery thrill in his voice, — I remember it well in the mother from whom it descended to him, — this third little boy, the afterglow of whose more than auburn hair came from some ancestor whose sun had set before my day, was the embryo orator whose voice was so recently silenced, — Wendell Phillips.

These were the young companions and the lifelong friends of him over whom the grass is not yet green. Who was there among us worth knowing whom he did not know? Who that knew Boston on its higher levels did not know him?

We are not thinking now of the pleasant books in which his always active mind and happy nature show themselves in every page. We are not thinking of him in his relation to art and artists, though he gave so much of his time and thought and money to these. It is as a living presence in this Boston air which we breathe, — in the bright saloon, under the elms of the Common, amidst the flower-beds of the Public Garden, in the noisy street, the silent library, the memory-haunted picture-gallery, — everywhere, he comes before us. No man, no man of his generation certainly, pervaded the social atmosphere of this

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breezy centre of life so completely. He was the favorite guest of every banquet. A day withered its flowers, but age could not wither him. The sparkle left

"The foaming grape of Eastern France,"

but his wit bubbled up inexhaustible.

The city seems grayer and older since he has left it. The cold spring winds come in from the bay harsher and more unfriendly. We feel as Emerson felt when he wrote, —

"Nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs is overspread with melancholy to-day."

Our friend has left a few well-remembered witty sayings of which he has not always had the credit. Now that he is dead and gone, it may be hoped that they will find their way back to the "onlie begetter" of the best sayings Boston has heard since the days of Mather Byles, all whose pleasantries put together would count for nothing by the side of any one of our great wit's prose epigrams. By these he will be remembered as Bias and Periander are immortal among the seven wise men of Greece by a single saying. But how much of all that he was must die with the memory of those now living! I once heard him say that all we are and do is invisibly photographed, and that Heaven keeps the negatives. If all that he said worth recollecting was set down by the recording angel, the celestial scribe must have filled many of his great folios, and found occasion to smile much oftener than to drop a tear on the page before him.

Shenstone's epitaph on his lovely young relative is cruel to the living. I will not say,

"*Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,*"

but I can say with truth that to recall this friend who has left our companionship must be to many of us one of the sweetest pleasures of memory.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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## TWO LITERARY STUDIES.

About Balzac, the man and the artist, there is a fascination as enduring as his works; possibly more enduring. The spell is endless, and the thirst for further information concerning him, or rather for rearrangements of the old details and fresh utterances upon his quality and significance, is insatiable. Further justification is scarcely needed for the contribution[1] which Mr. Edgar Saltus has recently made to the literature of the subject; but it has, besides, the special merit of presenting within a small space a variety of material taken from scattered sources. Besides the Life by Des Noiresterres, George Sand's biographical notice, the memoirs and letters prepared by Balzac's sister and Théophile Gautier, and the gossiping reminiscences of Léon Gozlan have been the principal sources open to readers; but Mr. Saltus has ransacked journals and magazines for additional odds and ends, and has brought into effective combination various points that, without such aid, must have remained invisible to the majority. A skillful first chapter carries one through a narrative of the life, so well diversified and helped forward by picturesque anecdotes that it is freed from the restraints of formal biographizing. After this we have a review of the Comédie Humaine, an ac-

[1] *Balzac.* By Edgar Evertson Saltus. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1884.

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count of Balzac's experiments in writing for the stage, and a sketch of his harassed and harassing pursuit of wealth. A short collection of epigrammatic or reflective extracts, in translation, illustrating the tendency of Balzac as a thinker, followed by a careful bibliography, closes this attractive little volume. It lays no claim to the character of a critical study, yet it is a little strange that the author should have made no allusion to the essays of Taine and Henry James. His own summary of the scope of the Comédie Humaine, however, contains some very good statement. Balzac, he remarks, by the conditions of his self-imposed task, "was obliged to offer in clear relief the almost imperceptible differences of the types of yesterday and to-day;" but with a peculiar intuition "he chose from among the physiognomies of his epoch an assortment of those fugitive traits which are imperceptible to the eyes of the vulgar," and while in the first part of his great series he presented "individualities typified," in the second he showed "the same types individualized:" making, for example, the individual Grandet the type of a miser, while in Maître Cornélius the typical quality of avarice is concentrated and incarnated in an individual. This distinction, if subtile, appears to be valid, and brings out sharply the double method and exhaustive power of Balzac. Mr. Saltus's brief disquisition on realism and the present realistic school is also excellent in its concision, its clearness and facile grasp. Taine has declared that Balzac is, next to Shakespeare, "our great repository of documents on human nature;" and though Mr. Saltus admits that in some of the earlier works an influence may be traced from Scott and Hoffman, he probably does not assert too much in saying that "Balzac was totally without literary ancestry." From what sources he drew his intellectual nutriment, and how he developed, the present writer explains, no doubt, as well as may be from the scanty data obtainable; but, after all, hardly more can be done than to recite the circumstances of his childhood and youth, and then to add that this particular person turned out very differently from others who had the same surroundings. The growth of supreme genius is endogenous. What the man wrote of himself in Facino Cane furnishes the only clue, and that a vague one, to the growth and action of a faculty like his: "Observation had become to me intuitive. It penetrated the spirit without neglecting the body, or rather it seized exterior details so clearly that it immediately went beyond them." Such a mind divines the presence of recondite values in whatever may lie around it, as the competent geologist reads on the surface of the ground an index to the precious metals hidden below. But, however we may fail to unriddle the secret of the imaginative seer, the interest of watching him in the process of his art and trying to understand the magic of his vision never ceases. Balzac, moreover, is unique among the greatest writers in that imagination, with him, had as great an effect upon daily life as it had in forming his creations. Not the least delightful portions of this monograph are those which detail his eccentricities, at times almost involving hallucination; his schemes for gaining sudden wealth by cutting down a Norwegian forest and selling it in Paris, or digging for a buried treasure in the West Indies, or hiring a shop which was to be painted black and yellow, and devoted to the sale of pineapples from his garden at Ville d'Avray, when as yet not a single pineapple had been raised. Equally amusing are the efforts he made to escape interruptions, by living under the name of the "Widow Durand," and establishing a system of mysterious passwords, through the use of which alone his friends could gain admittance to his rooms. Some of Balzac's critics have

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rather roughly charged him with overweening conceit and pretension; they think he rated too high the philosophical and "scientific" elements in his own productions. But one should not judge the science and philosophy of Wilhelm Meister and the Elective Affinities as one would the inductions of Goethe's Color Theory, or his treatise on the development of plants; and, making a similar allowance in the case of Balzac's fictions, a fair judgment will allow them a breadth, vigor, and suggestiveness on the speculative side which no other novelist has equaled. Of the Physiologie du Mariage and the Petites Misères Mr. Saltus says, not without reason, that they "are as delicately analytical as the deductions of Leuwenhoeck and Schwammerdam." But, granting that the great Frenchman appraised this part of his writings at more than its worth, we may account for the fact by that atmosphere of all-controlling imagination in which he enveloped himself, and which with regard to his own affairs resulted in self-deception. This same faculty sustained him through fifteen years of nearly incessant labor, at the rate of from fifteen to twenty-one hours' work each day; it prompted the amazing sanguineness which led him, while poorly paid and constantly in need, to believe that at some point of time, always a short distance ahead, he should be abundantly rich; and Mr. Saltus explains how it incited him to a curious misrepresentation as to his debts. Balzac was indeed heavily in debt at one time, owing to his disastrous experiment as a publisher; but long after the obligations thus incurred had been paid off, he continued to parade his debts, until — so Mr. Saltus puts it — they became as celebrated as himself, and accompanied him everywhere, like a glittering retinue. The secret of this, we are told, was that, being desirous to shine by means of his wealth, like Dumas, yet unwilling to confess how small were the sums yielded by his works, he kept up the fiction of fabulous indebtedness for effect and to account for his plain style of living. Again, he beheld his projected works so clearly that he confidently published lists of those that were yet to appear, with the year in which they would be forthcoming. Some of these were never written, but the announcement gave to them a sort of reality, and the mere titles are now preserved as religiously as if they represented existing books. This companionship of the unexecuted and the actual works is illustrated in the elaborate catalogue compiled by Mr. Saltus, which gives the names of the unwritten in italics. By an accident, one of the really existing volumes, Une Ténébreuse Affaire, has been entered as belonging to the shadowy group of those that were only planned. The bibliography otherwise is extremely useful; it records all of Balzac's fugitive, pseudonymous, and anonymous publications, with the dates of their original appearance (which are replaced by others in the standard edition of the Works), and entitles the editor to the thanks of all students. We could wish that he had indicated more exactly the number of volumes formed by the whole array of pieces, so far as they were collected at different times. Balzac himself, we know, computed that from 1827 to 1848 he had produced ninety-seven works, containing eleven thousand pages, twice as large as those of the ordinary octavo; but Mr. Saltus's bibliography goes back to 1822.

The chapter devoted to Balzac's dramatic works, the history of their failures and successes, is bright with anecdote, impressive by its renewed testimony to Balzac's marvelous industry and determination, and will be to most readers quite fresh. The least satisfactory chapter is that on The Thinker, containing isolated observations and ideas from the novelist's pages; nor has Mr. Saltus anywhere succeeded in driving off that

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insidious impression which haunts us, that the vagaries of Balzac and his proneness to deliver himself over to fantastic theories vitiated in a degree the truth of the minutely accurate exposition of human nature which it was his aim to accomplish. We suspect that it is this doubt which, as a rule, places a certain reserve upon the enthusiasm even of those who have accorded to Balzac the greatest praise. But for one service we cannot be too grateful to our essayist: and that is the positiveness with which he has asserted Balzac's personal purity and lofty devotion to an ideal which embraced, as a condition of artistic success, orderly living and a reverence for all that is finest in women. In alluding to the detractors of Balzac, by the way, Mr. Saltus stumbles upon a most ingenious mixed metaphor. He says, "Among the host of enemies thus aroused were those who, not content with denying his genius, advanced their artillery into private life, and painted him in the possession of every vice." Painting by means of artillery is a mode of warfare which we have never before seen mentioned. In the main, however, Mr. Saltus's expression is as correct and neatly turned as it is agreeable.

We have said that the monograph is not critical; yet it is studious. Although carefully avoiding the tone of eulogy, the writer is wisely possessed with the dignity of his subject: he does not patronize, and he does not flourish the draughtsman's compass with the ostentation of precise measurement; but he has contrived to give us on a reduced canvas a thoroughly vital full-length portrait of Honoré de Balzac.

The task which Mr. Genung has undertaken in his analysis of In Memoriam[1] is of a different sort. It is not portraiture; it is dissection. But in the study of literature it becomes important that some writers should devote themselves to the anatomy of poetry, in order that others should be able to reconstruct and depict with the greater correctness the features of the poet, and show the workings of the spirit which inspired him. Maceration has its office and its value, even in the treatment of a work of art. Besides, when the labor is well done, the result of reducing a poetical production to its structural lines has a kind of beauty peculiar to itself, like that revealed in a leaf from which, by an application of acid, everything has been stripped except the stem and the tracery of veins which originally supplied its life. Therefore we shall not find fault with Mr. Genung for having followed out at considerable length, and with a reiteration perhaps excessive in places, the governing ideas of Tennyson's memorial to Arthur Hallam, nor for bringing forward evidence that so remarkable a tribute of friendship was planned by a ripe artistic comprehension and wrought with the closest regard for the relation of every part to the whole. The first ninety-six pages of the essay, comprising about one half, are by far the most important; indeed, they convey the substance of the whole, the remainder being devoted to a proof *in extenso*, by reference to particular passages, of the theory advanced in the beginning. Many persons find In Memoriam monotonous by its verse, which Dr. Holmes once described as "a series of stanzas with the pulp of two rhymes between the upper and lower crust of two others;" and many also incline to demur at the prolongation of a strain of bereavement through so many chords with so slight a varying of the key. Mr. Genung, on the contrary, is struck by the influence which the poem has had upon some of the most thoughtful minds of this century. Noticing, too, that its author allowed seventeen years for its composi-

[1] *Tennyson's In Memoriam. Its Purpose and its Structure.* A Study. By JOHN F. GENUNG. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1884.

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tion and its maturing, and that "when it emerged from its period of secret growth it became at once the mould which, beyond any other single work of literature, has given shape to the religious thought of the time," he is moved to examine the manner of its formation and to define its purpose. The purpose, he decides, is, "while giving grief its natural expression, to cherish with it that same love which death has invaded, . . . and so, following out love's history into the unseen world on the one hand, and into the world of the nobler future on the other, to gather all the fruits it may yield." These fruits are faith in God and an increased affection for one's fellow-men. There are two periods, he points out, in the gestation of the work: the first one running through the eight years of almost unbroken silence on Tennyson's part, which succeeded the death of Hallam; the second comprising nine years more, during which he gave other poems to the world, but reserved In Memoriam to be rounded out *into a fuller accord with the perfected* design. The deepening of the poet's thought during this term, as instanced in The Two Voices, Locksley Hall, and even in The Day-Dream, is attributed in large measure to the same activity, of reflection stirred by the loss of his friend, which gave rise to the elegy itself. The influence of current thinking and modern problems is also very skillfully traced, — an influence strongly apparent in The Princess, published in 1847, three years before In Memoriam came out. When Mr. Genung arrives at his analysis of the structure of the whole poem as bearing on the evolution of its crowning ideas, he for a moment succumbs to the peril of all analysts and theorizers. He divides the constituent parts into three cycles, — those of the Past, the Present, and the Future; and, taking up the lines

> "Run out your measured arcs and lead
> The closing cycle rich in good,"

he distorts the meaning so as to make them refer to a cycle of the poem. So great an error of art Tennyson would never have committed; and Mr. Genung's theory, which he sustains with a thoroughness leaving nothing to desire, does not need the support of a misconstruction. For the rest, it is a very interesting one, and we doubt if any reader can go along to its conclusion without acquiring a much better conception of In Memoriam than he had before, and a sensibly heightened enjoyment of Tennyson's power of design; notwithstanding that the poem presents no great difficulties even to the average lover of poetry, and at first seems not to require formal expounding. Mr. Genung prefaces his main argument by an instructive comparison with Lycidas and Adonaïs, and with Shakespeare's Sonnets as a memorial of friendship. But there is one significant trait of In Memoriam which he has not noticed. The worship of the dead, which among the ancients led to their deification, which in certain tribes makes it a sin to name them, and is continued in Catholic prayer to the saints, reappears in a modified form and joined to a larger ideal of the living world, in this work of a poet representing Protestantism and the age of science. This appeal of In Memoriam to a primal instinct of the race is one of the most striking things about it, and may account in part for the deep hold it has taken.

The appearance of two literary studies so well planned, so scholarly, and written with so much grace as these which Mr. Saltus and Mr. Genung have given us is encouraging; and it is to be noted with satisfaction that both books have been issued with a mechanical perfection and a choice of page and margin quite in keeping with their contents.

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# THE HESSIANS IN THE REVOLUTION.

ONE of the most interesting episodes in our Revolutionary War was Great Britain's employment of German troops to aid in conquering her revolted provinces. There are several works by German authors upon this subject, and some portions of the same topic have been discussed by American writers. Mr. Lowell, however, is the first to give us a full and complete history of the German auxiliaries of England from the time when they were recruited and sold down to their final return to the fatherland with sadly depleted numbers.[1] Mr. Lowell has done his work extremely well and with perfect thoroughness. He has not only reviewed all published authorities, native and foreign, and drawn freely on the hitherto untouched resources of the correspondence published in contemporary German newspapers, but, taking advantage of a long residence in Germany, he has also examined and digested all the new material which a careful search among the manuscripts of state archives revealed. There is therefore a good deal of entirely original matter in the volume, which constitutes a fresh and valuable contribution to our knowledge of the war for independence.

Mr. Lowell has been, moreover, as successful in presentation as in research. He writes in an agreeable and easy style, wholly free from any straining after effect, and exhibits a nice perception of the lighter and more humorous side of the incidents which he records. His book, too, is well proportioned. There is enough detail, but not too much, and there is an entire absence of diffuseness, which is the besetting sin of the writers of monographs.

If we were required to make a selection, we should say that the first five chapters were the freshest and most attractive. They give an interesting picture of the life at the little German courts of the eighteenth century, and afford many glimpses of the queer structure of society in those petty sovereignties, one of which Thackeray has immortalized by the wonderfully graphic sketch with which the lectures on the Georges open. They were a very contemptible set, those German princelings, and there is nothing which makes the French Revolution and its consequences seem so profoundly right as a brief contemplation of the Landgraves and Margraves, and other small men with big titles, who tyrannized over little communities, and gave themselves up to brutal and vulgar imitations of the splendors and vices of Paris and Versailles. Mr. Lowell's careful account of the negotiations and bargains by which England obtained troops from these various potentates brings home to us very strongly the utter wretchedness of a system which made such miserable despots possible. The only ruler in Germany who said a word against this sale of men was Frederick the Great, and his opposition amounted to nothing. Mr. Bancroft has dwelt upon this episode at some length; but in reality Frederick merely happened to be in bad humor with England, and as he did not like to see German soldiers wasted, he sneered at the little traders in men, threw some trifling obstacles in their way, and straightway forgot all about it. Frederick took no more real, human interest in the matter, he had no more honest hatred for this traffic, than the princes actually engaged in it. He only differed from his neighbors in the fact that as he was a great man, and they were very much the re-

[1] *The Hessians and the other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War.* By EDWARD J. LOWELL. With Maps and Plans New York: Harper and Brothers. 1884.

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verse, he was able to see the wider and more dangerous elements in this dealing in men, which escaped the notice of the actual participants. Mr. Lowell's brief and accurate account of the matter of Frederick's interference is very satisfactory, as it does simple justice to a very small incident which has had a glamor thrown upon it by the fame of the great king of Prussia. The people of the United States were no more indebted to Frederick for sympathy or aid in the war for independence than they are to Prince Bismarck for an observance of the ordinary rules of civility which obtain among gentlemen.

The largest contingent of German auxiliaries came from Hesse-Cassel, and the name "Hessian" passed into a byword in this country, as a convenient expression to describe any mean, mercenary, adventurous villain. In the rough contact of war, Americans soon found that the German soldiers were by no means the monsters they had fancied them to be, but nevertheless the hatred and prejudice to which the employment of foreign troops gave rise were never abated. Yet the unfortunate Hessians were really blameless. The poor fellows were not even mercenaries. With the exception of the higher officers, they were not men of the Dalgetty type, who made a living by professional fighting, and who carried their swords from one country to another, wherever wages could be earned and spoils obtained. The German soldiers in our war were men seized and kidnapped by recruiting officers, taken from all pursuits, chiefly from farms, drilled and disciplined with savage severity, and then sold by their masters to the highest bidders. They were purely military serfs, and were treated as chattels. The officers were in opinion favorable to England, because they naturally believed in monarchy and constituted authority. The men fought simply because they were obliged to do so. When one reads Mr. Lowell's vivid description of their ill-treatment and misery on shipboard and elsewhere, the only wonder is that the whole contingent did not desert as soon as they landed. That only one fifth of them adopted this judicious course is a striking evidence of the loyalty of the men and the barbarity of the discipline; for, fighting in a cause not their own, they had no more reason to be faithful to their colors than slaves have to remain with their drivers.

The story of their adventures involves, of course, the narration of much that has been told over and over again. This is especially the case with the Burgoyne campaign, which the translation of the Riedesel journals has made familiar to all American readers. Mr. Lowell has shown, however, a wise discrimination in dealing with these topics, which necessarily involve much repetition. He has adhered strictly to the German share in the war, and has thus been able to tell many old stories in a fresh way, and cast much new light on others. It is shown, among other things, that the Hessians did a great deal of hard fighting, were as a rule in the posts of danger, and proved themselves to be both brave and well-disciplined troops. Mr. Lowell has also given us extracts from letters of the German officers, which are full of suggestive glimpses of daily life among the people whom the writers had come to conquer. Nothing in the book is more valuable or more interesting than these well-chosen bits of description, which picture a past society to us from a new point of view, and we cannot but wish that in this direction the author had been less sparing.

There is only one side of his subject which Mr. Lowell does not touch, or which he at most refers to very briefly. This is the meaning and effect of the employment of these auxiliaries in regard to England herself. This matter is of great importance, and is a most significant illustration of the condition

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of England at that period. There can be no doubt that the hiring of foreign mercenaries was one of the greatest among the many flagrant blunders of the English ministry. Nothing did more to make the alienation between the mother country and the colonies absolutely hopeless, and it encouraged and justified the Americans in seeking foreign assistance on their side. The eager search and the hasty purchase of the German troops indicate, too, the weakness of the English government at that time. George III. was planning to restore the prerogative, and yet when the first forcible resistance to his schemes came he was so ill prepared that his ministers were obliged to turn to the little German states, and even to Russia, for soldiers. Such a necessity gives an excellent idea of the blundering incapacity and stupid domineering which cost England her American empire, and proves how really incompetent George III. was to carry out his plans of personal aggrandizement, which required above everything else strength, forethought, and careful preparation. The engagement of the Hessians is also suggestive of the dangers which would have beset England in case the resistance of the colonies had failed. England was on the edge of revolution, and the outbreak came in America; but if resistance had been crushed there, it is impossible to say what might have followed, or to deny that George III., with an army of victorious veterans and well-trained mercenaries, might have attempted once more with better success Strafford's policy of "thorough." It was not at all necessary for the author's purpose to discuss these topics, which, in fact, open up the most far-reaching questions of English history in the eighteenth century, and it was probably wise to refrain from so doing. It is at all events certain that Mr. Lowell has given us a valuable and well-written volume, embodying much new material, in regard to a very interesting chapter in our Revolutionary history.

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## BOURGET'S ESSAIS DE PSYCHOLOGIE CONTEMPORAINE.

CONTEMPORARY French literature is singularly poor in literary criticism. M. Zola and some of his disciples of the naturalist school have produced a number of critical essays, which are, however, little more than self-panegyrics. M. F. Brunelière, who holds the sceptre of criticism in the leading French review, delights more in commerce with the authors of the past than in the appreciative study of the literature of the present. M. Paul Bourget has therefore the field almost all to himself. M. Bourget's book is remarkable in many respects; it is one of the most original and modern books that has been produced in France for some time past. M. Bourget, it will be observed, repudiates the title of critic; doubtless because he is convinced of the uselessness of criticism as the term is generally understood. He does not analyze artistic processes, discuss talents, paint characters, or amass anecdotes. His ambition has been to paint the intellectual and moral situation of the end of the nineteenth century, to draw up some notes that will help the historian of the future to paint the moral life of to-day; and one of the chief elements of this moral life M. Bourget, who is essentially a man of letters, considers to be literature.

[1] *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine.* Par PAUL BOURGET. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1883.



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Nay, more: in presence of the evident diminution of traditional and local influences, literature is the most important of the elements of moral life, inasmuch as the book is the great initiator.

In order to carry out his plan, M. Bourget has chosen five writers whom he considers to be eminent and typical revealers of the moral state of his contemporaries, and initiators of sentiments and habits of thought that have been imitated by the young generation. The five writers studied by M. Bourget are Baudelaire, Renan, Flaubert, Taine, and Stendhal. The intention of M. Bourget is excellent; the choice of his prototypes or generators of sentiments is perhaps less happy. Has Baudelaire really exercised the influence that M. Bourget attributes to him? Have Baudelaire's peculiar conceptions of love, his refined pessimism, his delight in decadence, really penetrated into the moral atmosphere of the epoch? M. Bourget meets our objection. Like M. Renan, M. Bourget is a literary aristocrat; he is refined, subtle, exquisitely delicate and complex, and he disdains the crowd. It suffices him that Baudelaire or any other of his types has an influence over a small group, provided that group be one of distinguished intellects, — poets of to-morrow, novelists and essayists of the future. Indirectly and through them the psychological singularities that he notes doubtless penetrate to the wider public. Nevertheless, in his studies of Baudelaire and Flaubert M. Bourget has perhaps hardly made allowance enough for the spirit of charlatanism, of braggadocio and staginess, which was so prominent in the literary generation of 1830. In his studies of Renan, Taine, and Stendhal M. Bourget has analyzed, winnowed, and classified the souls of his subjects with rare finesse, clearness, and logic, and always with a sharp appreciation of their intellectual pessimism. M. Bourget seems to take extreme delight in analyzing the charms and seductions of decadence; the praise of decadence is the dominant note of the book. Art for M. Bourget is reduced to "the science of tasting life bitterly or sweetly;" and we shall doubtless not be far wrong in attributing to him all the moral peculiarities inherent in that decadence which he so ingeniously analyzes. "The great argument against decadences," says M. Bourget, "is that they have no morrow and that they are always crushed by barbarism. But is it not, as it were, the fatal lot of the exquisite and rare to fail before brutality? We are right in avowing a failure of that sort, and in preferring the defeat of decadent Athens to the triumph of the violent Macedonian." Listen, too, to the conclusion of the volume. M. Bourget has been analyzing Stendhal's Rouge et Noir.

"Do you see, at the extremity of this work, the most complete that the author has left, the breaking of the tragic dawn of pessimism? This dawn of blood and tears is rising, and like the brightness of daybreak it tints with its red colors the loftiest minds of our age, those that tower up like mountains, those towards whom the eyes of the men of to-morrow are rising, — religiously. I have examined a poet, Baudelaire; a historian, M. Renan; a novelist, Gustave Flaubert; a philosopher, M. Taine; I have just examined one of those composite artists in whom the critic and the imaginative writer are closely united, and I have found, in these five Frenchmen of such high value, the same philosophy of disgust of the universal nothingness. Sensual and depraved in the first, subtilized and sublimated in the second, reasoned out and furious in the third, reasoned out also but resigned in the fourth, this philosophy becomes as sombre but more courageous in the author of Rouge et Noir. Is it right, this formidable nausea of the most magnificent intellects in presence of the vain efforts of life? Has man, in civilizing himself,

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really done nothing more than complicate his barbarity and refine his misery? I imagine that those of our contemporaries whom these problems preoccupy are like myself, and that to this agonizing question they reply sometimes with a cry of pain, sometimes with a cry of faith and hope. Another solution is to gird up one's soul, like Stendhal, and to oppose to the uneasiness of doubt the virile energy of the man who sees before him the black abyss of destiny, who does not know what this abyss conceals, — and who is not afraid!"

The influence of M. Bourget's five initiators of sentiments is evidently negative, and as such M. Bourget understands it. They are contributing to produce an epoch of decadence, and an epoch of refined sensibility and polished indifference, an epoch when the civilized man enjoys the capital of faculties amassed by the discipline of stable societies without troubling himself as to how he came by them or exerting himself to increase that capital. And so M. Bourget shows us the high society of the present day, the society that is recruited from amongst the most refined representatives of delicate culture, arrived at that perhaps culpable but certainly delicious hour when dilettantism replaces action, — an hour of curiosity that prefers to be sterile, an hour of the exchange of ideas and manners, the hour of cosmopolitanism. A fatal evolution is attracting the provinces towards the great towns, and over the great towns there floats, like Swift's Laputa, a vague and superior city, the fatherland of supreme curiosities, of vast general theories, of erudite criticism, and of comprehensive indifference.

The Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine are full of ingenious formulations of ideas and sentiments that are in the air, so to speak; of aspirations, tendencies, — vague tendencies that influence the life of the present generation. M. Bourget in these studies brings more of his own thought than he borrows from his subjects, strewing his pages with many ideas that strike one and provoke thought, though not always approval. The book is brilliant, refined, often overrefined, and it represents a sum of original thought and novelty of view that recommends it for very high praise and more than passing attention. M. Bourget, whom we have hitherto known as a graceful and elegant though hardly a profound poet, has revealed himself in these essays a thinker in sympathy with the most advanced of his contemporaries and a writer of prose of rare purity.

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## THE QUESTION OF SHIPS.

THIS is an admirable little book,[1] and one which we strongly commend to the attention of senators and congressmen. It deals with a subject of vast importance, and in no direction can legislation produce so much direct benefit as by a right treatment of the "question of ships." Down to the year 1856, the United States had rapidly advanced in commercial greatness, and had overcome all the obstacles which had clustered about their path. At that time we were close upon the heels of England, and everything pointed to our speedily passing her in the race for commercial supremacy. Since then our

[1] *The Question of Ships.* The Navy and the Merchant Marine. By J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, Lieutenant United States Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

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commerce has steadily declined, — a misfortune usually attributed to the civil war, and subsequently to the competition of more profitable forms of investment. These circumstances no doubt hastened the loss of our commerce; but, as Lieutenant Kelley points out, they are not the true causes of its decline, inasmuch as that began before the civil war. The origin of our difficulties lay in the abandonment of our old policy, which, from the beginning of the century, consisted in surpassing all the world in the quality and speed of our ships and in our naval architecture. With the substitution of iron for wood we began to drop behind, until, with a population of fifty-five millions, we have a tonnage but little greater than we had when half as numerous. Moreover, our percentage of wrecks is larger than that of any other seafaring people, and our ships and steamers are shorter-lived.

The fact that we pay one hundred and forty millions a year to other people for carrying our own products is sufficient to prove the importance of this question, and there can be no doubt that the suggestions of Lieutenant Kelley furnish the true solution of the problem. They are, in brief, that we should be allowed to buy ships of over three thousand tons where we please and without duty; that the antiquated navigation laws should be revised and in large measure repealed; that something should be done to protect seamen, and some provision made to educate them; that ship-owners should be relieved of existing burdens; and that a bureau of commerce, for the registry of ships and for all matters pertaining to our merchant marine, should be established at Washington and placed in the charge of the Navy Department. There can be no question that this policy is sound and its immediate application sorely needed.

The other branch of the subject, the navy, is of course discussed by Lieutenant Kelley with keen professional insight and affection. Here, too, his ideas are thoroughly sound, and we wish that all our public men would read his terse description of the neglect and ignorance displayed by Congress in regard to the navy. As Lieutenant Kelley shows, the naval policy and the commercial policy go hand in hand, and must always be considered together. If a war with a foreign nation ever comes to us, it must be a naval war, and we have no navy. We have ten thousand miles of sea-coast, and no ships to guard them or protect our harbors and great cities. We need a navy to police the seas and watch over and aid our commerce. We have at this moment no power to extort apology or redress from the meanest nation without a naval force, and yet we have no ships of war and no good prospect of any.

There is nothing of greater or more pressing public importance to this country than the immediate construction of a powerful and efficient fleet, and it is a question with which Congress ought at once to deal. A comprehensive policy should also be speedily adopted for naval reorganization. All the departments of coast surveys, lighthouse management, and revenue-marine service ought to be brought at once into the Navy Department, and thus furnish new fields of activity to our naval officers, and save the government from the extravagant multiplication of expensive and overlapping bureaus now scattered through all the departments. The management of yards and the building of a new fleet ought also to be entrusted to line officers, — a course which would take the government workshops out of politics, and place this important task in the hands of highly trained men, whose only ambition would be to turn out ships superior to those of any other nation.

To discuss at length Lieutenant Kelley's book in a brief notice would be impossible, for the subject of our naval and commercial policy is as large as it

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is important. But our public men will do well to heed these suggestions, made by an expert, and should reflect deeply upon them in view of the approaching campaign. The party which in good faith pledges itself, next summer, by its platform and its candidates to free ships, seamen's rights, and the restoration of the American navy will have taken a long stride toward victory; for this is a living question, and one on which the American people, whenever they have been honestly appealed to, have rendered a hearty response.

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I AM little of a bibliomaniac, yet there is — or perhaps I should say was — a singular edition of the Scriptures, which I would give much to see: any curious collector would count himself fortunate could he add it to his treasures, since in comparison a Bishop's Bible or a Breeches Bible would be no rarity. But alas! I fear that this prize must be foregone, — numbered in the Catalogue of Things Lost, never to rejoice the book-hunting virtuoso; though it is barely possible that it may yet be exhumed from the dust of some old attic, where it has been keeping the company of the missing title-deed or other truant document of more than common interest. But I hasten to relate all that has been preserved to the present generation of the history of this obscure yet fame-worthy edition, which, it must be premised, consisted of but one copy. This copy, originally an ordinary King James version, through a mighty labor of revision bestowed upon it had come to be called, from the name of the reviser, "Old Dickerman's Bible." The oral chronicle by me consulted witnesses that Old Dickerman followed the calling of a farmer; whether successful or unsuccessful in that occupation, the tradition does not state. Probably his record upon that point, could it be produced, would not bear the closest scrutiny; his was undoubtedly a case of the candle hid under a bushel, — of talents that gained no usance. Had circumstances permitted him to make the most of his natural gifts, it is more than likely that he would have specially distinguished himself in the domain of theological research and criticism. As it was, unaided by the advantages which scholarship would have afforded, remote from philological *esprit de corps*, he perhaps anticipated the utmost to be accomplished in the field of biblical inquiry and expurgation. Tradition represents that his reputation for piety, among those who best knew him, was very great, his conversance with the Scriptures most remarkable. I wish it might be known at what stage of his investigations he began to exercise that cool judicial faculty which rendered him the most dispassionate of scriptural critics. Exact history permits me to say that it at length became a fixed habit with him to have pen and ink at hand, when he read, and that as often as he found anything in holy writ which he judged to be apocryphal he would run his pen through the offending passage, at the same time thus tersely expressing himself: "Don't believe that; won't have that in my Bible!" It seems a pity that there should remain no Index Expurgatory to show what portions of Scripture suffered under his unsparing *stylus*. Suppose that he left marginal notes explaining his objections to the passages expunged, — by how much is

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the loss of the curious book-hunter aggravated! I suspect that every added year, every new reading, only increased the sum of the erasures in Old Dickerman's Bible. With my mind's eye, let me glance through its pages: here a text black with the ink of recent condemnation; there a verse long ago slashed out, the ink grown very pale, as though conscious that it had served the purpose of the sacrilegious. I look carefully to see if there be any token, any form of *stet* in the margin, to indicate that the reviser sometimes revised his judgments, and received back into favor a passage once condemned; but I am bound to confess that I do not find any such revisions. I cannot ascertain that his rejection of parts interfered in the least with his accepting the Scriptures as a whole. It is a mysterious paradox, but I believe that general faith persisted in his soul, though specific doubt may have left its mark upon every page of the book. Best of all, there is reason for thinking that no reference to good works was ever molested by this expurgator; surely, it would have transpired in his conduct, if any such texts as the Golden Rule or the Beatitudes had been canceled in Old Dickerman's Bible.

— Since I became convinced, a long time ago, that the equator would not prove a physical barrier to the traveler who might wish to pass from one hemisphere to the other, and that the north pole was not a visible and tangible projection of the earth's axis, convertible into a flagstaff, should triumphant discovery ever arrive there, — since I discarded these and such like geographical illusions, I have been chary of putting my trust in any sort of "imaginary lines." I have heard much said with regard to turning-points: travelers of undoubted veracity have shown me their charts, and I have been surprised to see how many right-angled turns they must have made in the course of their pilgrimage. Also, when they relate the casualties and rescues which have happened upon their route, I am forced to acknowledge that mine has been singularly safe, — safe even to monotony; its direction changing by such gentle curves that the alteration was apparent only at long intervals, and then merely by some difference in the slant of the shadows across my path, or by the obvious shifting in position of some star chosen as directive of the journey.

What is the turning-point? In common acceptation, it is the event or the influence which, with no warning given, suddenly draws or drives our life in a new direction, and but for which we should still pursue the old road. Do not we lose sight of the possibility that the change would have taken place without the aid of external force? The turning-points, I would say, are in our temperament and moral habitudes. If we search narrowly the conversation, incidents, and our own thoughts of the day past, we can usually find the data of our night dreams; in the same way, looking back of what we count in our experience as a critical juncture, a great determining occurrence, we often see that desire, conviction, and purpose were steadily ripening towards the conclusion seemingly reached by us suddenly. *Our* readiness is all: a dozen supreme occasions pass without affecting our equanimity; the thirteenth comes and bears us along with it, not because it is greater than the occasions that went before, but because it is the one that our sly genius has for a long time been signaling and inviting.

Yet the belief in turning-points must brace and cheer many a faint heart. This new year, — may it not be the *annus mirabilis* which shall change immeasurably for the better ourselves and our fortunes? We somehow trust, notwithstanding we may have been inert, irresolute, and feeble in the past, that we shall reverse all this when our destiny culminates under the new influence.

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Much more to the point it would be if, instead of relying upon the miracles of a Wonderful Year, we vested our faith in Wonderful Every Day: if we expect to meet angels upon our future road, it will be much to our credit, meanwhile, to take in hand our own regeneration, not leaving all to be done by angelic agency.

The good preacher who told me that his conversion was accomplished "in just fifteen seconds" impressed me as being a violent believer in the doctrine of turning-points. I cannot yet understand the system of spiritual chronometry that could determine to such nicety the time occupied by an experience of this character. I wonder not less at the faith of Musaphilus, who has been assured that only excess of culture — predominance of intellect over heart — interferes with the fruition of his bardic hopes. Should Musaphilus fall in love (so says his counselor), the chances are that he will be able to prove his right to the title of poet! I wait to see if the blind miracle-worker will be able to meet triumphantly this trial test of Love's all-powerfulness.

None should say that there may not be for the soul, as it is claimed there are for the body, climacteric dates: but for the soul these are not to be computed by any arithmetic jugglery, any multiplying of seven into the odd numbers; here the carefulest calculations are liable to contain error. The great changes are most secret, being slow and gentle in their operations. I pass from the groves of deciduous trees to the evergreen wood: I look again and again up through the branches, yet I cannot tell you

> "how the sacred pine-tree adds
> To her old leaves new myriads."

— Every autumn I observe, with speculative interest, the great amount of spurious mast which the oak-tree discharges along with its natural fruitage. It seems not unlikely that, if a count could be made, the numbers of this spurious mast would be found to exceed those of the acorns. Inside of one of these mock nuts, round in shape and of the size of a pea, a kernel not vegetable is found: this is the sleeping-chamber of a lazy white grub, — suggestive type of the earthling, buried in fat content in its own little terrestrial ball. A strange servitude is this of the oak to the cynips, or gall-fly, in thus contributing of his substance to the housing and nourishment of his enemy's offspring. The mischievous sylph selects sometimes the vein of a leaf, sometimes a stem, which she stings, depositing a minute egg in the wounded tissues. As soon, at least, as the egg hatches, the gall begins to form about the larva, simulating a fruity thriftiness, remaining green through the summer, but assuming at length the russet of autumn. The innocent acorn Nature puts to bed as early as possible, that it may make a healthy, wealthy, and wise beginning on a spring morning; but the cradle that holds the gall-fly's child she carelessly rocks above ground all winter. I should suppose that more than one hunger-bitten forager, four-footed or feathered, would resort to a larder so convenient and so well stocked with plump tidbits.

When I visit my old favorite oak in spring, I notice that the nut-galls are emulating the acorns in emancipating their imprisoned germs of life. Most of the former are already empty, their brown-papery tissues riddled like fire-crackers whose use is past. In some few the grub is still enjoying a sluggard's slumber; others show a later stage of metamorphosis, — the small bronze and blue-green fly, with its wings folded about it, like a queen in the tomb of the Pharaohs. Sometimes, when I open the gall, the inmate is already mobile, and flies away as soon as light and air reach it. For the moment, the incident has a symbolical significance: I fancy myself an enchanter, — the reviver of

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a smouldering spark of vital fire. Perhaps it was Psyche herself whom I wafted to the enjoyment of ethereal pleasures.

— There are in this world both sinners and saints; there are also men and women who are crosses between the admirable and the detestable types of character; and others, again, of a certain average moral make, — natures that tend to move in straight middle lines, without decided bias toward the right or the left.

It may be that exception will be taken to the first part of the above statement on the ground of a doubt as to the existence of saints on the earth, at least in modern days. I myself am firmly convinced that they are to be found here and there, though I must say that the term "saint" is only one of convenience, and that those whom I have in mind have little in common with that old-fashioned character whose mystical piety (and unpleasant personal habits) are celebrated in ecclesiastical legend and tradition. Saints may be hard to find, but no one will be illogical enough to maintain that they do not really exist because he individually has not chanced to meet with one. The nineteenth-century saint has not the least desire to occupy the top of a pillar beside Simeon Stylites, nor is he ambitious of glorifying himself by voluntary martyrdom or other notable act of religious self-devotion. The persons I mean may be recognized by a singular unconsciousness of self, a simplicity of nature, that are a marvel and delight to the observer who has marked the rarity of these qualities in human character. Their goodness is the most interesting thing about them. They may be without distinguishing gifts of person or intellect; they do or say nothing remarkable, — are often, indeed, very little given to talk of any sort; but they are beyond all things lovable. Something of happy serenity in their countenance, of mild and equable cheerfulness in their tones and manner of speech, gives us a feeling that they have always lived at the centre of things, so to speak, and that their days have revolved in heaven-appointed orbits along lines of righteousness and peace. They have been "born good," as the saying goes, account for it how we may by happy fortuity of natural descent and fostering circumstance.

Granted, then, the existence of saints; that of sinners no one is disposed to deny. Are not some of the most interesting people we know a curious combination of opposing moral traits? The result of the mingling of good and evil in men is perhaps most commonly the production of a moderate sort of virtue, of characters that neither rise very high nor sink very low in the scale of being, — people whom we are sometimes tempted to dismiss, as Mr. Lowell does in his poem of Miles Standish, as those whom "nature forms merely to fill the street with." The poet was somewhat excited, however, when he made use of that contemptuous phrase. But in the moral cross-breed the opposing instincts do not neutralize each other. The combination does not issue in a new chemical compound, though it may be that after long years one side of the double nature rises over and subjects the other. These persons are sometimes a puzzle to themselves. They are likely to start out with a fine appreciation of the more heroically generous elements they are conscious of in themselves; the knowledge of the ignoble elements comes later, as a disagreeable surprise, and their presence as factors of the moral constitution are not admitted till after prolonged skepticism with regard to them. In the end the hero-sinner may come to an honest understanding of himself, much more thorough than any outside observer is likely to arrive at. For it goes without saying that this complex nature will reveal himself under different aspects to different friends,

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through a more or less conscious adaptation of himself to the moods of thought and feeling encountered in others. The contradictoriness of nature in such a man or woman may be shown in small things or in great. He will be, perhaps, indolent and at the same time capable of enthusiastic effort; careless, yet an admirer of order and harmony; tender and warm of heart, yet quickly resentful and intolerant. The conflict of internal forces sometimes arises between inborn qualities which are not only radically opposed, but of equal strength; and sometimes it comes from the fact that the will power is disproportioned to the powers of imagination, and from emotion being more acute and strong than steadily persistent. What ideals of pure and generous action a person of this make is able to conceive, and how genuine are the desire and the endeavor to attain them! That the noble passion truly dwells with him is proved by the fact that at times he does indeed rise above the ordinary level of virtuous human action to the height of his own moral imagination. And yet how seldom is achieved this actualization of the ideal! He would be noble, not seem so merely; he loves truth and does not ask for undeserved praise, and still he finds it hard to be estimated only by his outward acts, when conscious that they represent him but inadequately. What other means has the world of judging him? Such a man may even feel — and feel justly — that he could more readily and safely undertake to die, once for all, for his friend or for his race than he could engage never to fail toward his fellows in patience and tenderness through the twenty or thirty years of his life to come. The latter is what he will be called to do, he is well aware; yet foreseeing his own failure, has he not the right to derive some consolation from the fact that he has the will, if not the opportunity, for the single self-sacrificing deed? Others may well doubt his capacity for it who have never known such strenuous impulse in themselves, but who, on the other hand, are found equal to the smaller demands of life which he so frequently fails to meet. Nevertheless, he may know himself better than he is known of them.

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## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Travel and Exploration.* American Explorations in the Ice Zones, prepared chiefly from official sources by Professor J. E. Nourse, U. S. N. (Lothrop.) This volume is a compilation from the narratives of the various explorers from De Haven to De Long, and gives in a convenient form a survey of American arctic and antarctic researches. Professor Nourse has introduced his volume well by a succinct statement of the conditions of arctic voyaging, and by a brief summary of the attempts at penetrating the polar seas, which led finally to the American effort. A convenient bibliography adds to the value of the book. The illustrations are of varying degrees of interest, being for the most part compiled like the narrative. A map shows conveniently the tracks of different voyagers. — Travels in Mexico and Life among the Mexicans, by Frederick A. Ober (Estes & Lauriat), is divided into three parts: I. Yucatan; II. Central and Southern Mexico; III. The Border States. Mr. Ober is an enthusiastic traveler, who writes of what he has seen in more than one journey, and with a hearty interest in everything he sees. The book will prove of special value to those who are watching the progress of the new commercial invasion of Mexico. — Camping among Cannibals, by Alfred St. Johnston (Macmillan), is a lively account of travels in the South Pacific. The writer has the air of truthfulness, but he is not a born narrator, and there is a sameness about his successive adventures and the scenes which he witnesses. He has not the art and glow of Melville. — The War in Tong-King, by Lieutenant Sidney A. Staunton, U. S. N. (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a useful pamphlet of forty-five pages, explaining why the French are in

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Tong-King, and what they are doing there. The only objection to it is that if one once reads it he cannot escape the column in his daily newspaper which he now skips.

*History.* Carl Ploetz's Epitome of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern History has been translated and enlarged by William H. Tillinghast. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is a volume of facts, and its great value is in the grouping and arrangement of these facts. A very full index renders the book serviceable as one of reference, but its special service will be to teachers and students who wish to pursue an independent course of historical study, and desire a clue through the mazes of history. The clearness of the plan and the apparent accuracy of detail make the book one of exceptional value. — The Campaigns of the Rebellion, by Albert Todd, First Lieutenant First United States Artillery (Printing Department, State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas), is a little compend which gives an account of the *principal operations of the principal armies.* Lieutenant Todd has carefully avoided any statement of the political issues involved in the war, and has made a very useful and clear narrative of military operations. He takes the sensible ground that, whatever may be the value or lack of value to foreign soldiers in these operations, their history is of great importance to every American, since they constitute the precedents for any possible future contest.

*Poetry and the Drama.* Dolores, and other Poems, by Albert F. Kercheval. (A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.) Mr. Kercheval has offered an octavo volume of more than five hundred pages, which includes also twoscore poems by his daughter. So much poetic flow supposes a pretty good head on, and Mr. Kercheval plays his hose upon a wide range of subjects. We find his humorous poems most entertaining, but we doubt if Mr. Blaine thoroughly enjoyed the burst with which he was greeted when he voted on the Chinese Restriction Bill. "Pride of our boast," exclaims Mr. Kercheval, —

> "Pride of our boast,
> Come to our coast,
> Speed over mountain and desert and plain;
> Give us a shake —
> What 'll you take?
> Here 's to your uttermost end, Mr. Blaine."

Shakespeare's extremities also get mention in one of the serious poems, the first verse of which ends, —

> "Lo! at thy sacred feet, weak, pigmy things,
> We bow to thee."

— Injuresoul, a Satire for Science, by A. J. H. Dugaune (American Book-Print Co., New York), is aimed, as the reader has already guessed, at Colonel R. J. Ingersoll. The gun is fired with so much racket, and such a cloud of smoke is raised, that it is difficult to say whether or not the object is hit. — The Retrospect, a poem in four cantos, by John Ap Thomas Jones. (Lippincott.) The author has thrown into verse form the memories of a grandam, which embrace recollections of historic times, though they are somewhat vague in outline. The poetry suppresses the history. — Herod, a Historical Tragedy in five acts, by Henry Hiowizi. (Minneapolis.) The author is a rabbi, and has turned the history of Herod into a tragedy, in which the tragic element is made emphatic by an immense amount of verbal gesticulation. — The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock, and how it grew, by Emily Pfeiffer (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London), is an odd essay, inasmuch as it professes to give the circumstances and material out of which the author produced a poem. The comment, introductory and intercalary, is in prose; the poem is in verse. One has the author, her surroundings, her poem, her audience, all in one book, and this piece of ingenuity is not without much pleasant writing and description of Highland life. — The Macmillans have signalized their succession to the post of Tennyson's publisher by issuing an edition of the Laureate's poetical works in one handsome volume. This, however, does not include his last two dramatic poems, The Cup and The Falcon, which are printed in a separate volume, and printed for the first time, we believe. The Cup was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of Mr. Henry Irving, in 1881, and The Falcon was brought out at the St. James's Theatre in 1879, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the initial rôles. Neither play achieved great success on the stage, though The Cup was admirably mounted and acted, and is not without fine dramatic qualities.

*Education and Text Books.* Schools and Studies is a collection of essays and addresses, by B. A. Hinsdale. (Osgood.) Mr. Hinsdale is a man of force, who is actively engaged in educational work, and who has the American schoolmaster's genuine belief that no great subject comes amiss in the discussion of education. — The Essentials of Latin Grammar, by F. A. Blackburn (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is an attempt to "make a book small enough to be mastered by a beginner, and to arrange the principles of grammar contained in it as systematically as possible." By a simple arrangement the author has carried along his pages in large print the minimum amount to be memorized, and has used the space below the line for notes, illustrations, and references. An appendix of exercises is given. — Wentworth and Hill's Examination Manuals (Ginn, Heath & Co.) is the title of two volumes, giving examples worked out and actual examination papers in arithmetic and algebra. — The Philosophy of Education, or the Principles and Practice of Teaching, by T. Tate, is an English work, introduced to Americans by Col. F. W. Parker. (Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) Besides much philosophy there are many practical suggestions, which will, perhaps, render the first service to any teacher who takes up the book. — History of the United States in Rhyme, by Robert C. Adams (Lothrop), affords an opportunity of learning a good many dates at the risk of ruining a child's ear for rhythm and rhyme. — Historical Recreations, by E. C. Lawrence (Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.), is the title of a little book apparently intended for aid to a teacher in giving pupils a little knowl-

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edge about a great many things. It is a desultory scrap-book, of doubtful usefulness. — Stories of the Old World is the title given to a selection of the stories told by Rev. A. J. Church, who has rendered such good service in familiarizing children with classic mythology and romance. The English is good, and the form is not difficult, though it seems sometimes unnecessarily archaic. The book belongs to a series of classics for children. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) — A System of Rhetoric, by C. W. Bardeen (A. S. Barnes & Co.), treats the subject from a practical rather than a scholastic point. It instructs the young how to talk, to write letters, to send an account of what happened in their village to a newspaper, to make orations, to write poetry and novels. The work is also useful as a jest-book and book of anecdotes. One really would acquire a vast deal of rhetoric while amusing himself. — The Elements of Political Economy, by Emile de Laveleye, translated by A. W. Pollard, and introduced by F. W. Taussig (Putnams), is designed as a manual of instruction. Professor Laveleye's position is declared to be that of the moderate German school. Mr. Taussig adds a chapter on economic questions in the United States, in which cheapness is made the test.

*Law and Government.* Commentaries on Law, embracing chapters on the Nature, the Source, and the History of Law; on International Law, Public and Private; and on Constitutional and Statutory Law, by Francis Wharton. (Kay & Bro., Philadelphia.) Dr. Wharton's general position is that written law registers the political and moral life of the people, and his work becomes thus extremely valuable to the historical student. It is impossible to treat the subject except by a reference to historic facts, and in the use of these Dr. Wharton is always interesting and readable. — In the series The English Citizen (Macmillan), a recent number is The Land Laws, by Frederick Pollock, which is confined exclusively to a consideration of real property in England alone of the British Empire. The historical method is followed, and thus the book is of interest to all students of the general subject of tenant and landlord.

*Art.* The last quarterly number of L'Art (J. W. Bouton) would be a phenomenal number for any publication except L'Art, whose artistic and literary resources seem inexhaustible. The variety and freshness of this work are always its surprising points; in neither respect does the present issue fall below the average. We have more of Lucien Gautier's striking etchings, — views, this time, of Port Royal, the old Port at Marseilles, the Hôtel de Ville of that city, and the Hôtel de Ville of Paris. Rudolph Ernst contributes a not too successful etching of one of his own canvases, — His Only Son. The other plates in this kind are furnished by Ruet, Billy, Laluze, Gaucheral, and Massé, who reproduces Mr. F. A. Bridgman's admirable painting, Preparations at Cairo for the Departure of the Holy Carpet. There are also wood-engravings by Thiriat and Puyplat, a few steel-engravings, and a variety of cleverly done process-work. The most valuable articles in the number are the continuations of the papers on the Della Robbia; the least valuable article in the number is M. Carteret's chapter on the late international exhibition at Munich, in the course of which M. Carteret develops a vast and placid ignorance of the art situation in the United States. If he had been writing about England he could not have made more mistakes. This paper should have been printed twenty-five or thirty years ago. It has all the air of an exhumation. In future L'Art is to be issued fortnightly instead of weekly, and the subscription price per annum is reduced from $32 to $12. — Miss Emelyn W. Washburn has prepared an outline of the history of painting in Spain, under the title The Spanish Masters. (Putnams.) She has used the works of authorities, but not as a mere compiler, for she has drawn from her own travel and observation. The book is modestly conceived, and carried out with an agreeable enthusiasm. It lacks the evidence of well-digested study, and has too many details for the ordinary reader without being complete enough for the learned student, but it is an essay in a somewhat fresh field.

*Religion and Philosophy.* The Ideas of the Apostle Paul translated into their modern equivalents, by James Freeman Clarke. (Osgood.) Dr. Clarke, avoiding the technical in theological statement, undertakes to read Paul as an interpreter of current thought. He asks the reader to reason with him over important questions, with Paul as a guide, and by the familiar and homely method which he uses goes far toward establishing an eirenicon. — Views on Vexed Questions, by William W. Kinsley. (Lippincott.) The questions which vex the author are The Supernatural, Mental Life Below the Human, and When did the Human Race Begin? He has drawn illustrations from a wide range of reading, and brought the problems to the test of a reverent but cheerfully open mind. In the second part of his book he takes up more concrete topics. A vein of philosophy runs through this portion also, and is an expression, mainly, of the belief in a God who, in creating, created germinant powers which worked and continue to work in the direction of perfection. — Biogen, a speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life, by Professor Elliott Coues. (Estes & Lauriat.) We wish that the author had printed his little essay without making it so much like an effay. The difficulty of the subject is unnecessarily enhanced by the affectation of old-style type. One finds the very interesting essay a plea for the soul, but he nearly runs foul of that important entity every time he meets it.

*Science.* Darwinism Stated by Darwin Himself is the title of a volume composed of characteristic passages from the writings of Mr. Darwin. (Appleton.) It is a convenient way of giving to hasty readers a conception of the drift of Mr. Darwin's teaching, and rather to be trusted than the more comprehensive statement of some disciple of Darwin. — Flowers and their Pedigrees, by Grant Allen (Appleton), is an agreeable little volume, which essays a partial answer to the question why English wild-flowers are just what they are, and how they came to be so. — Energy in Nature, by

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Wm. Lant Carpenter (Cassell), is a popular series of lectures on the forces of nature and their mutual relations, which have been thrown into chapter and book form. The titles of the chapters are Matter and Motion, — Force and Energy; Heat a Form of Energy; Chemical Attraction, especially Combustion; Electricity and Chemical Action; Magnetism and Electricity; Energy in Organic Nature. — Mental Evolution in Animals, by George John Romanes, with a Posthumous Essay on Instinct, by Charles Darwin. (Appleton.) Mr. Romanes and Mr. Darwin were co-workers, and this volume contains the product of their investigations, together with some special results reached by Mr. Darwin alone. Man is included in the term animals.

*Medicine and Hygiene.* Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease, designed to elucidate the action of the imagination, by Daniel Hack Tuke. (Leas.) This work is a full and very interesting collection of psycho-physical phenomena, and every intelligent reader will be likely to add illustrations from his own experience. The incidents drawn from literature are not the least interesting parts of the work. — Catarrh, Sore-Throat, and Hoarseness, a description of the construction, action, and uses of the nasal passages and throat, certain diseases to which they are subject, and the best methods for their prevention and cure, by J. M. W. Kitchen. (Putnams.) This is a brief manual of eighty pages of large print. — Female Hygiene and Female Diseases, by J. K. Shirk, M. D. (The Lancaster Publishing Co., Lancaster, Pa.), is designed by the author for the laity, and therefore is presented tolerably free from technicalities.

*Fiction.* Stories by American Authors is the title of a series begun by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of which two parts have appeared. The volumes are neat little 16mos in yellow cloth, containing five or six stories each. The stories have all appeared in magazines, but the authors have not heretofore collected them. The idea is a good one, although the material would seem likely to run short if the rule is adhered to of excluding all stories which have appeared in book form. — Times of Frederick I. is the fourth cycle of Swedish historical romances under the title of The Surgeon's Stories, by Z. Topelius. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) A slight thread is hung with very heavy pearls. — The Bowsham Puzzle is the title of a novel by John Habberton. (Funk & Wagnalls.) He was a woman all the while. — Carola, by Hesba Stretton (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a novel with religious sentiment. — Messrs. Harpers have published Charles Reade's story of The Picture, now famous as an awful example, in a small pamphlet. In their Franklin Square Series have appeared A Real Queen, by R. E. Francillon; Mr. Nobody, by Mrs. John Kent Spender; The Pirate and The Three Cutters, by Captain Marryatt; Jack's Courtship, by W. Clark Russell; and An Old Man's Love, by Anthony Trollope.

*Books for Young People.* Cookery for Beginners, by Marion Harland (Lothrop), bears the subtitle A Series of Familiar Lessons for Young Housekeepers. The successful cook-book maker has chosen a good field, but, O Marion Harland, how could you leave out instructions for making chocolate creams and caramels? — Hints to our Boys, by Andrew James Symington (Crowell), is a book of good advice, somewhat too general in character, and constructed rather as a mosaic, the author contributing but a small portion of the contents, the chief part being quotations from useful and ornamental writers. — What Shall we Name it? (John C. Stockwell, New York), a pamphlet containing two thousand baptismal names, with their meaning and the country from which they originated, arranged under letters of the alphabet. It is a convenient little handbook before and after birth.

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